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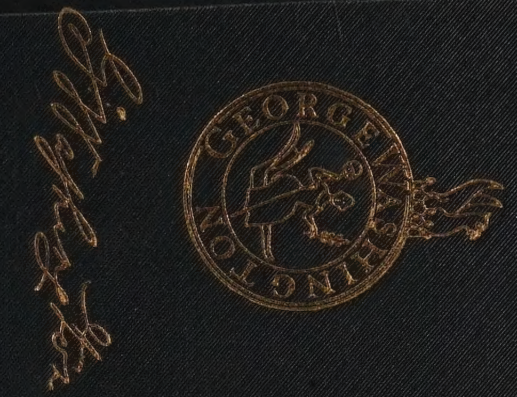

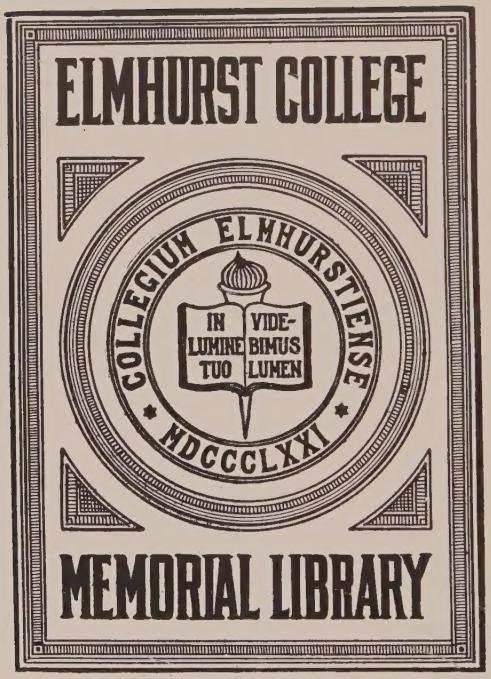
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An original Houdon here published for the first time. Endorsed by Georges Giacometti, expert for the French Government and Courts of France.

It is claimed by connoisseurs that this marble alone shows the real Washington with drooping eyelid; care and pathos, combined with power, and decision, shining forth in every line. Houdon expected to use this one in the equestrian statue to be ordered by the United States Government, but the order was not given, and Houdon returned to France keenly disappointed. He completed the bust, but refused to sell it, and it has only lately been acquired from his descendants. The masterly conception is the direct opposite from the Richmond statue, which embodies the heroic, and the cast for which was made at that time.

Washington

By JOSEPH DILLAWAY SAWYER
Author of *History of the Pilgrims & Puritans : Their Ancestry & Descendants*

In Two Volumes
Profusely Illustrated
VOLUME ONE

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1927

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DEDICATED

TO

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE PRODUCT OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S LEADERSHIP

AS A CONTRIBUTION TO THE STORY OF THE
GREATEST AMONG THEM AND TO
THE COMMEMORATION OF THE
TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVER-
SARY OF HIS BIRTH

FOREWORD

EACH additional year of perspective sheds new light on the heroic path of our great First President, who had no exemplar to guide him toward the heights he scaled in war and in peace. He who retraces that path—particularly if aided by descendants of those who visited George Washington in his home, sat with him in the halls of Congress, rode by his side in battle or conferred with him in cabinet meeting as he stabilized the young nation—finds many a hitherto undiscovered Kohinoor.

More than one thoughtful critic has advanced the opinion that the human side of Washington has been neglected by those who have essayed to write of him. With this criticism in mind, the author has endeavored to emphasize that more intimate phase of his character. The task has been an inspiring one. For, wherever Washington dipped his quill in an inkhorn,—whether in the Virginia wilds, when surveying for Lord Fairfax; with Braddock at Monongahela; in the College Yard at Cambridge or the redoubts at Dorchester; on the banks of Gowanus Creek; Brooklyn and Harlem Heights; on the battlefields of New Jersey and Pennsylvania; amid the hardships of Valley Forge and Morristown; at victorious Yorktown; in Virginia convention or on important committees; from the Presidential chair; or, finally, at his beloved Mount Vernon in those last months that were all too short and sped all too swiftly,—he traced veritable word-pictures that portrayed his life and personality *as no historian, however gifted, has been able to do.* No better proof of this can be adduced than the action of the New York Bar

in inscribing on the architrave of its Temple of Justice[1], in imperishable stone, these forceful words of Washington to Edmund Randolph, his first Attorney-General:

> "The true administration of justice is the firmest pillar of good government."

No other public man ever left richer treasure in written record and forceful act than our First President. Let one but reverently take in hand the pen that Washington laid down twenty-two hours before his passing, open therewith the door that gives entrance to his life-structure—and one is amazed at the wealth of material piled ceiling-high in each room of that vast treasurehouse.[2]

Within these pages have been collected some *two hundred and fifty* specific portraits—many of them the work of renowned artists, including the thirty or more that are known to have been painted from life—of him who first led America's Army to victory and first sailed her Ship of State. Also, the momentous panorama of the Revolution,[3] in which Washington played so heroic a part, is here unrolled; from the first shot at Golden Hill to the last skirmish at Fort Henry, more than twelve years later. Including the Washington portraits, there are some fifteen hundred illustrations, which comprise scenes, incidents, persons and mementos directly or indirectly associated with Washington's life, career or ancestry. Some of these, as also of the portraits, have never before been published; and a considerable number of the photographs were taken especially for these pages.

[1] The recently erected New York County Court House, corner of Pearl and Centre Streets, New York City.

[2] Of over twenty-six thousand letters written by George Washington and to-day accessible to view, not one reveals a line or a word that, with intent, unjustly condemns a human being.

[3] The author quotes the statement made by writers of repute that "a *consecutive, condensed* Life of George Washington as well as that of our Revolutionary War has never been written".

Among the sources of information from which the author has drawn are the following:

Alexandria Washington Lodge No. 22, A. F. & A. M., Alexandria, Va.; The American Book Company; W. S. Baker; William E. Brigham; W. K. Bixby, St. Louis, Mo.; C. Seymour Bullock; Charles H. Callahan, Historian, Alexandria, Va.; Thomas B. Clarke, New York City; T. Savage Clay, New York City; J. B. Colbert, Fredericksburg, Va.; Compass Lodge, Wallingford, Conn.; Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.; The Connoisseur; The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.; G. W. Parke Custis; The Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine, Washington, D. C.; Paul Leicester Ford; Worthington Chauncey Ford; The Foster Reynolds Company; Fredericksburg Masonic Lodge; R. T. H. Halsey; E. D. Herbert, Carlyle House, Alexandria, Va.; Hamilton College; Harvard College; Washington Irving; Johnson; Wilfred Jordan and Carl Magee Kneass; Lodge, Marshall, and other historians; National Magazine, Boston, Mass.; The National Society of the Colonial Dames of America; T. Pape; Henry D. Paxson; Princeton University; Reading Railroad; W. Roberts, London, Eng.; St. John's Lodge, New York City; and Masonic Lodges in other States; John A. Stewart; James B. Stewart; University of Virginia; Virginia State Library; College of William and Mary; Yale College.

Among others, including artists and publishers, are: Boston Transcript; Mrs. Ellen Fellows Bown, Penfield, N. Y.; Dr. W. Herbert Burk, Valley Forge; The Century Company; Chappel; Continental Insurance Company; Darley; Davis; Drake; J. L. G. Ferris; Mrs. Vivien M. Fleming, Fredericksburg, Va.; Fry Johnson Company, Harper & Bros., Houghton Mifflin Company; Jones Brothers Publishing Company; Keller; Kenmore Association, Fredericksburg, Va.; Robert A. Kishpaugh, Fredericksburg, Va.; Ladies Mount Vernon Association of the Union; photos from London,

Midland & Scottish Railway; Luke Vincent Lockwood, New York City; Lossing; Jonce I. McGurk, New York City; The Masonic Outlook, New York City; N. Y. Times; N. Y. Tribune; and other newspapers and magazines; Harry A. Ogden; William Patten; Ernest Peixotto; Herbert L. Pratt, New York City; G. P. Putnam's Sons; B. S. Reynolds Company, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Harry Lee Rust; Rutgers (Queens) College; Schroeder; Charles Scribner's Sons; William H. Shelton; State Street Trust Company, Boston, Mass.; George Washington-Sulgrave Institution; English Sulgrave Manor Board; Utica Public Library; D. J. Voorhees; Valley Forge Park Commission; Wakefield Memorial Association; W. Lanier Washington, New York City; O. M. Welles; Irving R. Wiles; F. C. Yohn, Norwalk, Conn.; and numerous others who have entered into the spirit of Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary times, and have given freely of their best in the effort to broadcast a more intimate knowledge of our foremost American. The author has made every effort to reach all owners of copyrights, and arrange for publication, but if, in the large number, any have been omitted, the error will be corrected in subsequent editions and in a personal interview if the author is advised.

Editorial work by Dr. William Elliot Griffis and Mrs. Stella Grenfell Florence.

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WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON

VOLUME I

CHAPTER I

THE WASHINGTON FAMILY TREE, DEEP-ROOTED IN BRITISH SOIL. SULGRAVE MANOR, LITTLE BRINGTON, GREAT BRINGTON, WARTON, FAWSLEY, GARSDON, MALDON, TETWORTH, TEWITFIELD AND TRING

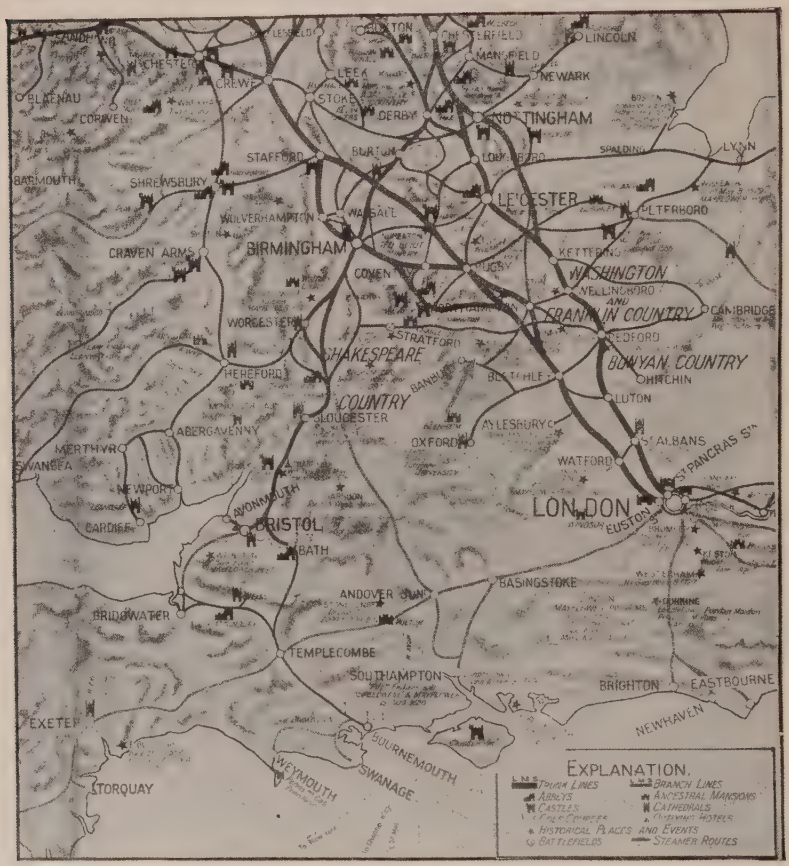
REGARDING his ancestry, George Washington once remarked to an interested genealogist:

"It is a subject to which I confess I have paid but little attention."

Nevertheless, it was ancestry of which even so great a man as our First President might pardonably have been proud. For the honorable descent of the Washingtons in England can be easily traced, in an unbroken line, as far back as the fifteenth century. Even farther; for, more than a century after George Washington's death, the late Arthur Branscombe, of England,—with whom the author was in conference,—disclosed that he had discovered, in an ancient, dust-encrusted chest in the attic of Sulgrave Manor, the English homestead of the Washington family, documents dating back eight hundred years, revealing the royal ancestry of the Washingtons.

In a general way, the roots of Washington's family tree can be traced to a still more remote period, even to the time of William the Conqueror, when the common people rarely had family names, save those derived from their occupations—such as farmer, smith, shepherd, etc. Families higher in the social scale, including the nobility who came over with the Conqueror and to whom he deeded great

tracts of land, took either the names of their native towns in Normandy or those of the localities or towns in Britain in which they erected their fortress-dwellings—whence they



Map of England, showing the Washington and Franklin country. *Courtesy London, Midland, and Scottish Railway.*

repulsed the frequent incursions from the belligerent Northland, and where they stood ever ready, at the monarch's call, to flock to his standard with armed retainers.

That the Norman ruler strengthened his throne by religious as well as military props, history leaves no room

"The Open Door" on the border, at Blaine, Washington, the only boundary post on the five-thousand-mile frontier between Canada and the United States. Erected in 1922, as a good-will peace arch. Fostered by the George Washington-Sulgrave Institution. *Courtesy of Sanderson.*

WASHINGTON

John Washington, of Tewitfield, Warton, Lancashire
m.
Margaret. d. of Robert Kitson, of Warton Hall
|
Lawrence Washington, grantee of Sulgrave
Died 1585
Buried at Sulgrave
m.
(1) Elizabeth Gough
(2) Amy, d. of Robert Pargiter
Died 1564
Buried at Sulgrave
|

Robert Washington
Died 1619
probably buried at Sulgrave
m.
(1) Elizabeth, d. of Robert Light
(2) Anne Fisher of Henslope Co.
|

Lawrence Washington
Died 1616
m.
Margaret, d. of William Butler
|

Sir William Washington
of Packington

Robert Washington
Died 1622
m.
Elizabeth Chishull

Sir John Washington
of Thrapston

Lawrence Washington
Registrar of the High Court
of Chancery
|

Sir Lawrence Washington
Knighted 1627

Rev. Lawrence Washington (4th son)
Rector of Purleigh, Essex
m.
Amphillis Rhoads, Boudon, or
Twigden (?)
|

John Washington,
Born 1634. Went to Virginia about 1657
Died 1677
m.
(1) Margaret Hayward
(2) Ann, d. of Nathaniel Pope
|

Lawrence Washington,
Went to Virginia about 1657
or 1658

Lawrence Washington
Died 1697
m.
Mildred Warner
|
Augustine Washington
m.
(1) Jane Butler. Died 1729
(2) Mary Ball
|
GEORGE WASHINGTON
Born 1732. Died 1799

Washington's ancestry in direct, unbroken line back to about 1490.[1]

[1]The above genealogy is probably as nearly correct as any compiled by various researchers four hundred years after the passing of John Washington of Tewitfield, but the search is still on. The same holds true as to the burial place of Lawrence Washington, the Vicar, and the portraits of Robert and Lawrence Washington on pages 17 and 20.

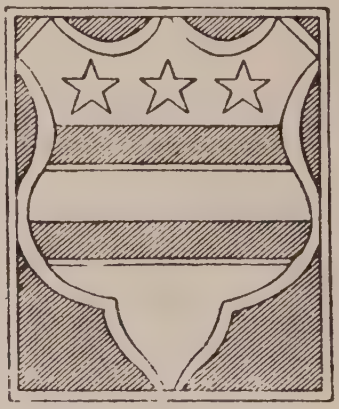
for doubting. One finds William de Hertburn, of Durham county, holding land under tenure from a bishop to whom William the Conqueror had given a palatinate. William de Hertburn is also mentioned in that early English record of

Sulgrave Manor, England, birthplace of some of Washington's ancestors. The grant of Sulgrave Manor to Lawrence Washington came through Henry VIII.

survey, made in 1183, called the Bolden Book. That de Hertburn exchanged his holdings for the manor and village of Wessyngton is also recorded therein, and is the first inkling we have of the Washingtons, or Wessyngtons.

Washington arms from stained glass window at Fawsley Church.

These early Washingtons, in discharging their feudal obligations, eagerly sought the forefront of battle. One finds them fighting with the hosts of Durham under the banner of St. Cuthbert, and again under Richard Cœur de Lion. A William Wessyngton fought for his king in the War of the Barons in the battle of Lewes, May 14, 1264; and the following two centuries continued the martial record, showing the Washingtons to be valiant fighting men and intense Royalists.



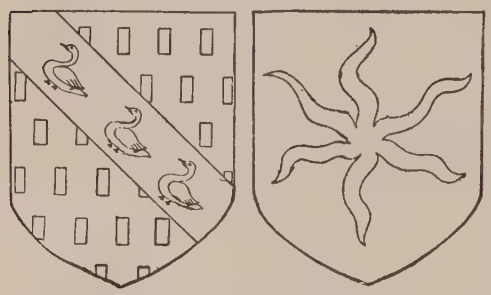
From College of Heraldry.

Entrance porch of Sulgrave Manor.

Pages 4 to 39 represent the Old Version of Washington's English ancestry; for the New Version see Volume II, last two pages of the Appendix. (Lawrence Washington was a rector, not a vicar.)

Farther down the line two Washingtons were knighted; and another became page to Prince Charles.

Although the family history of the Washingtons in England reaches back into *more or less misty records*, and research reveals various branches, their residence at Sulgrave and in Little Brington is firmly established. In the records loom the Purleigh vicarage in Essex, and the house at Tring from which John Washington, great-grandfather of George, set forth for America about 1657. Still earlier records tell of John Washington, of Tetworth; of Sir Thomas Kitson,[1] whose tomb is in Hengrave Church, Suffolk; and—going back to the fifteenth century—of a Robert Washington who built Warton Church. Here at Warton is also a Washington house; and at Tewitfield, Lancashire, another. In Fawsley Church a stained glass window, removed from Sulgrave Manor, bears the Washington coat-of-arms.



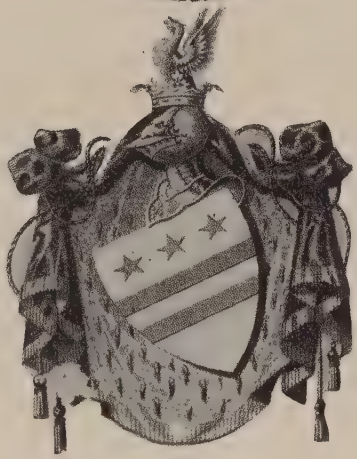
Earlier records of the Washingtons.

Seal of William de Wessyngton, photographed from deed dated 1360. It shows spur-rowels and bars.

Few English residences date farther back in the history of the "Little Island" than that portion of Sulgrave Manor which formed part of the old monastery of St. Andrew. Queen Elizabeth, before her accession to the throne, once

[1] Sir Thomas Kitson's sister, Margaret, married John Washington of Warton, and became the mother of Lawrence Washington, afterward mayor of Northampton and grantee of Sulgrave.

visited Sulgrave, and high in the gable over the entrance of Sulgrave Manor is carved the royal coat-of-arms—a favor granted only to those residences which entertained royalty.

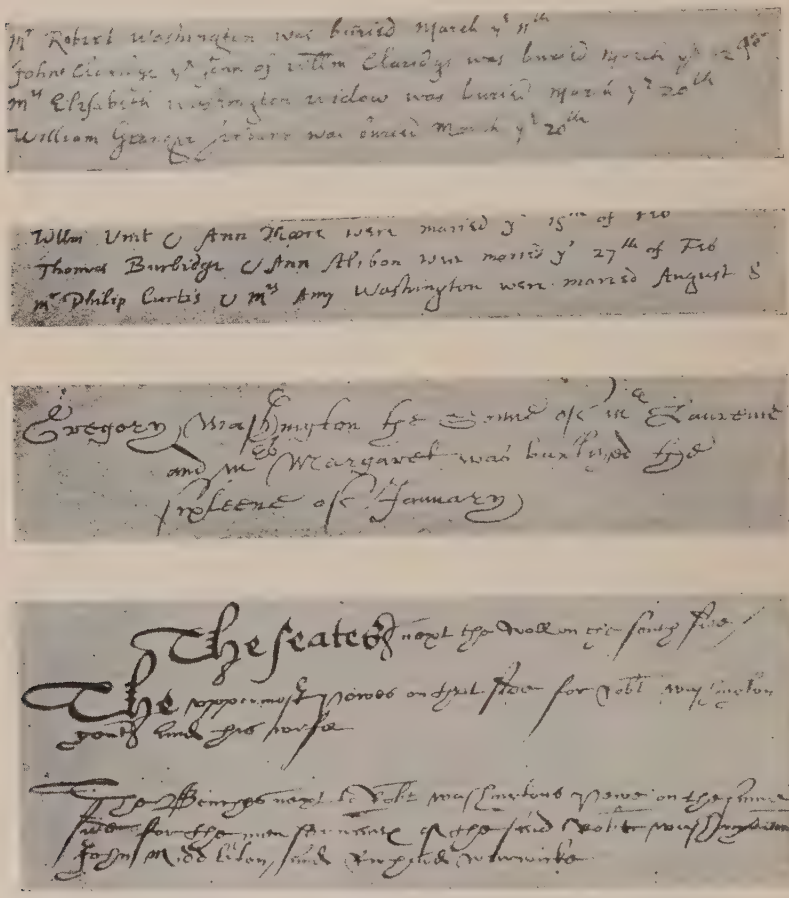


1. Early coat-of-arms of the Washingtons.
2. Washington's seal.
3. Early Washington coat-of-arms, showing the spur-rowel.
4. George Washington's coat-of-arms.

The Royal arms, possibly those of the Priory, and the Washington coat-of-arms still remain over the entrance door.

This early coat-of-arms of the Washington family,

traceable to the fifteenth century, shows three perforated spur-rowels in place of the stars adopted in later years and engraved on George Washington's seal. The seal of



Excerpts from Brington parish church register.

William de Wessyngton, affixed to a deed dated 1360, also shows the familiar spur-rowels and bars. The Washington coat-of-arms in the College of Heraldry in London shows the star.

When England and America clasped hands in 1914, to celebrate a full century of peace, two prominent features of the movement to further a fuller understanding among English-speaking peoples were to be the Peace Arch, or Open Door, at Blaine, Washington, which now marks the five-thousand-mile frontier between Canada and the United

Dedication procession leaving Sulgrave Church on its march to the house, June 21, 1921.

States without barrier or mounted gun on land or water, and the purchase of Sulgrave Manor, early home of George Washington's ancestors, by the Anglo-American Peace Centenary Committee from Arthur Reynolds Pack.

The National Society of Colonial Dames of America responded nobly to the cause, generously subscribing one hundred thousand dollars toward the endowment fund of two hundred and fifty thousand, the first payment being

1. End and side of Sulgrave.
2. The close at Sulgrave.

Another view of Sulgrave Manor.

made in 1915. On the wall of the main hall of Sulgrave Manor House is a tablet which reads: "In Commemoration of the raising of the first permanent endowment to Sulgrave Manor in the year 1924 by the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America, Mrs. Joseph Rucker Lamar, President." Sulgrave today is held by the English Sulgrave Manor Board, and over it float the flags of both England and America.

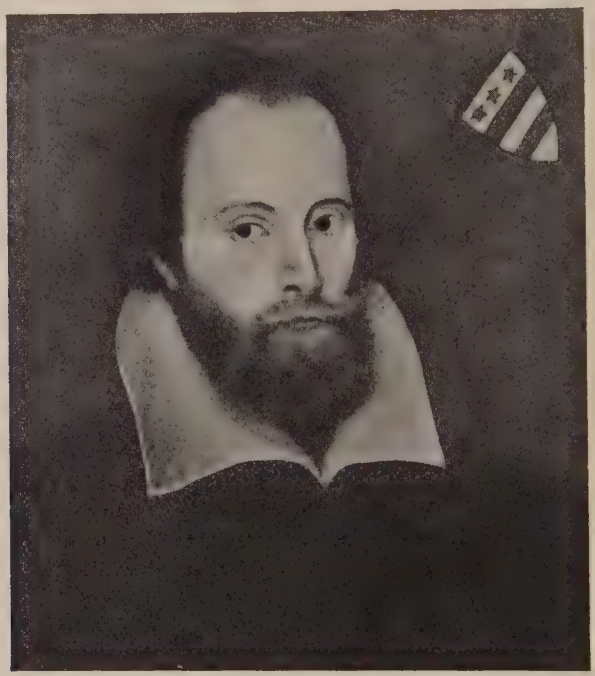
The National Society of Colonial Dames has also had built on the grounds of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, Pa., in this year of 1926, an exact duplicate of Sulgrave Manor, England, for which this organization deserves high commendation, as it welds still more firmly all English-speaking nations.

All the world comes to this little village of Sulgrave of scarce five hundred souls, in the centre of England's most historic section, near Stratford-on-Avon, and not far from the ancestral homes of Franklin, the Adamses, and William Penn, the very air redolent with inspiration. In succession, on the slopes of Sulgrave's original boundaries, dwelt the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, and here may be read in outline the history of the English race. The record of land ownership dates back to the Domesday survey.

America's interest centres in the coming of the Washingtons to Sulgrave. Lawrence, first of the two Washington owners, was twice mayor of Northampton. He obtained his title to Sulgrave through royal grant of Henry VIII, and the payment of three hundred and twenty-one pounds, fourteen shillings, ten pence, plus a small yearly tribute, as shown by the Royal Seal, March 10, 1539. Though a lawyer of record at Gray's Inn, Lawrence's uncle, Sir Thomas Kytson, the rich wool merchant of Warton Hall, was the factor that led the rising barrister into trade, and for a time wealth flowed freely, but before Lawrence's death in 1584 the prosperity that had been the envy of the countryside began to wane, perhaps through trade convulsions

1. One of the two streets in Sulgrave, respectively called "Big" and "Little."
2. In the throng are many visitors from America.

and the needs of a growing family (records in Sulgrave Church prove that there were four sons and seven daughters). Proud of his progeny was that first Washington, owner of Sulgrave,[1] for he caused to be inset on his gravestone a brass

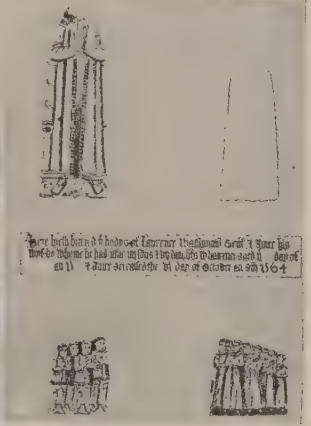


Lawrence, son of Sir Lawrence Washington of Garsdon Manor, Wilts, and grandson of the second Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave Manor. *By permission of W. Roberts.*

tablet on which two groups are outlined, one of his seven daughters, the other of his four sons, and a headless effigy of himself. The tablet was at one time missing, having been

[1] Another relative of the Washingtons married a son of the Archbishop of York, Sir Edwyn Sandys, who generously gave to the Pilgrims who settled Cape Cod in 1620 a substantial sum of money and later sent a shipload of wives to the lonely Virginians. Efforts have been made at various times to erect a suitable monument to this far-sighted Liberal of the seventeenth century; but today it exists only in the family tree transplanted and flourishing in many branches in the New World.

ripped from its setting by some ruthless vandal. Robert, son of the mayor, his son Lawrence—and possibly Lawrence the vicar—were the only ancestors of Washington



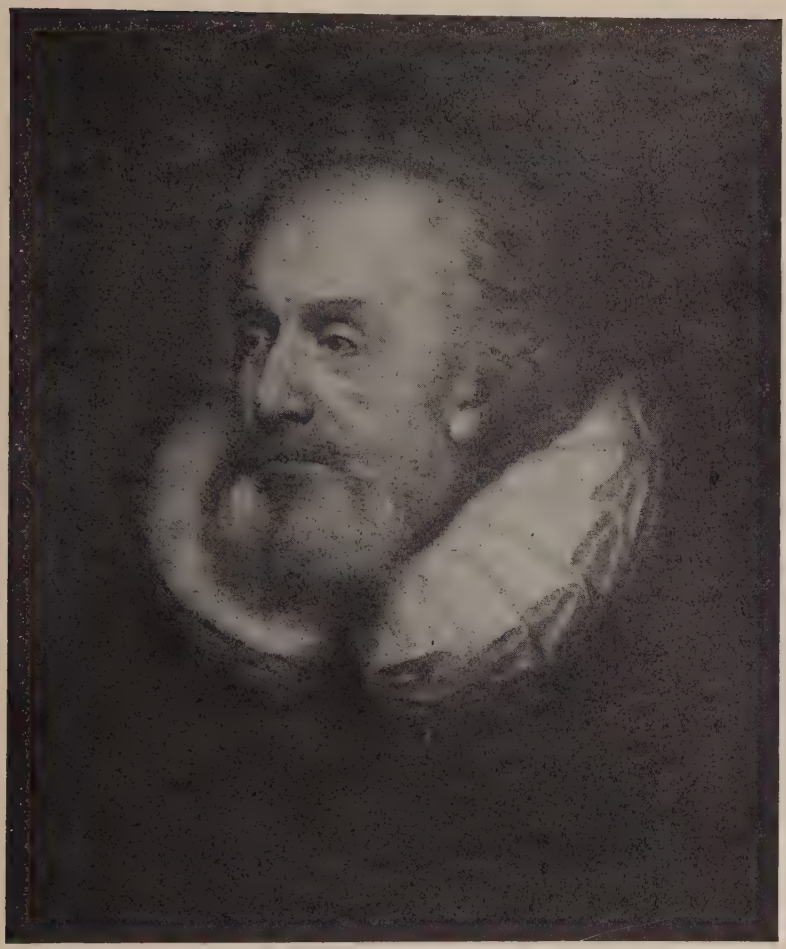
1. Dedication services at Sulgrave Manor, June 21, 1921.

2. Tablet in Sulgrave Church, Northampton, to Lawrence Washington, grantee of Sulgrave, who died 1585, and Amy, his wife, daughter of Robert Pargiter, who died in 1565. Lawrence Washington was great-grandfather of the Vicar of Purleigh. On this tablet are shown the four sons and seven daughters, also the headless effigy of the father.

3. Another view of the dedication. 4. Exterior of Sulgrave Church.

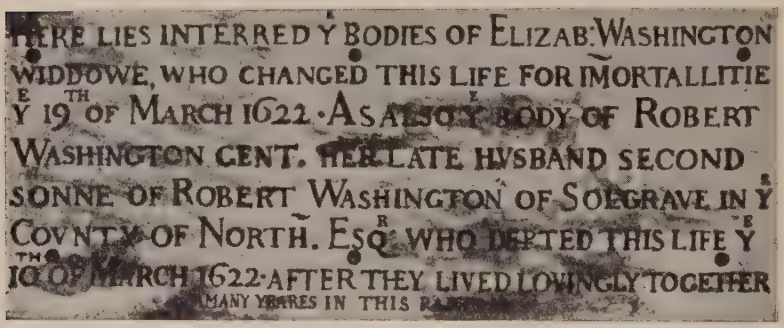
born in Sulgrave. Robert first saw earth light in the big Tudor bedroom over the living room recently restored, together with much of the house and grounds, by the British Peace Centenary Committee. Born with the proverbial

Margaret, daughter of William Butler of Tees, Sussex, wife of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave and Brington, mother of the vicar of Purleigh, and great-great-great-grandmother of George Washington. *Painted by Daniel Mytens.*



Portrait of Robert Washington, of Sulgrave Manor and Brington, grandfather four removes of George Washington, and son of the Lawrence who died in 1583 or 1584, who married Amy Pargiter. He sold Sulgrave to the Makepeace family with the consent of his son Lawrence, and moved to Little Brington. Died in 1619. His first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Walter Light; his father was mayor of Northampton in 1538 and a descendant of William de Wessyngton, of Durham. While some portraits of the English Washingtons are still under the searchlight, the consenus of present opinion indorses many as genuine. *Courtesy of John Sutton Berks, England.*

"silver spoon" within gripping space, Robert was forty years old before he inherited Sulgrave, and prosperity no longer shed its glamour over life. The stork lifted the latch-string of the Sulgrave home with systematic regularity; the hospitable board of Lawrence the mayor was laid for thirteen covers, including the parents, and son Robert's[1] immediate family totalled fifteen. Son Lawrence kept the pace with eight sons and nine daughters. As the wherewithal of living gradually lessened, Robert, with the consent of his eldest son, Lawrence, cut off the entail, and sold Sulgrave to


HERE LIES INTERRED Y BODIES OF ELIZAB: WASHINGTON
WIDDOWE, WHO CHANGED THIS LIFE FOR IMORTALLITIE
Y 19 TH OF MARCH 1622 · AS ALSO Y BODY OF ROBERT
WASHINGTON CENT. HER LATE HVSBAND SECOND
SONNE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOLGRAVE IN Y
COVNTY OF NORTH. ESQ. WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE Y
TH
10 OF MARCH 1622 · AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER
MANY YEARES IN THIS

Inscription on the tomb of Robert Washington of Garsdon.

his nephew, Lawrence Makepeace, who in turn willed it to his son, Abel Makepeace. Aside from the assumption that Robert Washington's bones probably rest in the same grave with those of his father, the former mayor of Northampton, as he directed, the curtain is lowered on the Washington family so far as Sulgrave is concerned. Robert Washington's will, proved January 3, 1620, says:

> "My body to be buried in the south aisle of the church, before my seat, where I usually sit, under the same stone that my father lieth buried under."

[1] In Garsdon Church is a tablet stating that a Sir Robert Washington, second son of Robert Washington of Sulgrave is here buried. He departed this life March 10, 1622, and Elizabeth Washington, his widow, died March 19, 1622.

To Little Brington, some fifteen miles away, now went Lawrence, scion of the Washington race, who had married Margaret Butler. They took up their abode in a small cottage that had been presented to Margaret, who had nursed through a serious illness Sir John Spencer,[1] husband of Catherine, a cousin of the Washingtons. Lawrence, the father, died in Little Brington in 1616, three years before his father, Robert, and in St. Mary's Church, Great Brington, a short mile from Little Brington, may be seen today the slab, with an epitaph and verse over the tomb of Lawrence Washington and his wife, Margaret Butler Washington, parents of the vicar. The Washington family motto reads:

"The end crowns the work."

The Butler motto is:

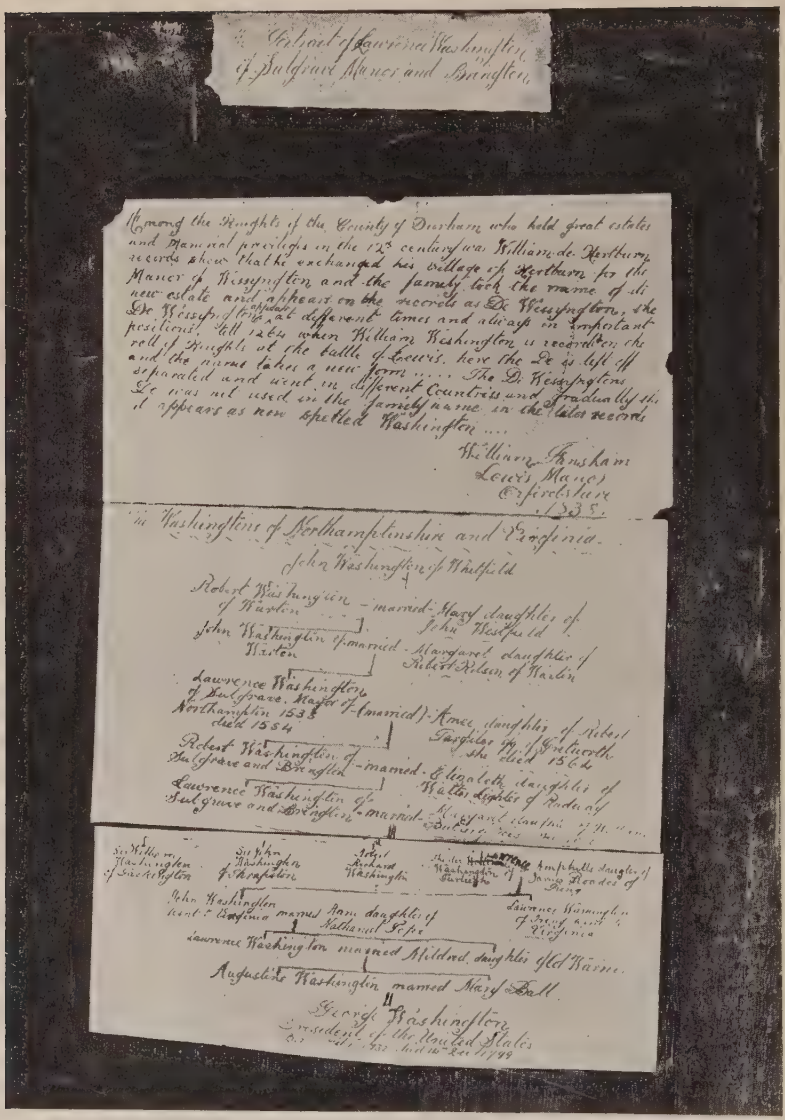
"Persevere, never despair."

Could more appropriate words describe the attributes of our George Washington, the great-great-great grandson of this worthy couple, still further emphasized by the Ball family motto:

"Looking steadfastly to Heaven."

Recently it has been suggested that a novel written about 1860 by a rector of St. Mary's Church, Great Brington, is responsible for many statements regarding the Washington family that have passed for facts. It is also being contended by Mr. T. Pape, F. S. A., that the Washingtons were not forced by penury to dispose of their Sulgrave Manor holdings. Be this as it may, the beaten track has been followed herein regarding the Washingtons in Brington, as records are still scant and conflicting. Within the next decade the veil may be lifted.

[1] It is a coincidence that one of George Washington's early English ancestors was a valued friend of the Spencers, and that his first ancestor in America, John Washington, was a close friend of Nicholas Spencer and half owner of Mount Vernon's original five thousand acres.

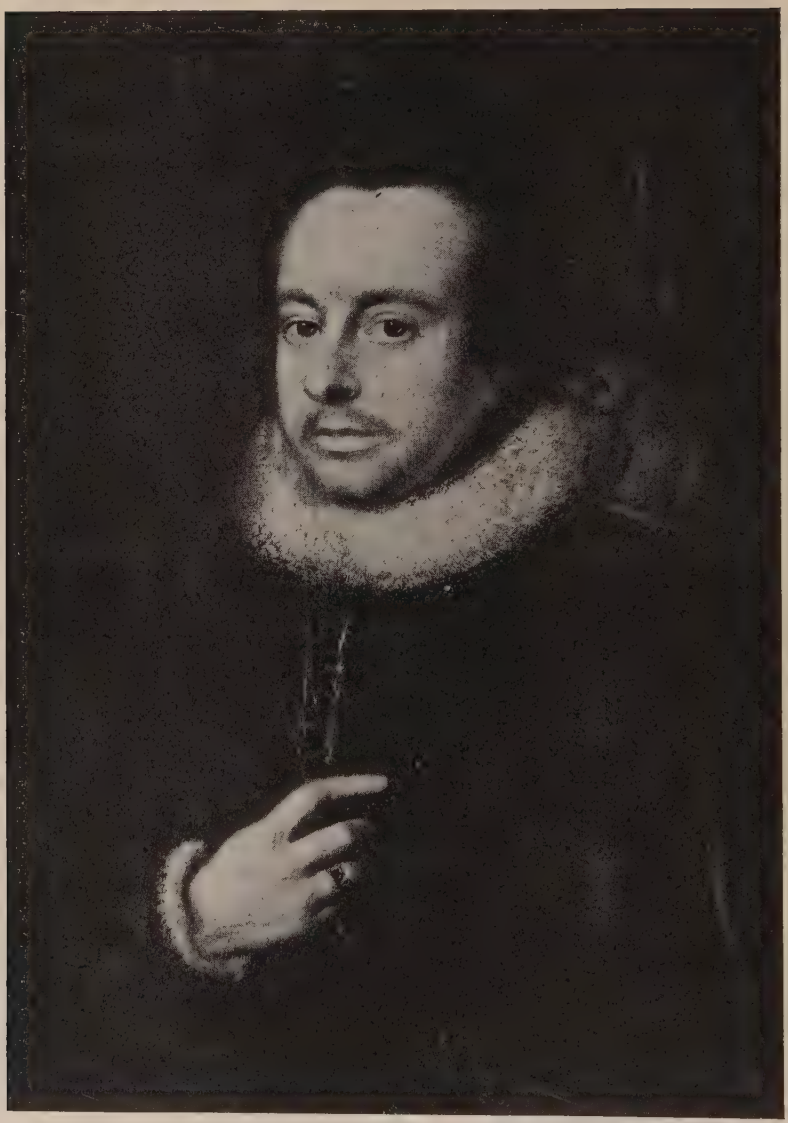

Extract of Laurence Washington
of Sulgrave Manor and Brington
Among the Knights of the County of Durham who held great estates
and Manorial privileges in the 12th century was William de Hertburn
records show that he exchanged his village of Hertburn for the
Manor of Wessyngton and the family took the name of the
new estate and appears on the records as De Wessyngton, the
De Wessyngtons at different times and always in important
positions till 1265 when William Washington is recorded on the
roll of Knights at the battle of Lewes. here the De is left off
and the name takes a new form .... The De Wessyngtons
separated and went in different Countries and gradually the
De was not used in the family name in the later records
it appears as now spelled Washington ....
William Fenshaw
Lewes Manor
Oxfordshire
1535
The Washingtons of Northamptonshire and Virginia.
John Washington of Warfield
Robert Washington of Warton — married Mary daughter of John Westfield
John Washington of Warton — married Margaret daughter of Robert Wilson of Warton
Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave, Mayor of Northampton 1538 died 1584 — married Amee daughter of Robert Targiles of Grimsworth She died 1564
Robert Washington of Sulgrave and Brington — married Elizabeth daughter of Walter Light of Radway
Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave and Brington — married
Sir Willm. Washington of Sizergh
Sir John Washington of Thrapston
Richard Washington
Amphillis daughter of James Reades of Bray
John Washington went to Virginia
married Ann daughter of Nathaniel Pope
Lawrence Washington of Gray's Inn Virginia
Lawrence Washington married Mildred daughter of Col Warner
Augustine Washington married Mary Ball
George Washington
President of the United States

Of great interest to the genealogist is the above record taken from the back of the portrait of Lawrence Washington, Vicar of Purleigh.

1. Warton Church tower built by Robert Washington in the fifteenth century.
2. Washington House at Warton.
3. The oldest Washington arms, carved in stone on Warton Church tower, Lancashire.
4. Tewitfield, Lancashire, showing the ancient Washington house.

It is difficult to reconcile the various and changing opinions as to the residence of George Washington's ancestors in the Bringtons, and they are inserted for what they are worth.

Lawrence Washington, the Rector of Purleigh, born about 1602, around whom so much interest centres, not only because of his marriage to Amphillis, sometimes called a



Lawrence Washington, Vicar of Purleigh, who married Amphillis Bouden, or Twigden. Their son, John Washington, was the pioneer who settled in Virginia and became great-grandfather of George Washington.

Amphillis, wife of Lawrence Washington, the Vicar of Purleigh. *Painted by John Hayles.*

yeoman's daughter, but because of his education and pronounced ability, matriculated at Brasenose College, November 2, 1621, taking his B.A. two years later and becoming a fellow in 1624. March 14, 1624, he was appointed Vicar of Purleigh, and for ten years ministered to its villagers.

When the Vicar was deposed by Cromwellian interests because of his family's royalist leanings, the Reverend John Rogers being installed in his place, Amphillis went before the court to plead her cause, this courageous action resulting in one-fifth part of the tithes and profits of the vicarage being paid to her. Meanwhile, the Reverend Lawrence, upon being ousted from his benefice, had returned, in 1643, to the Washington home at Little Brington.

About 1650 both Margaret Washington and her son, the Vicar, died, and may have been buried in the family vault in St. Mary's Church at Great Brington, though the burial of a Lawrence Washington is recorded Jan. 21, 1652, at Maldon, Essex. In St. Mary's Church, Great Brington, is the tomb of Margaret's husband, the Vicar's father; that Lawrence Washington who died in 1616, son of Robert Washington and his wife, Elizabeth (daughter of Robert Light), and grandson of Lawrence Washington, grantee of Sulgrave,[1] and his wife, Amy (daughter of Robert Pargiter).

In Tring lived Andrew Knolling,[2] who perhaps married the widowed mother of Amphillis Washington; and here Amphillis sought a home. In the church at Tring three of the children of Lawrence and Amphillis Washington were christened, John the pioneer, Lawrence, and Martha, all of whom came to America and here their mother may have been buried.

[1] Mayor of Northampton, 1533 to 1546; died 1585; buried in Sulgrave Church.

[2] Several wills have helped to prove Washington's ancestral line, among them that of Andrew Knolling, in which he names a number of Washingtons, including the Vicar. Martha, a sister of John Washington, the pioneer, went to Virginia about the same time, married a Hayward, and in her will, dated 1697, also left bequests to the English Washingtons.

1. Living hall, Sulgrave Manor, showing oak screen.
2. Mullioned windows with Washington coat-of-arms.

1. The great chamber in Sulgrave Manor in which Robert Washington was born.
2. Original sixteenth century fireplace, with Elizabethan firebacks.

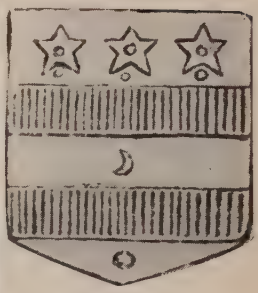
And from the old homestead—still standing—at Tring, John Washington—son of Amphillis and Vicar Lawrence, and great-grandfather of George—strode forth sometime about the year 1657, to try his fortunes in the New World across the sea, shipping as second mate on the vessel that carried a cargo of mighty import to the America of the eighteenth century.

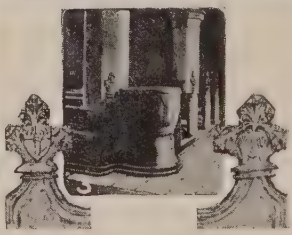
Although the Washington house at Little Brington is a cottage, and insignificant as compared with Sulgrave Manor,

Half penny token of John Washington of Tetworth.

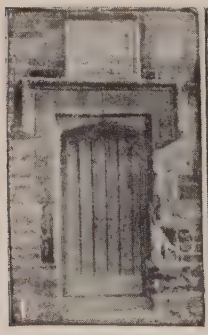
its surroundings, as one of the last homes of the Washington branch who emigrated from England to America, are worthy of close study.

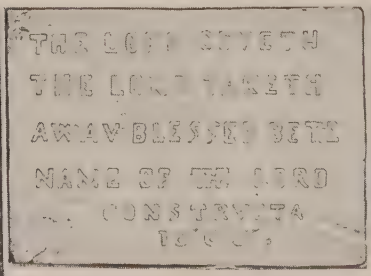
The Washington enthusiast would be glad to believe that the oak-ribbed entrance door which faces one from under the ominous pronouncement, "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away," etc., is the same that was eagerly swung open by George Washington's ancestor, Lawrence, father of the Vicar, in his outgoings and homecomings more than three centuries ago. Let us hope that familiarity deadened the force of Job's foreboding words that greeted the Washingtons each time they crossed the threshold of their Little Brington home. The religionist of those days kept death and the grave ever in the foreground, to serve as a compass in his voyage across the Sea of Life. This is not surprising, in view of the brevity of human existence in those earlier times; which is partly accounted for by the fact that the people had a habit





1. The Washington house at Little Brington and early coat-of-arms. 2. Old pump and sundial. 3. Font at which generations of Washington's ancestors were christened. Pew ends. 4. End view of the Brington house. Just where the Washingtons lived in the Bringtons is being disputed on the ground that a novel written about 1860 by the Vicar of St. Mary's on which much information was based may not have given exact facts.



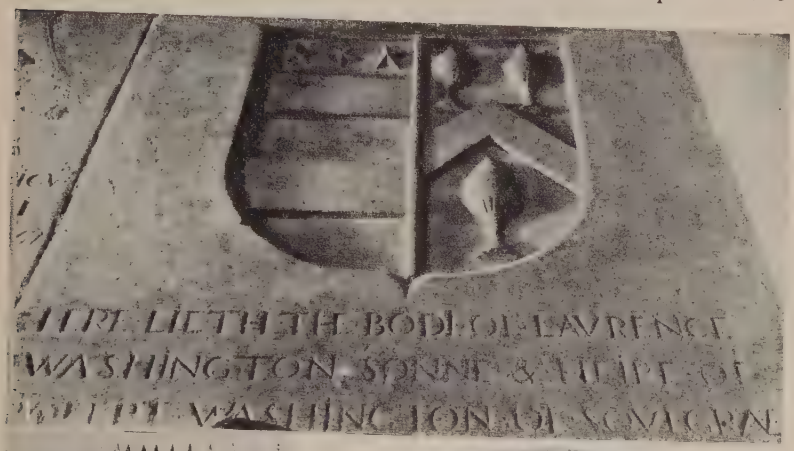


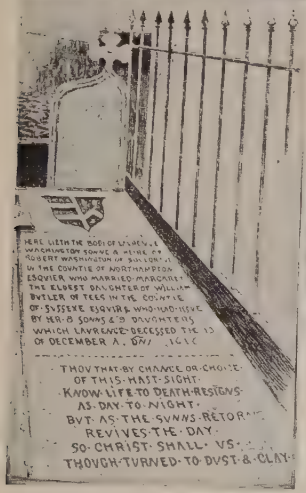
1-2. Doorway of Washington house at Little Brington, with inscription.

3. This mortar is the only one of the lares and penates of the English Washingtons that reached America.

of burying their dead near the water supply while bathtubs and hygiene in general were practically unknown.

The ancient well at Little Brington, which, with its old wooden pump—or one of similar type—served to quench the





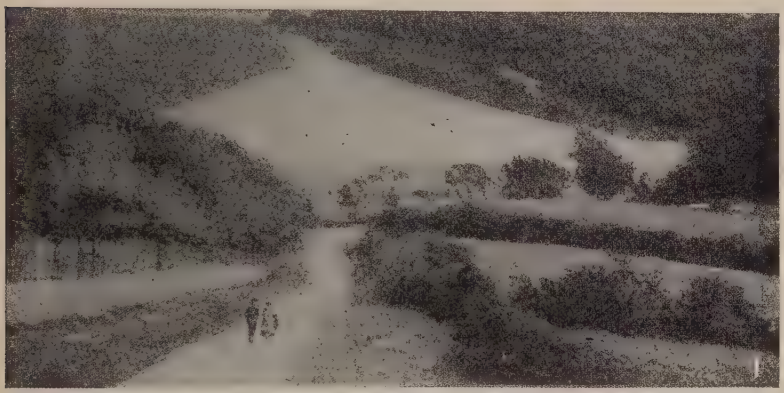
1. Arms of Lawrence Washington and his wife, Margaret Butler, in St. Mary's Church, Great Brington.

2. Tomb of Lawrence Washington and perhaps of his wife, Margaret Butler, in St. Mary's Church, Great Brington, 1616, parents of the Vicar.

3. The Washington sun dial on which is carved the Washington coat-of-arms.

Square in Little Brington.

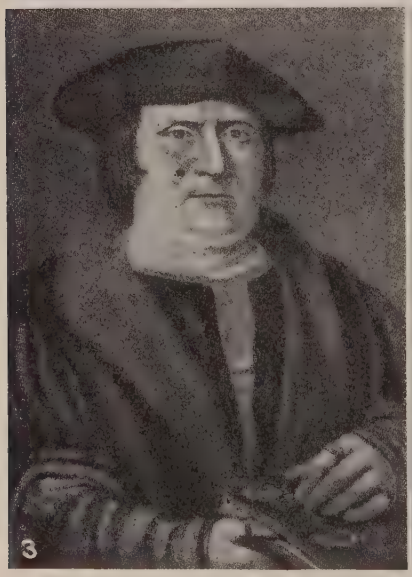
thirst of generations of Washingtons, is an instance in point. It presents, however, an interesting link with the past; as also does the antiquated sundial, bearing the Washington coat-of-arms on which is the spur-rowel.



1. Road between Oxford and Aylesbury traversed by Lawrence Washington, when a student, to see Amphillis, his fiancée.

2. Purleigh Church, Essex, England, of which Lawrence Washington was the vicar.

It is nevertheless clear enough that unhealthy living conditions and the knowledge that death hung ever around the corner, far from producing men and women of timorous



1. Hengrave Hall, built by Sir Thomas, son of Robert Kitson.
2. Warton Hall, birthplace of Margaret, daughter of Robert and sister of Sir Thomas Kitson. Margaret married John Washington and became the mother of Lawrence, grantee of Sulgrave. 3. Sir Thomas Kitson.
4. Sir Thomas Kitson's tomb in Hengrave Church, Suffolk.

mould, brought about precisely the opposite effect. Perhaps it was, after all, a matter of "the survival of the fittest," those who struggled through to maturity being necessarily

1. St. Mary's Church at Great Brington, burial place of some of George Washington's ancestors. Stone cross with three-step calvary base.
2. Interior of St. Mary's Church.

of the sturdier type. At all events, there is no suggestion of timorousness in the family history of the Washingtons.

When Cromwell's forces were besieging the city of Worcester, in 1646, the attacking general being Sir Thomas Fairfax, a bred-in-the-bone Puritan, the defender of the city was Colonel Henry Washington,[1] evidently a thorough-going Cavalier of pronounced Tory proclivities. Not without an order from the captive King Charles would this

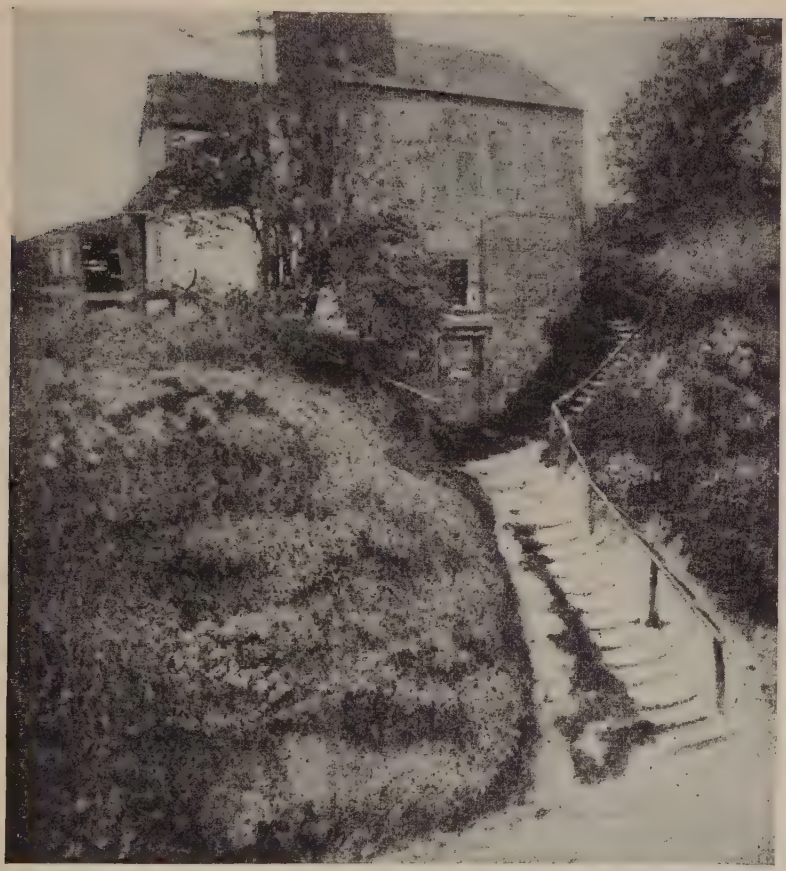
General Thomas Fairfax

brave scion of Sulgrave surrender, as proven by the following letter, written by him to Sir Thomas Fairfax:

"Sir:

"It is acknowledged by your books and by report of your own quarter that the King is in some of your armies. That granted, it may be easy for you to procure

[1] Generally believed to be an uncle of John Washington, the pioneer American who became George Washington's great-grandfather.



John Washington, the pioneer, strode down these steps at his home in Tring and took ship for America.

His Majesty's command for the disposal of this garrison. Till then, I shall make good the trust reposed in me. As for conditions, if I shall be necessitated, I shall make the best I can. The worst I know, and fear not. If I had, the profession of a soldier had not been begun nor so long continued by

"Your Excellency's humble servant,

"Henry Washington."

Well might this defiant letter have been written by our George Washington, under similar conditions, a century and a half later. If no other genealogical record existed, this

Church at Tring in which three children of Lawrence and Amphillis Washington were christened and in which Amphillis was buried in 1654.

document—its writer courting annihilation in preference to yielding his post—is sufficient evidence as to the temper of the ancestry from which George Washington inherited his indomitable courage.[1]

How far tradition enters into the reported movements of the Washingtons in England after leaving Sulgrave cannot be stated with certainty, in spite of the faithful work of researchers, who are still following the trail.

[1] See Note A, Appendix.

Interior of the Tring Church,[1] one of the last two made. *Courtesy of C. Seymour Bullock.*

[1]Washington's great-grandfather, John, the pioneer, with his mother, sister, and brother, often worshipped in the Tring Church. The crucifix shown was in place at that time.

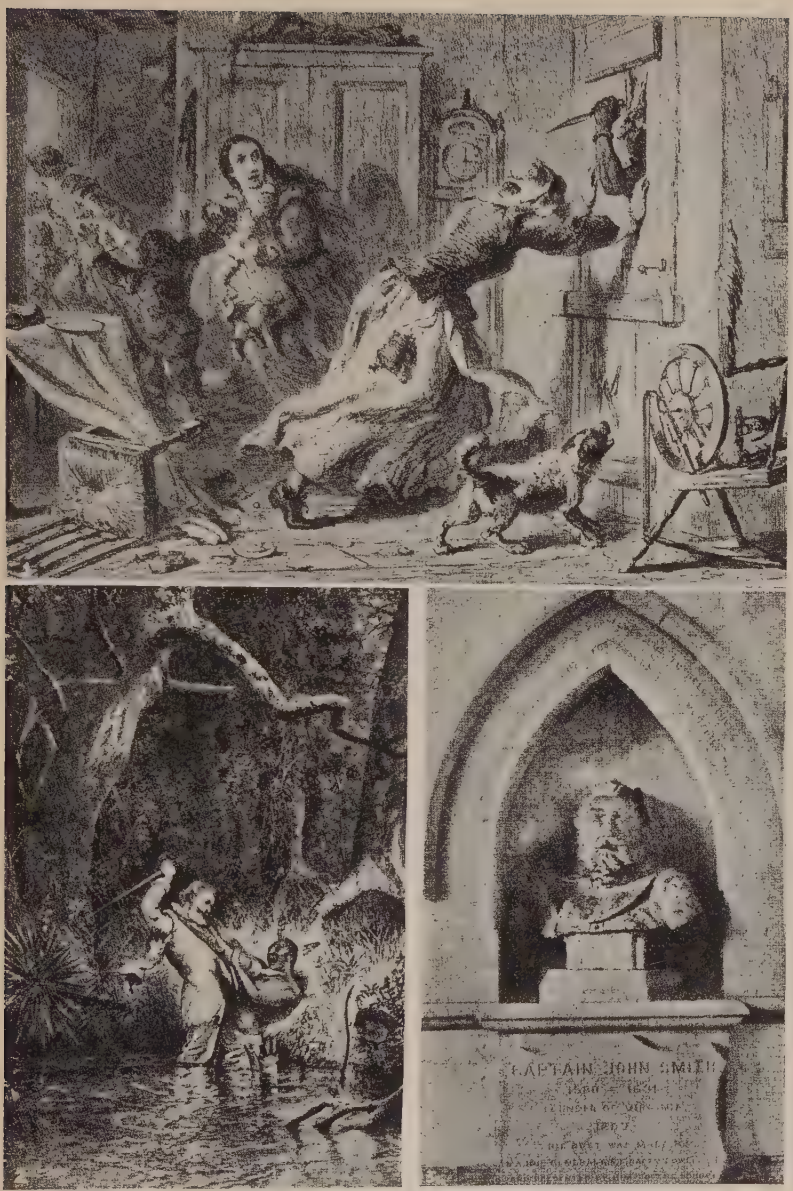
CHAPTER II

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH. THE OPECHANCANOUGH MASSACRE. THE COMING OF THE CAVALIERS. THE FIRST VIRGINIA ASSEMBLY. THE NORTHERN NECK. WITCHCRAFT. LOOT-SATURATED GOVERNOR BERKELEY. YOUNG CROMWELL. THE WASHINGTONS IN AMERICA ONE OF THE "FIRST FAMILIES OF VIRGINIA"

THE COMING of the Cavaliers to Virginia was the making of that noble Commonwealth. Among the earlier emigrants of 1607, wisely but with difficulty governed at one time by Captain John Smith, were some social derelicts as well as the debt-harassed who had left their country for their country's good. These had gone the way of all flesh by the time that Cromwell began his wholesale confiscation of Royalist castles and lands, forcing their high-born owners to leave their native soil. Many of these involuntary exiles crossed the ocean, and found refuge in what later became the "Old Dominion" State.

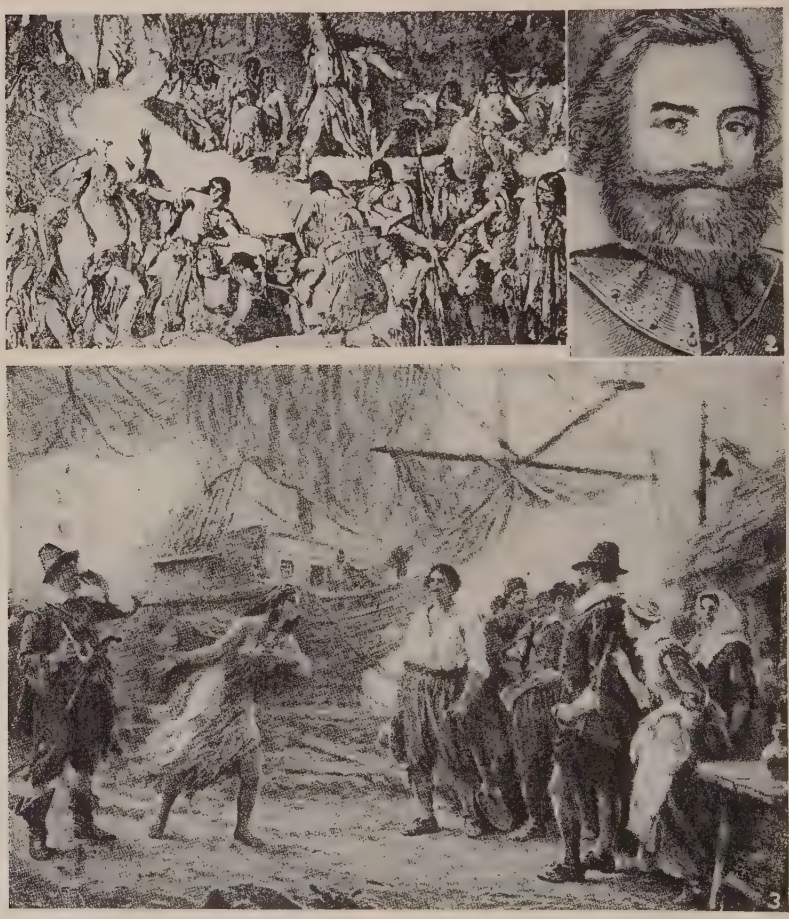
Historic ground is this of Virginia; where Captain John Smith—gallant world rover and prolific penman—hunted wild beasts and wilder savages along the Indian trails, and where, after he had returned to England, disabled by a premature powder explosion, the white man battled with the red in the days of the Opechancanough Massacre. This section has witnessed every form of "man's inhumanity to man," even to those horrible orgies of the famine-stricken settlers, when cannibalism desecrated its fair valleys and sun-crowned heights.

Through those valleys and over those hills Romance and Tragedy went hand in hand. Here Powhatan proved to the



1. Opechancanough and his warriors massacring Jamestown settlers.
2. Captain John Smith slaying the Indian chief.
3. Bust of Captain John Smith. *Courtesy of George Brocklehurst of Gainsborough, England.*

white race the power centred in the Indian; and here dwelt Pocahontas,[1] the beautiful Indian princess famed in song



1. Pocahontas saving Captain John Smith from death. 2. Captain John Smith. 3. The abduction of Pocahontas. © *J. L. G. Ferris.*

and story, who—or so runs the legend—first saved the life of Captain John Smith, and afterward reigned queen of the

[1] Pocahontas (her child name, meaning mischievous or playful) is said to have loved Captain John Smith. Deceived by false reports of his death, she married

love-kingdom created for her by her English husband, Rolfe, with whom she sailed across the sea.

As early as 1619—one year before the Pilgrims (Separatists) sailed from Holland and England—the first of the Cavaliers to arrive in Virginia had already formed themselves into a thriving, if scattered, community; and in that

Virginia vestry meeting after the Restoration. *Courtesy of F. Louis Mora.*

year the First Virginia Assembly was held, indicating that they had begun to establish a firm foothold in the new country.

With the tide of emigration fairly started westward, and the new arrivals without ado adjusting themselves to the exigent conditions of pioneer life as men and women of

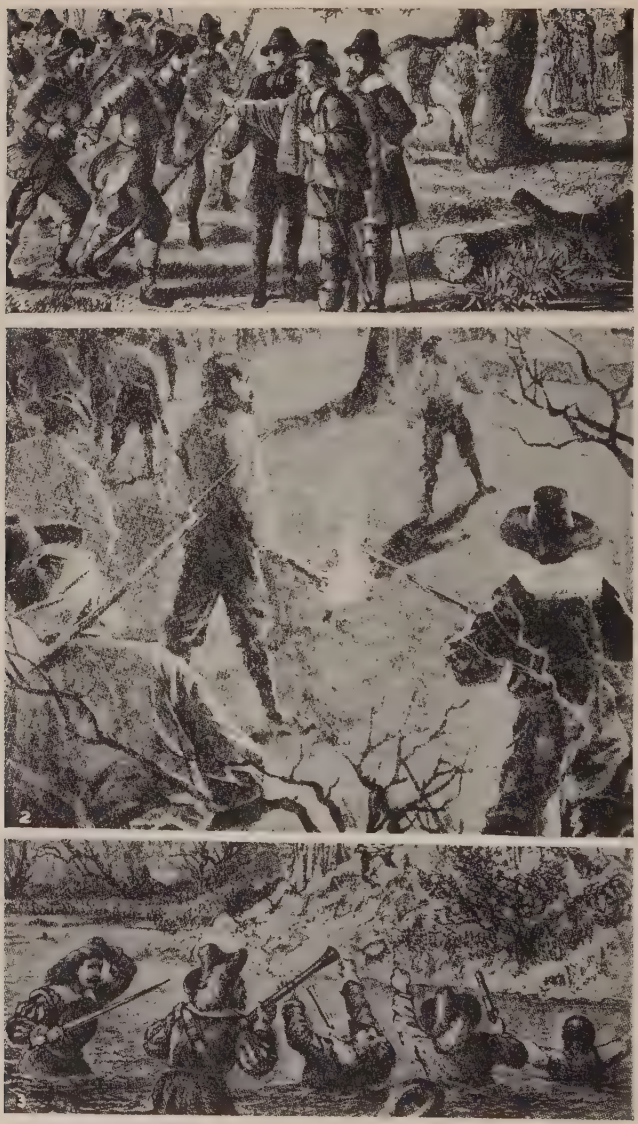
Rolfe. Later, on meeting Smith in England, surprise and shock brought about the illness which eventually resulted in her death. Some of Virginia's highest aristocracy, including the proud Randolphs, trace their lineage to Pocahontas, whose only son settled in America.

gallant heritage so readily do—the death of Cromwell in 1658, and the accession of Charles II to the throne in 1660, made little difference to the Virginians. In 1670 one finds some forty thousand of England's best blood—many of them genuine aristocrats—permanently settled in Virginia, evidently preferring a "hazard of new fortunes" in America to "castles in Spain" in Olde England. Among these were

Death of Opechancanough, instigator of the 1622 Jamestown massacre. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

the Washingtons, Lees, Jeffersons, Madisons, Monroes, Carys, and other loyal Royalists; whose descendants, when the fateful hour struck something over a century later, enrolled with Washington, Henry, the Staffords, Masons, and scores of other Virginians; standing firmly and united—notwithstanding their inherited dislike of the Roundhead—with New England and the Middle Colonies for principle and freedom, and, finally, for the assertion of American Independence.

John Washington's friend, Nathaniel Bacon ("Little Cromwell"), defying Governor Berkeley. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

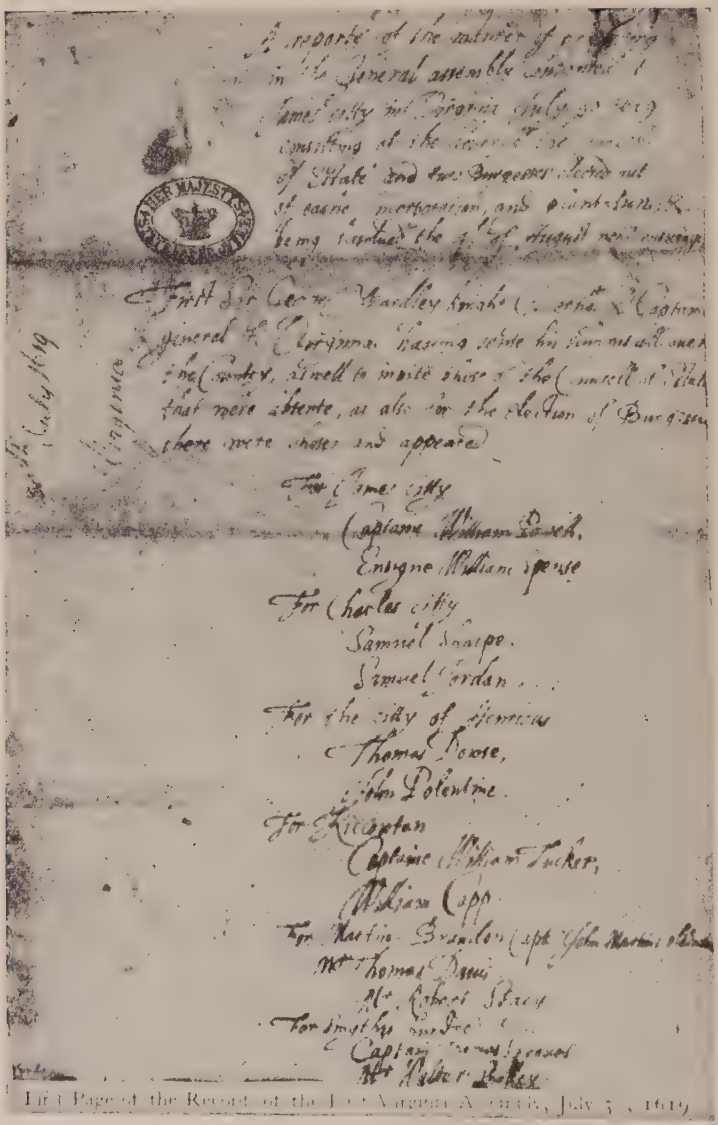


1. Meeting that led to the burning of Jamestown.
2. Burning of Jamestown.
3. Bacon attacking the Fort. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

To this promising young colony came, about 1657, John Washington, son of the Reverend Lawrence Washington, Vicar of Purleigh, and Amphillis Washington, his wife. His voyage to the New World, one may imagine, had not been without startling incidents. One, at least, is recorded—the summary hanging, on shipboard, of a woman accused of witchcraft. For in those days of religious oppression and military terrorism, when neither man nor woman knew what it meant to feel safe, ignorance and superstition added craven fear of the unseen to the sufficiently long list of tangible calamities. On both sides of the ocean belief in and fear of the malignancy of witches swept reason and common sense into the discard. The hideous persecution which, for more than a century, held England and the Continent in direful bondage was repeated in America, particularly in New England, though in far lesser degree.[1]

Thus, Captain Prescott's swift vengeance, expressed in the stern fiat, "Hustle this woman into Eternity and save our souls!" was but the outward manifestation of the inward terror that was ingrained, in those unhappy times, in even the bravest of mortals. Men who took their lives in their hands on land and sea, who courageously defied the waves and the tempest, with all that they implied,—the weird monsters supposed to inhabit the Sea of Darkness, the evil Powers of the Air and the fearsome "Falling-off Place" that, in the popular belief, marked the edge of the world,—trembled and were sore afraid in the presence of imaginary witchcraft. Safety, they believed, lay in immediate action. The sooner the supposed witch was out of the way, the better for everyone else.

[1] In Europe thousands of hapless beings were brutally sacrificed to a Moloch of Fear, while in the same period some thirty persons were put to death in America. The statement that witches were burned to death in New England is, however, incorrect. No one was burned for witchcraft in America. Elizabeth Bassett Proctor, daughter of William Bassett, of Lynn, Massachusetts, and an ancestress of the author, was condemned to death, but was later reprieved. Her husband, John Proctor, was hanged.



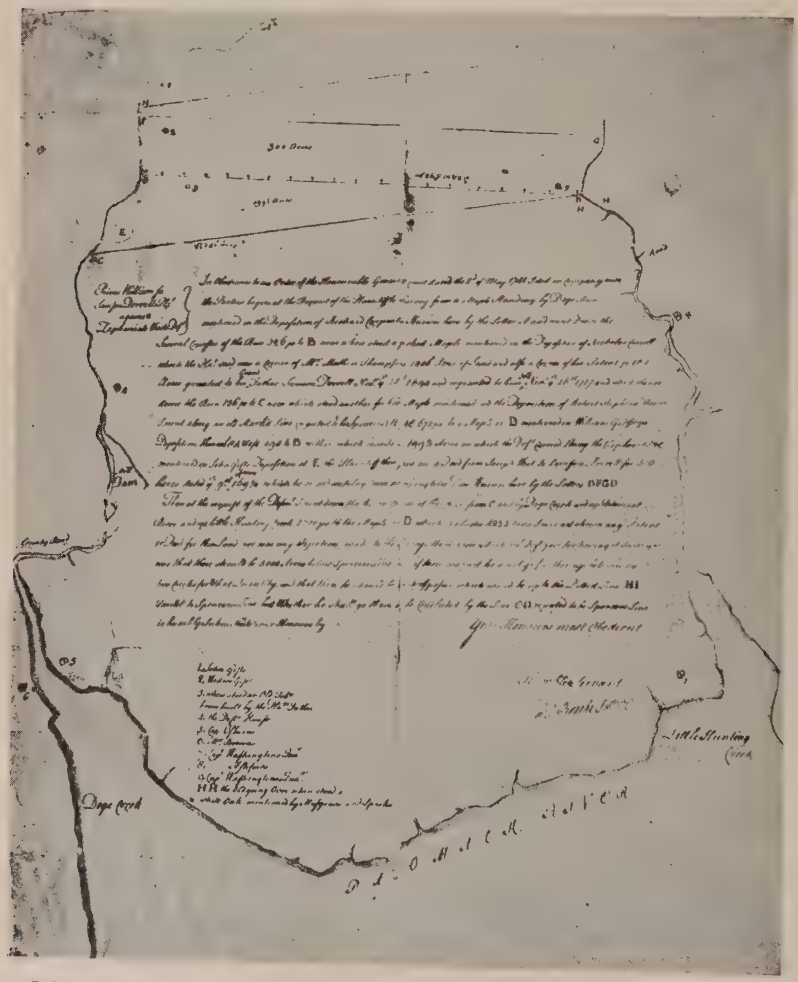
First page of the records of the first Virginia Assembly, July 30, 1619. Held over a year before the Mayflower sailed for America.

But John Washington, with a long line of right-minded forebears behind him, was made of sterner and more

Map drawn in 1537, showing conception at that time of monsters supposed to dwell in the ocean.

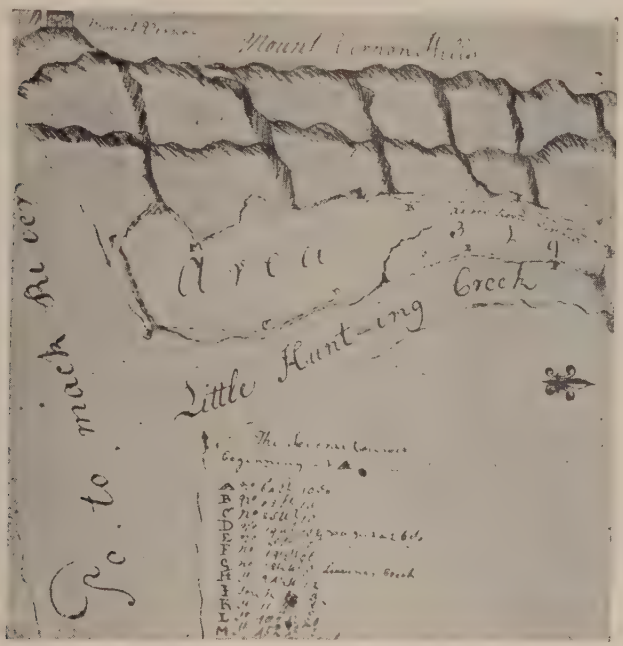
wholesome stuff. With the well-developed Washington sense of justice, his first act, after reaching Virginia, was

to demand that Captain Edward Prescott be punished by the authorities for the brutal murder, on the high seas, of a defenceless woman. It is significant that none but a Washington seems to have voiced a protest.



Original grant of five thousand acres, deeded to Colonels Nicholas Spencer and John Washington by Thomas, Lord Culpeper. *Courtesy of Alexandria-Washington Lodge No. 22—A.F. and A.M.*

Upon arriving in America, John Washington, who came over as second master, settled with his little family on Pope's Creek, on the Potomac (River of Swans), some seventy miles or more below the present city of Washington and some forty miles southeast of Fredericksburg. Not long afterward



Washington's first diagram of Mount Vernon. He drew the house in the upper left-hand corner.

his wife, born Margaret Hayward, and two children died. In 1660 the lonely widower married Anne, daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Pope, a near-by landed proprietor of whom he had previously purchased his farm at Pope's Creek. The four children of John and Anne Pope Washington were all born in this Pope's Creek home, afterward known as the Wakefield Farm—Lawrence in 1661, John in 1663, Elizabeth in 1665, and Anne in 1667. Careful investi-

gation has amply proved this first of the Washington homesteads in America to have been of considerably more importance than the insignificant place so often shown as the Wakefield property.[1]

As the years passed, Colonel John Washington, destined to be the great-grandfather of our epoch-making George, forged ahead in commercial, military and political affairs,

Lords Culpeper and Arlington, first owners of Mount Vernon.

and seems to have left a deeper mark on the annals of the New World than his brother Lawrence, who later had followed him from England, with a sister. The records show that in 1670, in partnership with Nicholas Spencer, John Washington received a grant of five thousand acres of land on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, between Epsewasson and Little Hunting Creek, from Thomas, Lord

[1] In the opinion of some historians the first house erected by John Washington was located not far from Bridges Creek (where the old family burying-ground of the Washingtons may still be seen), about one mile from the site of the Pope's Creek house, today marked by the George Washington monument.

Culpeper, in consideration of his having brought one hundred settlers from England. This tract—afterward named Mount Vernon, but originally known as Washington—was but a fraction of the 5,500,000 (five million, five hundred thousand) acres of wilderness, known as the Northern Neck, which Charles II—when in exile and without a throne—deeded with a heedless pen stroke to his boon comrades, Lord Culpeper and Lord Arlington. Eventually the latter transferred his share of the huge grant to his friend, Lord Culpeper.

Later, we hear of John Washington as having joined Nathaniel Bacon—often called "the young Cromwell"—in hurling defiance at loot-saturated Governor Berkeley of hated memory, who knowingly allowed the Indians to sell him pelts with one hand while they tomahawked Virginians with the other. From the site of the future Mount Vernon twenty-five hundred savages were driven over the hills into the Shenandoah Valley, in that early Indian war, by that first American Washington, who gained the name of "Conotocarius" (Devourer of Villages) through his prowess as an Indian fighter.[1]

It is somewhat surprising that John Washington, the fearless pioneer, escaped the hangings so freely dealt out to the Virginians by that same Governor Berkeley;[2] who gave to the Reverend Mr. Drummond this laconic greeting:

"I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia. You will hang in half an hour."

And in two hours—an hour and a half late—he made good his threat.

[1] His exploits were so indelibly impressed on "the race that never forgets" that some three generations later, when his great-grandson, the young Virginia colonel who was our own George Washington, came to the forefront of the nation, Indians near and far who revered "the Great White Chief" for his unyielding supremacy over them, bestowed on him the same title—not in wrath, but appreciation.

[2] Governor Berkeley thanked God there were no printing presses nor free schools in Virginia, and hoped there would not be for a hundred years.

Charles II stated that Governor Berkeley hanged more Englishmen than he himself had executed in avenging the

William Berkeley

Interview between Governor Berkeley and the Rev. Mr. Drummond. In two hours the reverend gentleman was in Eternity. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

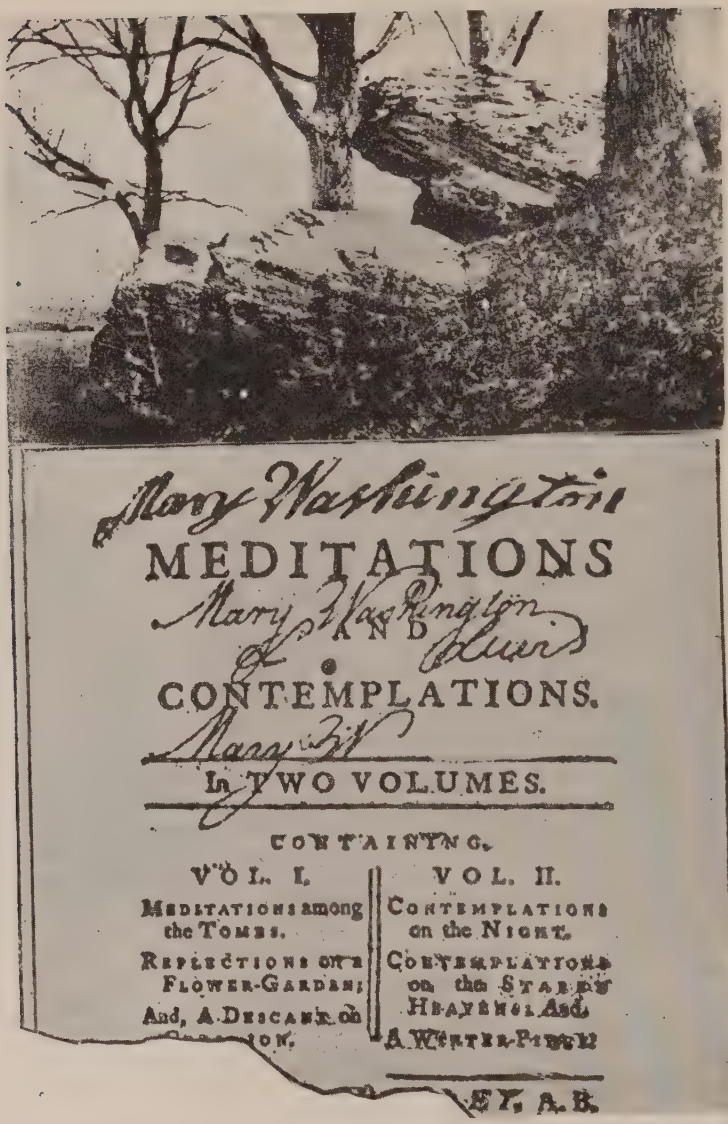
murder of his father. These too frequent outrages against Justice eventually resulted in Berkeley's recall.

Colonel John Washington's colorful life came to an early end in January, 1677, at the age of forty-three, his eldest son, Lawrence—the first child born to John and Anne Pope Washington—being then a lad of sixteen.

Ring with which Augustine Washington wedded Mary Ball.
Courtesy of Colonel W. Lanier Washington.

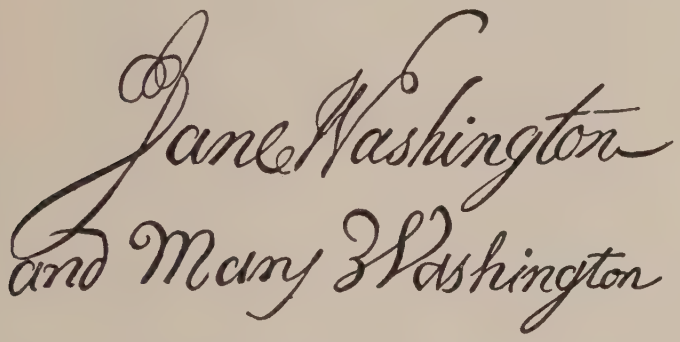
Arrived at maturity, Lawrence married Mildred, daughter of Colonel Warner—a Virginian, like the Washingtons; and in 1694 Augustine Washington, George Washington's father, was born.

Washington's grandmother, Mildred Warner Washington, buried her husband, Lawrence, at Bridges Creek when



Meditation Rock, to which Mary Washington frequently repaired with her Bible and Matthew Hale's "Contemplations."

he was thirty-seven years of age. The widow emigrated to England with her three children, John, Augustine, and Mildred, and there married George Gale, her second husband. Twelve years after his wife's death, Gale came to America with his three step-children. Augustine, later to become Washington's father, thus returned to his native land, his twelve years' residence in England in no sense interfering



Matthew Hale's "Meditations" was autographed by Augustine Washington's two wives, Jane and Mary.

with the line of succession which made our George a thoroughgoing American when he arrived on the scene.[1]

Twice was Augustine married; first, to Jane Butler,[2] who died in 1729, in the full flower of her age, leaving him with three children—Augustine, Lawrence and Jane;[3] and second, to Mary Ball, daughter of Colonel Joseph Ball, of Farnham, Lancaster county, Virginia.

[1] The emigration of Washington's grandmother, Mildred, to England, her marriage to George Gale, and Gale's long residence of twelve years in England after his wife's death, and the bringing back to America of the lad Augustine, later George Washington's father, are facts that have been occasionally overlooked.

[2] Thus, for the second time, a Butler married into the Washington family.

[3] Another son, Butler, had died in infancy. Jane, too, died in childhood, the date of her death being given as January 17, 1735.

1. Middleton's portrait of Mary Ball Washington so generally shown was labelled spurious by the late Charles Henry Hart and others.
2. This house is on the site of Epping Forest, birthplace of Mary Ball.

The wedding of Augustine Washington and Mary Ball took place on March 6, 1730;[1] but whether in England or America is not quite clear. According to some, the romance culminated in England, where Mary Ball had relatives whom she visited, and where Augustine Washington—a man of large affairs—often went on business. Some English historians claim that a carriage accident of which Augustine Washington was the victim was instrumental in

Original buildings still standing on the Ball homestead. *Courtesy Miss Dora Chinn Jett, Fredericksburg, Va.*

making the match—and so started the chain of events which resulted in severing Great Britain's most prized colony from the mother country.

At the time of the marriage Mary Ball was about twenty-two years of age,[2] while Augustine was nearing

[1] There is some doubt about this. The record in the Washington family Bible (see page 137, Vol. II), which is believed to have been copied by George Washington from an earlier record, reads "March sixth, 1730–31." As Jane Butler Washington died September 24, 1729, it is possible that the later date may be the correct one.

[2] The date of her birth is supposed to have been November, 1708, though some claim it was March 6, the date of her wedding.

forty. She was then an orphan,[1] one George Eskridge[2] being her guardian, and was evidently the belle of the Virginia countryside, since she was frequently spoken of, in her girlhood, as "the rose of Epping Forest."[3] Her portrait,[4] *said* to have been painted in her bridehood by the English painter, Middleton, reveals her as a decidedly handsome young woman of more than ordinary poise and strength of character—as, indeed, she was. Augustine Washington chose wisely when he selected Mary Ball to be the stepmother of his boys and the chatelaine of his household. In maturer life, and to the end of her days, Mary Ball Washington was a true type of noble American womanhood.

[1] The burial place of Mary's parents is not known, but it may be assumed that they were interred in the grounds of the Ball farm, not far from the homestead site, according to the general custom of the times. (See Note B, Appendix.)

[2] George Eskridge was a wealthy planter, a prominent lawyer and neighbor, and in conjunction with her son was executor of the widow Ball's estate and also guardian for her daughter Mary.

[3] The Ball homestead, Mary Ball's birthplace, was named Epping Forest, after a well-known and picturesque section of England. A house of modern erection now occupies the site of the original dwelling, near the mouth of the Rappahannock, although some of the old farm buildings still remain. (See illustration on p. 59.)

[4] The authenticity of this portrait (page 58) has been questioned, but not conclusively.

The Ball coat-of-arms was a lion rampant holding a ball aloft. The motto "Aspire to the Heavens" fitted well the character of George Washington.

CHAPTER III

THE BIRTH OF GEORGE WASHINGTON IN THE POPE'S CREEK HOMESTEAD, LATER KNOWN AS WAKEFIELD FARM. JOHN WASHINGTON'S WILL. WAKEFIELD AS IT IS TODAY. THE WAKEFIELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION HOLDINGS

AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON and his young wife took up their married life in the old Washington homestead on the Pope's Creek Farm—the homestead which John Washington, the pioneer, had built, and in which his life had ended more than fifty years before. With them lived Augustine's two sons by his former marriage,—Augustine, aged nine, and Lawrence, aged seven,—to whom Mary Ball Washington was ever a kind and faithful stepmother, both before and after the advent of her own children.

In this Pope's Creek homestead (known in these days as Wakefield Farm) the firstborn child of Augustine and Mary Ball Washington—our own illustrious George—opened his eyes to the light on February 11, according to the old-style reckoning, or February 22, according to that of the present day, in the year 1732; the hour, as stated in the Washington family Bible record, being "about ten in the morning."

From the same record we learn that the boy was baptized on the third of April following, the godfathers being Mr. Beverley Whiting and Captain Christopher Brooks, while the godmother was Mildred Gregory, Augustine Washington's sister and the baby George's aunt.[1]

[1] Mildred Gregory was married three times. Her third husband was Colonel Henry Willis, the most prominent man of that time in Fredericksburg, Va., and

The beautiful and impressive baptismal service of the Church of England, later to be adapted to the needs of the Episcopal Church in America, lent its dignity and gave its blessing to what was destined to be a historic occasion. Held in the arms of his godmother-aunt, the future hero of the nation avowed by proxy his purpose to "renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, and all the sinful desires of the flesh," promising to

1. Silver bowl used at George Washington's christening.
2. Ribbon used on Washington's baptismal robe. *Courtesy Wallingford Compass Lodge.*

"keep God's holy will and commandments and walk in the same all the days of my life."

No cut-and-dried formula, in this case; but a solemn vow which, in mature life, meant much more to George Washington than mere words from a church ritual.

In bestowing upon her firstborn child the name of George, Mary Ball Washington broke the long and sometimes confusing line of Augustines and Lawrences that had

their son, Lewis, was a close boyhood friend of Washington. From this source has drifted many a tale of the two cousins' boyish pranks.

With reference to his godfathers Washington wrote: "I do not recall ever seeing Mr. Whiting, although his son, of the same name, I met in after years. Of Mr. Brooks I know nothing; nor which of the two gave me silver mugs."

reached even across the sea. The name was given in compliment to George Eskridge, who, as has already been said, had acted as her guardian after her mother's death. Interesting relics of that baptismal ceremony of one hundred and ninety-six years ago are still in existence; among them the silver bowl which served as a font and a scrap of ribbon which formed part of the christening robe.[1]

Following George, five other children were born of Augustine Washington's second marriage, their names and order of birth being: Elizabeth (Betty), Samuel, Charles, John Augustine, and Mildred, the latter dying in infancy.[2]

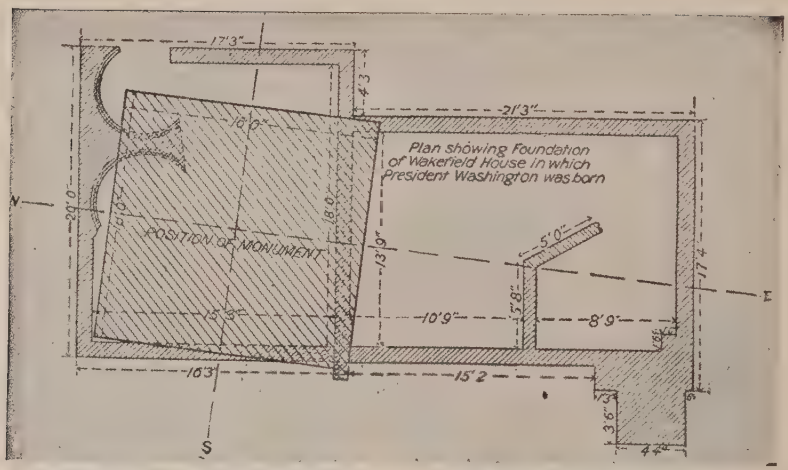
There has been much discussion concerning the old Colonial homestead on the one-thousand-acre farm fronting the Potomac River, near Pope's Creek—famous the world over as the birthplace of George Washington.[3] It has been asserted that the house was but a cottage, of meagre dimensions and a story-and-a-half in height. But this assertion is not substantiated by the known facts.

It is, for instance, a matter of record that the will of John Washington, great-grandfather of George, disposed of seven complete bedroom sets to various legatees, tacitly proving that the house must have contained seven bedrooms; and the logical inference is that it must also have contained

[1] See illustrations on page 62.

[2] George Washington outlived his own brothers and sisters and his two half-brothers.

[3] Fire damaged Washington's birthplace in 1735, and tradition declares that it was totally burned in 1779; careful search has revealed to historian Charles H. Callahan, of Alexandria, Va., that Washington lived at Wakefield beyond the three years with which he is generally credited. George Washington Parke Custis, adopted son of George Washington, states that he transported the memorial slab of freestone, carved with the birth-date, February 11, 1732, o. s. (see illustration on page 68), to Pope's Creek in June, 1815, on his vessel, "Lady of the Lake." Enveloped in the "Star-spangled Banner," the stone was appropriately borne by Revolutionary soldiers to the site of Washington's birthplace. After being chipped by souvenir vandals, it was eventually lost; but later was found, broken in halves, doing duty as a hearthstone in a negro's cabin. It was rescued and replaced on its former site, but gradually disappeared—carried away piecemeal in the pockets of ruthless memento hunters.



1. Plan of foundation of Wakefield house, Washington's birthplace, showing position of monument built thereon.

2. The Bewdley house here shown is undoubtedly a fair illustration of the Wakefield house.

the usual quota of living rooms. Moreover, the foundation area of the house, before it was filled in and levelled, clearly indicated a building of some forty by sixty feet over all, with foundation walls of unusual thickness—manifestly designed to support a substantial and commodious dwelling.

Aeroplane view of Wakefield, showing Washington Monument, Pope's Creek, and the Maryland shore, eight miles distant. *Courtesy Robert A. Kishpaugh, Fredericksburg, Va.*

The supposition that there may have been guest rooms in outside buildings is hardly probable.

The Bewdley house in Lancaster[1]—to which Mary Washington is known to have taken her son George, when he was

[1] The Bewdley house was, unfortunately, destroyed by fire within recent years. A like fate overtook Hayfield Meadows, a charming home some eight miles from Alexandria, Va., which is said to have been planned and built by George Washington. The boxwood hedge on this latter property, which, tradition states, was planted by Washington, was successfully transplanted to an estate near New York City in 1925.

TRACINGS ON THE REMAINING SLABS READ THUS

Colonel John Washington
of
Wharton, England.
Died—January, 1677.

Lawrence Washington
Eldest son to
Col. John Washington.
Born—1661. Died—1697.

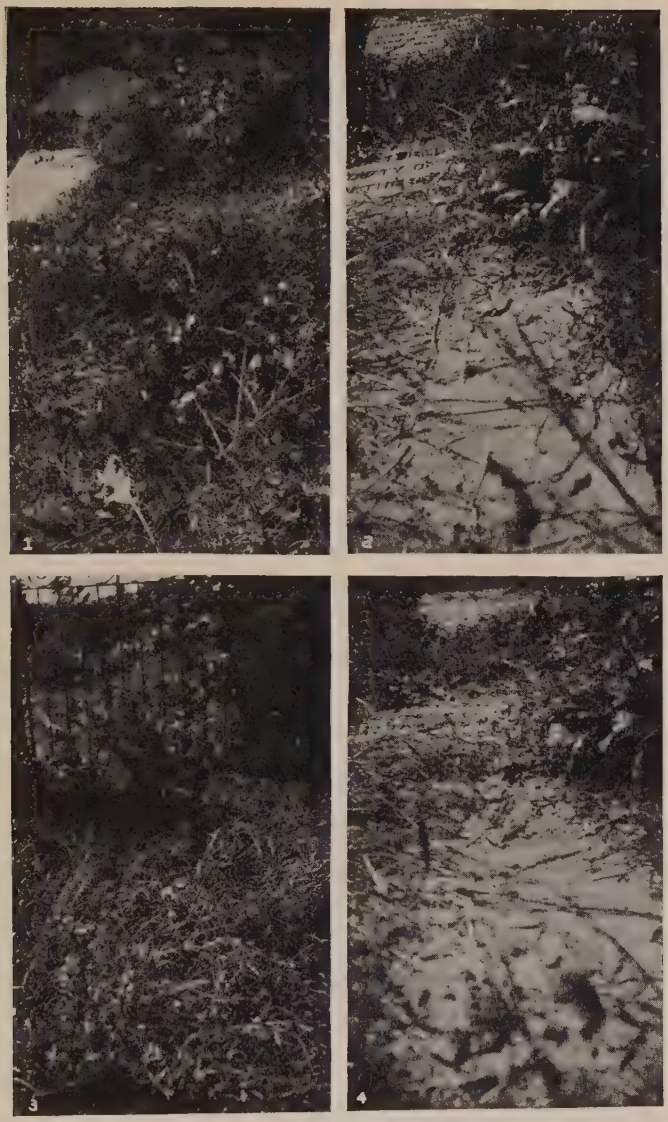
Here lies the body of
John Washington
eldest son to
Capt. Lawrence Washington
Who departed this life
year 1661*—Jan. 10—A. D.
60 years.

Here lies the body of
Jane, wife of
Augustine Washington.
Born at Popes Creek, Virginia,
Westmoreland, ye 24th of Xth
month, 1696, and died ye 24th of
9/1729.
Who left behind her
Two sons and one daughter.

In memory of
Augustine Washington.
Father of
George Washington,
Born in the year 1694.
Died May 12th, 1743.

Also
Mildred Washington
Who died the VIth of August,
1696.
The eldest daughter of
Sara Washington.

* Error on tombstone in date of Captain Lawrence Washington's death.



Flat slabs (at some time probably upright) covering tombs of Washington's ancestors.

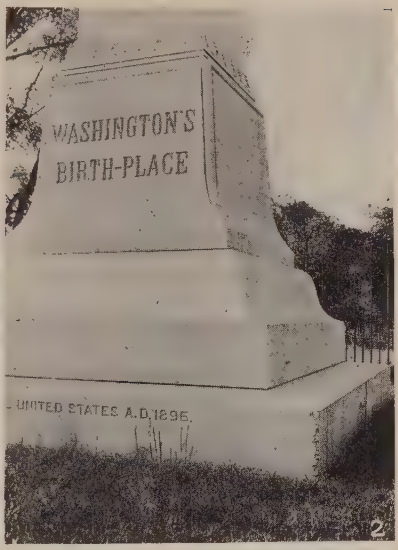
a month old, to visit her uncle, Major James Ball, who owned it—was probably a counterpart of the Wakefield house as Mary Ball Washington saw it when she crossed its threshold as a bride in 1730.

During George's boyhood the Washington homestead bore its original appellation of Pope's Creek Farm. It is

1. Survey of Wakefield, Washington's birthplace, 1743, owned by William Havemeyer.
2. Shore front at Wakefield.
3. Chimney of the Wakefield house.
4. Stone marking Washington's birthplace, set by his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis.

believed that the name of Wakefield, by which it has been known for many years, was given to the place by Washington's nephew, William Augustine Washington, who inherited it from his father, Washington's half-brother,[1] and was suggested by Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."

[1] See Note C, Appendix, for Chain of Title to Wakefield Farm property.



1. Washington's monument at Wakefield.
2. Closer view of monument, showing corner broken by vandals.
3. Distant view of monument.
4. Cedar grove surrounding monument. *Courtesy T. Savage Clay, New York.*

Wakefield is situated on the west bank of the Potomac, on a broad hillock the base of which projects into the river. The shore line is flanked by shoals, which make landing difficult at times. Oak Grove, some three miles distant,

Road and entrance across the Latané farm to Wakefield. *Courtesy Mrs. Harry Lee Rust, Washington, D. C., president Wakefield Memorial Association.*

consisting of a few scattered dwellings, is the nearest settlement. Notwithstanding its elevation, Wakefield appears to have been malarial in Washington's day—at which time little or nothing was known of scientific sanitation, and

Diagram of tract of some seventy acres, close by the Washington monument, at Wakefield, showing location of tombs of Washington's ancestors. *Courtesy Wakefield Memorial Association.*

certainly nothing of the conquest of malaria by preventive measures. Probably the seeds of breakbone fever and kindred ailments, which clung to our First President throughout his life, were sown in his childhood days. We know, at least, that family illness frequently drove the Washingtons to the more healthful highlands in the interior.

Washington family burial ground, wherein rest the remains of Washington's father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and other relatives. *Courtesy of Mrs. Harry Lee Rust of Washington, D. C.*

WASHINGTON

Washington's birthplace is no longer an isolated spot, accessible only by roads almost impassable at certain seasons of the year. The site of the vanished homestead is now marked by the Washington monument, a chastely beautiful obelisk thirty-five feet high, duplicating in design the Washington Monument in the city of Washington, some seventy miles away. It stands in an enclosure forty feet square, and is surrounded by a high iron fence—an attempt to secure its protection from the insensate vandalism of relic hunters, who have already defaced the shrine by chipping pieces from its base. The symmetrical cedar—so often destroyed in settled neighborhoods for its evil tendencies as a propagator of the deadly apple blight—flourishes in profusion in Wakefield, a grove of these sturdy trees, with their evergreen foliage, providing a picturesque setting for the white shaft of the monument.[1]

Adjacent to the monument is a tract of approximately seventy acres of land—part of the Wakefield Farm property—which has been purchased by the Wakefield Memorial Association[2] for development into a Memorial Historical Park.[3] Within about a mile of this tract is the old Washington family graveyard at Bridges Creek, wherein lie the mortal remains of three generations of George Washington's ancestors. Neglected for many years, and covered with a rank growth of weeds and underbrush, these forgotten tombs—some of them more than two centuries old—were brought again to light in 1923, revealing the time-worn inscriptions upon which, doubtless, George Washington's eyes often rested.

[1] A fairly good automobile highway, completed in the early summer of 1923, provides a direct route to the monument from Fredericksburg, the distance being comfortably covered in a two hours' motor ride.

[2] The Wakefield Memorial Association own the control of the Washington tomb.

[3] A similar memorial is already in existence at Valley Forge; and others are to be created, by Pennsylvania and New Jersey, at the "Washington Crossing," on the Delaware.

CHAPTER IV

WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD, IN FACT AND IN LEGEND. REMOVAL TO PINE GROVE OR FERRY FARM. SCHOOL-DAYS. THE FAMILY'S VICISSITUDES AFTER THE FATHER'S UNTIMELY DEATH. AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON'S WILL. PARSON WEEMS. THE MARYE SCHOOL

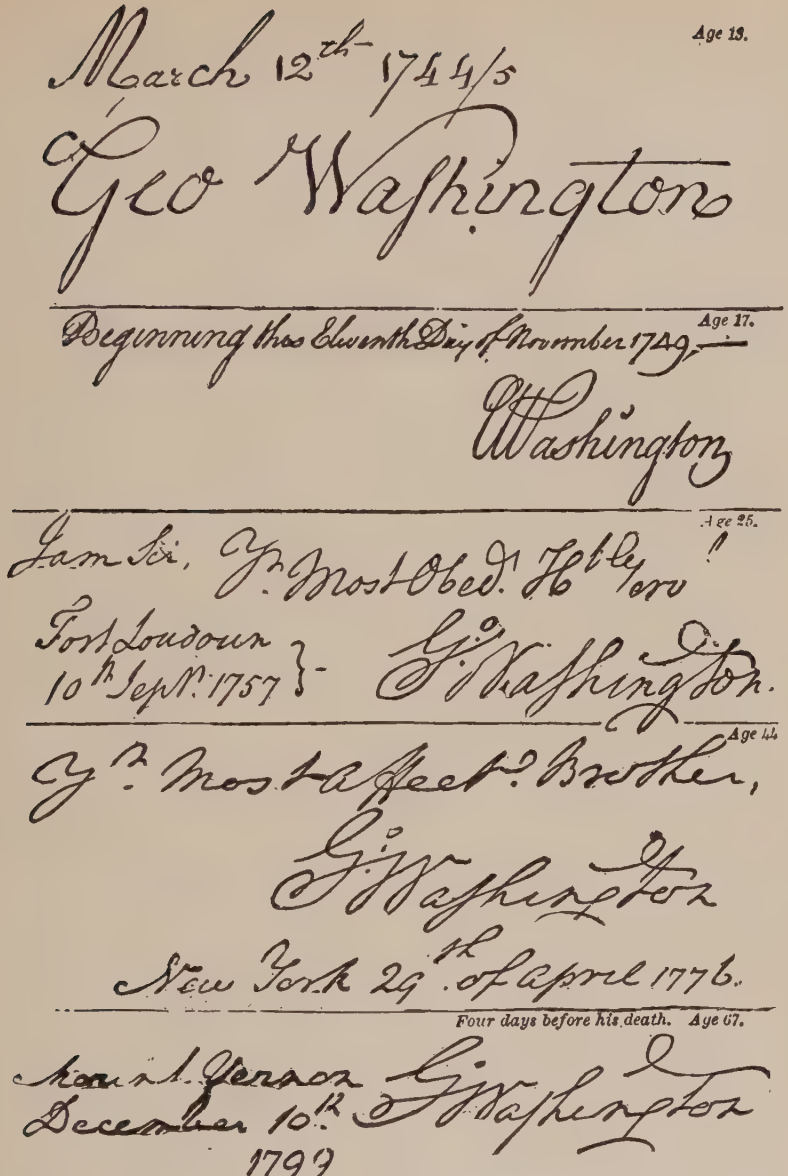
History knows little of George Washington's infant years. Later he *made* history—for himself and the land of his birth; but in those early days of his childhood the Washingtons were but one of the many high-born, dignified, wealthy, but plain-living families who helped to build and to uphold the best traditions of Virginia.

We know, however, that George was an amiable, studious, yet lively youngster; a dutiful son and a lad of high principle. His earliest known signature[1]—written probably at the age of eight or nine years—was traced on the title page of a book of sermons of awe-inspiring profundity, boldly and possessively, more than once, indicating that George was a thorough boy at heart.[2]

Mary Washington's staunchly religious trend of thought probably influenced her to put this serious book into the hands of her young son, in the belief that "As the twig is bent, the tree inclines." In this case the belief was fully justified, for to the end of his days George Washington clung to the simple rules of piety that were impressed upon him in his youth. A page from his "Book of Daily Prayer,"

[1] See illustration on page 76. It is interesting to note that George Washington rarely signed his full name except when he was a lad.

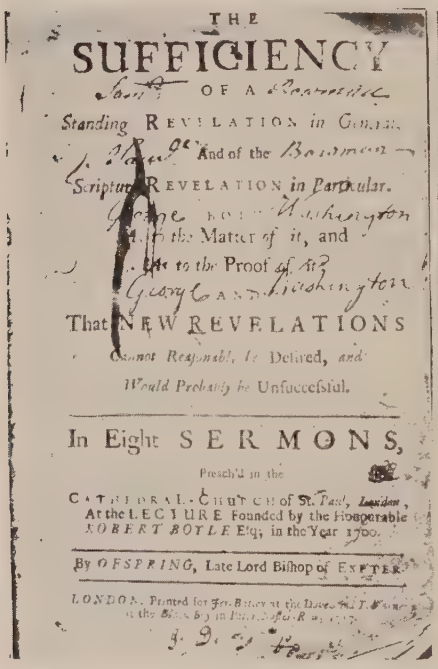
[2] One Samuel Bowman seems also to have claimed ownership of the same book at one time. his signature appearing above that of George



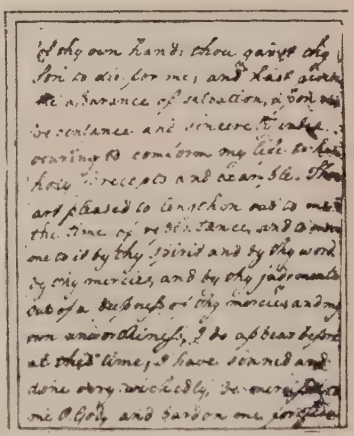
Washington's signatures from the age of thirteen to sixty-seven years. Only as a lad did Washington write his full name.

on which he copied a lengthy supplication, indicates that his own trend of thought closely followed that of his mother.

Those were grave and serious times, however, and children were expected to follow the decorous examples set by their elders. George Washington's boyhood was passed in an era of wise maxims and rigid rules of conduct, and it



THE
SUFFICIENCY
OF A
Standing REVELATION in General,
And of the
Scripture REVELATION in Particular.
That NEW REVELATIONS
Would Probably be Unsuccessful.
In Eight SERMONS,
Preach'd in the
CATHEDRAL-CHURCH of St. Paul, London,
At the LECTURE Founded by the Honourable
ROBERT BOYLE Esq; in the Year 1700.
By OFFSPRING, Late Lord Bishop of EXETER.
LONDON, Printed for



Washington's first book.

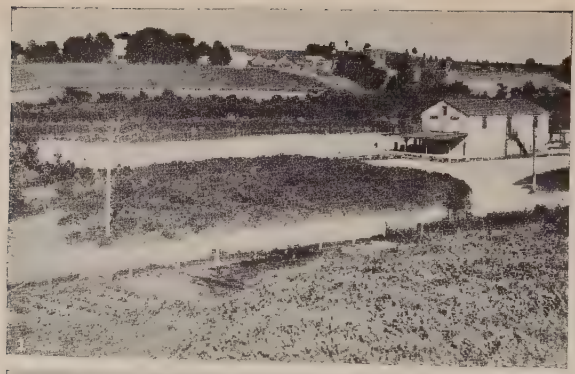
Page from Washington's Book of Daily Prayer, copied by him when a lad.

was apparent that from the very beginning of his life the divergent paths of "Right" and "Wrong" were marked too clearly to admit of any possibility of one being mistaken for the other.

While George was still a young boy Augustine Washington removed with his family from the Pope's Creek (Wakefield) house to Pine Grove Farm—now generally known as the Ferry Farm—on the banks of the Rappahannock (some

authorities state he first went to Mount Vernon), and on the twelfth of April, 1743, died on the Ferry Farm. Like most of his known forebears, he took his leave of earthly life at a comparatively early age, being only forty-nine. His body was carried back, over the forty miles or so of intervening farming country, for burial with his ancestors in the little graveyard at Bridges Creek—a long and tedious journey in those days, and one likely to live in the memory of those who participated in it.

Thus Mary Ball Washington found herself widowed at thirty-five, with a little brood of five young children (the baby Mildred's death had preceded that of her father) to care for and guide into maturity. The eldest of them, George, was then only eleven years old. Fortunately, the father had left a sufficiency of this world's goods to provide for the family's material needs; but since the property consisted mainly of land, careful management was necessary in order to make it yield the required income. Augustine Washington willed to Lawrence the Mount Vernon property of twenty-five hundred acres more or less, a tract on Maddox Creek, County of Westmoreland, and his interest in several iron works. To his daughter Betty were left two negro children, with the provision that Lawrence was to pay her four hundred pounds in cash. Wakefield, with twenty-five head of cattle, forty pigs, twenty sheep, and a number of slaves, he gave to Augustine, while to George he willed the farm on the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg, an interest in some other real estate, and ten negro slaves. To Samuel he willed six hundred acres of land on Chotank, Stafford County, and land at Deep Run. He left to John Augustine seven hundred acres on Maddox Creek, County of Westmoreland, and to Charles seven hundred acres in Prince William County. He required Lawrence and Augustine to pay half his debts, and left them half of what was owing to him. In a codicil he gave to George one lot



1. Washington Ferry farm on the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. *Courtesy T. Savage Clay.*

2. View of Fredericksburg from the Washington farm.

3. George Washington's workshop, only building remaining.

of land in Fredericksburg. The balance of his estate, which was large, he bequeathed in trust to his wife, Mary Ball Washington, and ultimately to her children. The widow continued to live on the Ferry or Pine Grove Farm, which in time was to become the property of George.

This historic place, sometimes called the Washington Farm, the Cherry-tree Farm, or Pine Grove Farm, is

House on the Ferry farm bordering the Rappahannock, where Washington lived as a lad.

connected with George Washington's boyhood by many indissoluble links, of fact as well as of legend. It is picturesquely situated opposite Fredericksburg, the Rappahannock flowing between.[1] The old farm buildings have disappeared,

[1] In former days ships entered the Rappahannock from ports the world over and moored at its wharves. One who may be called the "oldest inhabitant" has assured the author that he has seen the river so filled with craft that a crossing could be made from Fredericksburg to the Washington farm by leaping from one ship to another. In early days the commerce of Fredericksburg is said to have exceeded that of New York City and even approached that of Newport.

with one noteworthy exception. This is the little one-story structure which the youthful Washington used as a workroom—the only structure now in existence which is positively known to have been in constant use by him during his boyhood.[1] The new farm buildings, nestling among the trees on the highland, occupy practically the same site as those of George Washington's day.[2]

Augustine Washington's two elder children, Augustine and Lawrence,—born of his first marriage,—were now young men and fairly settled in life. They both entertained for their half-brother George an affection akin to that of David for Jonathan; and after their father's death the boy spent much of his time with them and their families. Both were well-to-do and highly connected. Aside from the property left to them by their father, Augustine, they had acquired wealth by marriage. Augustine, Jr., had wedded Miss Aylett, the Westmoreland heiress, and occupied the Wakefield property (a fact which affords additional proof that this house was nearer a mansion than a little four-room cottage); while Lawrence had married Anne Fairfax, and probably occupied Mount Vernon (originally called Washington), built by his father, later destroyed by fire, and afterward rebuilt. Both of these luxurious homes were open to George, together with their interesting families and wide circle of friends.

No philandering, mollycoddling treatment was given the fatherless boy. His mother had no opportunity to effeminize

[1] This hallowed shrine of courageous youth—little more than a lean-to hut and rapidly falling into decay—is overshadowed by the modern two-and-a-half-story building placed against it some years ago.

[2] The present owner of the Washington (Ferry) Farm, Mr. J. B. Colbert, has erected a handsome dwelling on the site of the original foundation of the Washington house. It is located some two hundred feet north of the one-story relic referred to in the preceding footnote. Mr. Colbert assured the author that his fee simple to the Ferry Farm traces directly to George Washington's father. Owing to changes in county lines, the chain of title requires search through the records of three townships.

One of the redoubts thrown up on the Washington farm during the War of the States.

his stalwart nature, and would not have done so if she could. The fact that George was early thrown upon his own resources, save for his mother's care when he was at home, contributed largely to the development of the splendid self-reliance which later enabled him to conquer difficulties that would have daunted effectually any but a superman.

Part of George Washington's limited schooling was obtained from one "Master Hobby"—which was possibly a nickname for this convict pedagogue said to have been

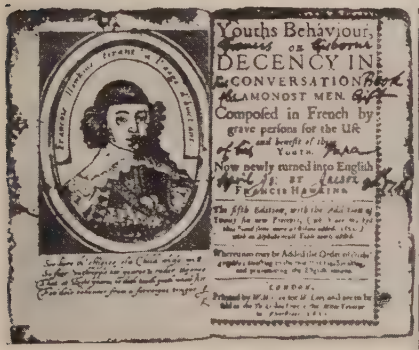
Where Washington crossed the Rappahannock to Falmouth as a lad.

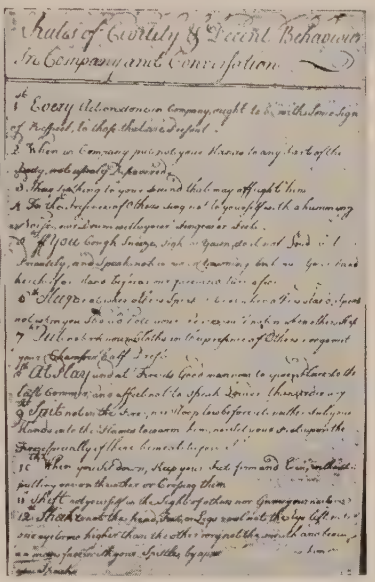
bought or "redeemed" by Washington's father. Hobby lived at Falmouth,[1] on the same side of the river as the Ferry Farm, but some two miles above Fredericksburg, at the head of navigation. He was later elevated to church clerkship; but this causing dissension in the parish, he was demoted to the post of sexton and gravedigger in order to pacify the malcontents. However, he faithfully served the Washingtons in the rôle of a primitive schoolmaster in what was called the Old Field School.

The Reverend James Marye, Jr., a Huguenot clergyman, had come to Fredericksburg in 1729, with his bride, to

[1] It is said for a short time Hobby was at Mt. Vernon.

officiate as rector of St. George's Church.[1] He founded the Marye School, bringing French culture and etiquette to Virginia, which—like others of the colonies—was greatly enriched by the emigration of the freedom-seeking Huguenots. George Washington and his brother Samuel were marched along the road of learning by the Reverend James


Youths Behaviour,
or
DECENCY IN
CONVERSATION
AMONGST MEN.
Composed in French by
grave persons for the Use
and benefit of the
Youth.
Now newly turned into English
By
FRANCIS HABERT


Rules of Civility & Decent Behaviour
In Company and Conversation

Washington's book on youth's behavior. Extracts copied by him at the age of thirteen show remarkable character in so young a lad, and his life proved it was not alone lip service.

Marye, who taught with birch rod in hand. Sister Betty, but sixteen months younger than George, went along with her brothers to Fredericksburg to attend a Dame's School, where she learned English, French, the globes, and embroidery.

It was in this Marye School on the site of the present

[1] The Reverend Patrick Henry, uncle of the famous Patrick Henry of Revolutionary days, was an early rector of this church. He retained the post for two years and it is probable that the future magnetic orator trod the streets of the historic town of Fredericksburg, perhaps as a barefoot urchin.

Baptist Church,[1] corner of Prince Charles and Matilda Streets, that George studied and began to practise the "Rules of Civility," written by a French Jesuit, first published in French and later translated into English by one Hawkins. It was in the English form that it reached Virginia youth. Its original title was "Youth's Behaviour, or Decency in Conversation amongst Men." [2] It has been traced to the College of La Flêche. A page of "Rules" from this book, in George Washington's characteristic handwriting and probably copied when he was about thirteen years old, is here reproduced in facsimile. The following excerpts, suggesting the trend of the work, would stand a poor chance of being copied and remembered by the average modern schoolboy:

"Be not immodest in urging your friends to discover a secret."
"Wear not your clothes foul, unripped, or dusty."
"Speak not of doleful things in the time of mirth."
"Talk not with meat in your mouth."
"Sleep not when others speak."
"Sit not when others stand."
"Speak not when you should hold your peace."
"Walk not when others stop."

At the end of his fourteenth year young George found himself well versed in the "three R's" and elementary Latin; but he was a poor speller. His grammar is said to have paired, in youth, with his spelling; but, to offset these shortcomings, he was a superior penman and a master of mathematics. It was probably because of his excellence as a mathematician—added to his general aptitude—that his half-brother Augustine (Austin) (or so it is believed) placed

[1] The Marye Heights, later so named after dominie Marye, extend for some five miles parallel with the Rappahannock, and about three-quarters of a mile back from it. It was on these Heights the Northern troops were repelled with terrific loss in the War of the States.

[2] See illustration on page 83.

him for a short time under the tuition of a Mr. Williams, of Oak Grove, who is generally reputed to have started the lad on his career as a surveyor. In Washington's boyhood roamings about Fredericksburg,—when he was acquiring practice in surveying by locating river, brook and boundary, —he is credited with having placed his schoolhouse on the map, as well as many a neighbor's barn and rooftree.

The Reverend Jonathan Boucher, a one-time friend of Washington, and tutor to his stepson Jack, but later a Tory enemy, states:

"Most people thereabouts, at that time, had no education but reading, writing and accounts."

In the whirlpool of life in which, from early youth to mature age, Washington's lines were cast, book lore sank into insignificance beside the magnificent mental and physical training that repeatedly transformed disaster into victory, treachery into loyalty, defeat into success. But he profited richly by his close association with his college-educated half-brothers, his deep and lasting friendship with Lord Fairfax, the cultured Englishman whose extensive library was always open to him,[1] and his close comradeship with George William Fairfax, a cousin of the baron, who traversed the wilderness on surveying journeys with the aspiring lad. The society of the ladies of the Fairfax family helped him to attain the poise which so distinguished him in maturity; and only occasionally does he appear to have floundered in the morass of jingle that sometimes lures adolescent youth.

Notwithstanding his severely moral training, it seems fairly clear that George Washington was a very human and fun-loving boy. It is refreshing to learn, through his cousin,

[1] Lord Fairfax moved in the highest literary circles in England, and was a friend of Addison and Steele.

In later life Washington thus warned his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis: "Light reading (by this I mean books of little importance) may amuse for the moment, but leave nothing solid behind."

Lewis Willis,[1]—who was his favorite boyhood companion,—that the two lads participated in many pranks. Incidentally, Lewis mentions the fact that George's romp with a girl created something of a sensation among the prudish ones.

Little Jane Souther, daughter of Anthony Souther, whose farm, berry patches, and attractive river front—with its fishing grounds and moonlight canoeing possibilities—adjoined the Washingtons' Pine Grove (Ferry) Farm, holds the proud distinction of being George's first sweetheart—in the days when the two were boy-and-girl playmates. Later, in the galaxy of fair maidens who, it may be assumed, eagerly awaited missives from the youth, there was one whose name was Frances; to whom, when he was but fifteen years of age, George indited this acrostic:

"From your bright, sparkling eyes I was undone;
Rays you have—more transparent than ye sun;
Amidst its glory in ye Rising Day,
None can you equal in your bright array.
Constant in your calm, unspoiled mind,
Equal toe all, will toe none prove unkind;
Soe knowing, seldom one so young you'll find.

"Ah, woe's me, that I should love and conceal;
Long have I wished, but never dare reveal,
Even though severely Love's pains I feel.
Xerxes the Great was't freed from Cupid's dart,
And all the greatest heroes felt the smart."

At this point the Muse must have deserted the love-stricken youth, since "Alexandria" appears never to have progressed beyond the first five letters.

There were, indeed, many more pressing matters to engage George's attention just then; and it would appear that for the time being the claims of the "gentler sex" were

[1] Son of his aunt Mildred, by her third husband.

compelled to give place to the prosaic affairs of everyday life. George, as the eldest son of a widowed mother, with four children younger than himself to be cared for, was at no loss for occupation. The Ferry Farm was not a gold mine; and in trying to make a paying proposition of it the Widow Washington passed through many clouded hours. One hears from time to time of disappointing crops and consequent lack of funds; and, after the manner of the old South, then and afterward, there were hordes of indolent negroes to be fed and clothed and generally looked after. Undoubtedly, George had many duties about the home farm, in addition to his school studies and his early efforts in surveying.

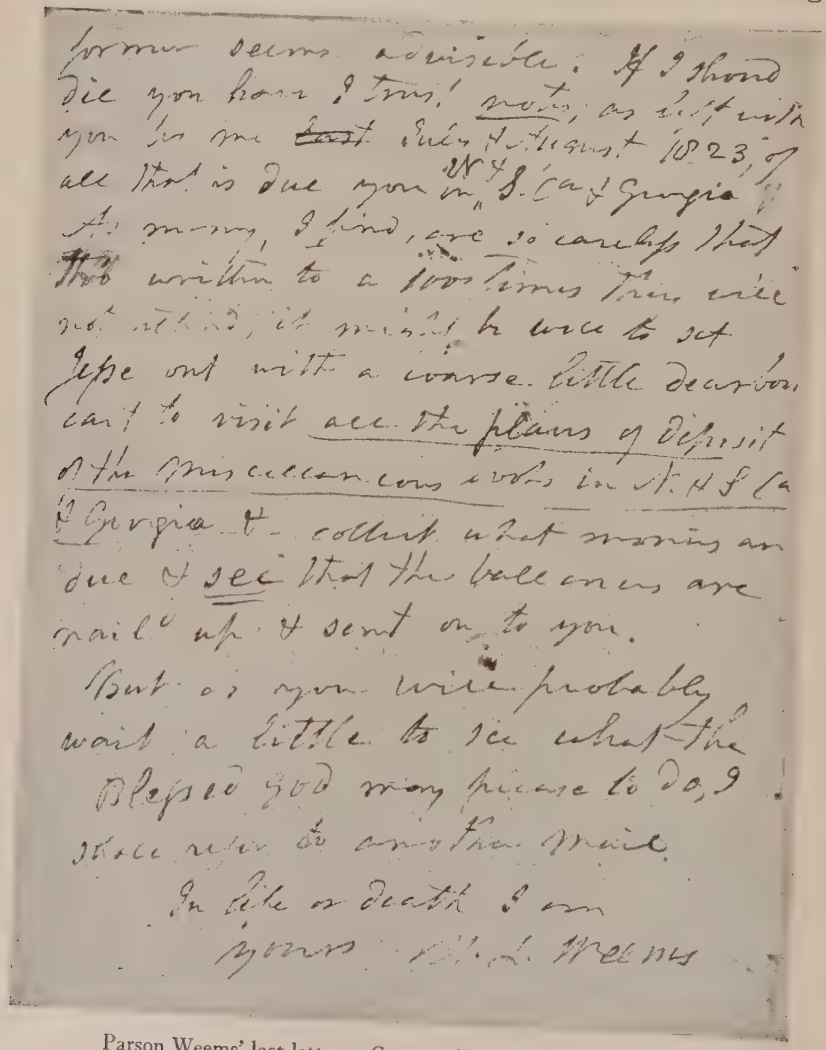
The frequent lack of ready money lends point to the story, told long afterward,[1] of the boy George standing on the Ferry Farm bank of the Rappahannock and throwing a Spanish dollar across the river—"to see how far he could make a dollar go," as a popular version of the same tale puts it. In any case it would seem that, from George's viewpoint, the money counted for less than the result to be attained—and a silver coin certainly cleft the air more sharply than a stone, which the author tried and made but a twenty-five per cent delivery near the same spot.

There are many stories of the lad's life at the Ferry Farm—some of them true, some of dubious dependability. There is the story—which is true—of the spirited colt that George undertook to break. It was a rather sorry venture for both the boy and the animal; for—according to George Washington Parke Custis—the struggling colt ruptured a bloodvessel and died then and there, in the east pasture. George's interview with his mother, following this misadventure, was strenuous, if brief—though it ended in the culprit's absolution. One can well believe that young George "had a way with him" against which even Mary Ball

[1] By George Washington Parke Custis, Washington's adopted son.

Washington, strict disciplinarian though she was, may not have been entirely proof.

The cherry-tree episode — which one may place at an earlier date, since it is *supposed* to have taken place during


former seems advisable. If I should
die you have I trust notes, as left with
you by me ~~last~~ July & August 1823, of
all that is due you in N & S Ca & Georgia
As many, I find, are so careless that
tho' written to a 100 times they will
not attend, it might be wise to set
Jesse out with a coarse little dearborn
cart to visit all the places of deposit
of the Miscellaneous books in N & S Ca
& Georgia & collect what moneys are
due & see that the ballances are
nail^d up & sent on to you.
But as you will probably
wait a little to see what the
Blessed God may please to do, I
shall refer to another mail.
In life or death I am
yours M. L. Weems

Parson Weems' last letter. *Courtesy New York Public Library.*

the lifetime of George's father—is not so well substantiated. There is, in fact, something more than a likelihood that the venerable legend had its inception—long after its reputed occurrence—in the fertile imagination of "Parson Weems"; of whom George Washington himself said, trenchantly, in maturer life:

"The world loves legends, and Weems supplies them in abundance."

The Reverend Mason Locke Weems was what is generally spoken of as "a character." A romanticist and a humorist, he seems to have sponsored a number of tales of Washington's youth which still persist, whatever may be their claims to veracity; one of these being that of the cherry-tree, George, and the new hatchet.[1]

The Reverend Mason Locke Weems.

One of nineteen children, Parson Weems's patrimony must have been a somewhat doubtful asset; hence, his start in life being handicapped, to augment a meagre income he not only preached, but sold his own and others' books about the countryside. One of those genial souls who are welcomed everywhere, especially as he was a master fiddler, he had many opportunities for meeting the gentry at close range, and undoubtedly knew the Washingtons well.[2]

Parson Weems certainly struck the popular fancy when he launched the cherry-tree tale, which acquires wider circulation as the centuries pass. The story states that the

[1] There are others, including the "garden seed" story, Washington's unwillingness to resist a blow, etc., classified in later years as "Weems' moonings." (See Note D, Appendix.)

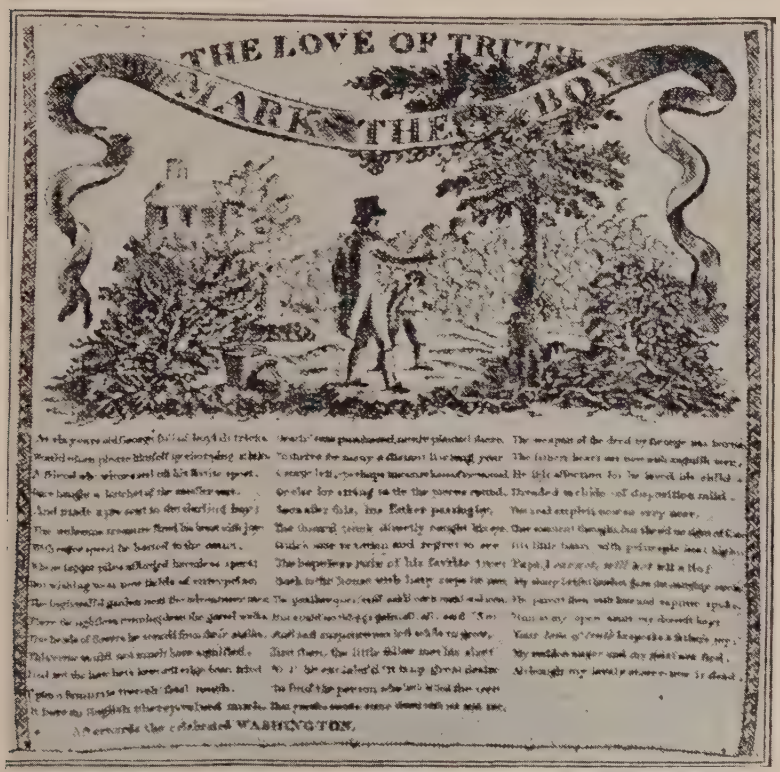
[2] See Note D, Appendix.

cherry tree was of a choice English variety. As every Virginian of those days grew cherries and operated a liquor

An alleged descendant of the cherry tree described by Parson Weems, which in 1923 showed seedlings at its base.

still for the purposes of his household,—cherry brandy being favored for a medicine as well as a beverage,—it is probable

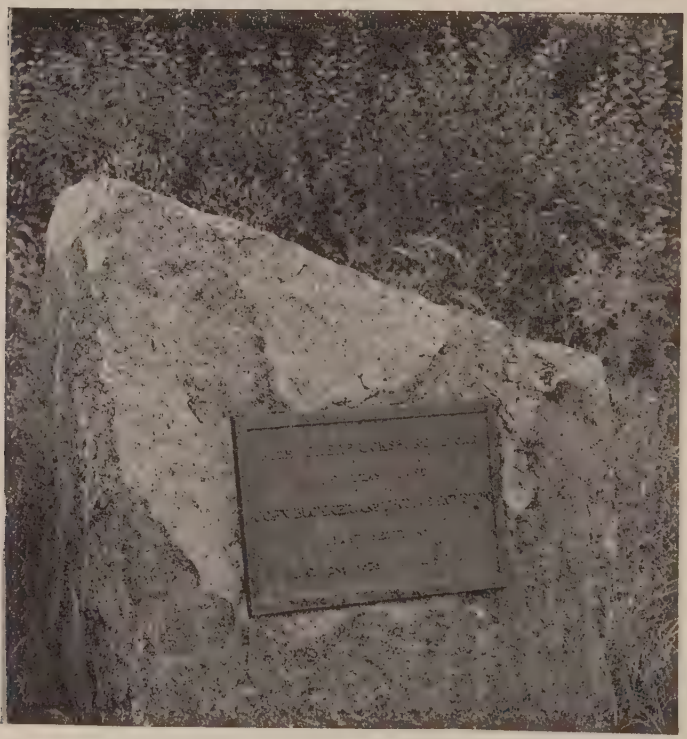
that Augustine Washington set out a number of cherry trees on moving to the Rappahannock farm. The skeptic who gazes dubiously at the existing cherry tree, some forty feet high, on the Washington (Ferry) Farm, may



Efforts of an artist and rhymester of the early nineteenth century to perpetuate the cherry-tree tale of Washington's boyhood.

find comfort in the thought that, while the original tree may have fallen beneath the swinging hatchet of the ambitious youngster, eager to test the gleaming edge of his new treasure, offshoot and seedling of that same tree may have survived.

Visiting the Washington Farm affords many thrills. To drink at the ancient spring that supplies the farm buildings, flowing freely at the rate of eighteen gallons a minute, is the privilege of every visitor. Close by the brink of the Rappahannock is a building known as the Old Ferry House, which, tradition says, dates back to the days when Washington, as a lad, ran the ferry.



Here Fredericksburg began. The Leaseland Boundary Stone. John Buckner and Thomas Royston, first settlers, May 2d, 1671. A. R. V. A.

CHAPTER V

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS. AT SIXTEEN, GEORGE WASHINGTON BECOMES SURVEYOR FOR LORD FAIRFAX. REDUCED FINANCES. GREENWAY COURT. A COMMISSION FROM WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE. THE TRIP TO BARBADOS. DEATH OF MAJOR LAWRENCE WASHINGTON

It was when he was about fifteen that George Washington, like many another lad of his age before and since his day, began to yearn for a career on the sea. Perhaps he could hardly have been the courageous, high-spirited youth that undoubtedly he was had he lacked this supremely human touch. His school days were over, but he had applied himself with diligence to his studies in surveying, and had made excellent progress. He was, one may be assured, the sort of boy who could not do other than well whatever he essayed to do at all. Something of his daring is suggested by his feat of scaling the precipitous walls of Virginia's Natural Arch—two hundred feet high—and carving his name in the stone, high above names that others had placed there.

Through the influence of his half-brother Lawrence, now a captain in the British navy, coupled with that of the Fairfaxes, a midshipman's berth was secured for the adventurous George. His mother's half-hearted assent had been won, when the arrival of a somewhat facetious letter from her brother, Joseph Ball, who was a barrister in London, lent renewed force to her objections. The letter would indicate that George's uncle was not without humor; but one

Virginia's Natural Bridge, 200 feet high, where Washington placed his name above others.

wonders what were the boy's mental reactions to the somewhat caustic epistle:

"Stratford-by-Bow, London,
"19th May, 1747.

"Dear Sister:

"I understand that you are advised, and have some thought of putting your son George to sea. I think he had better be apprenticed to a *tinker*. . . . He must not be too hasty to get rich, but go on quietly and with patience, as things will naturally go. . . .

"I pray God keep you and yours. My wife and daughter join me in love and respect to you and yours.

"Your loving brother,
"Joseph Ball."

George's disappointment at the frustration of his hopes may have been keen, but it was not keener than his sense of duty to his mother; nor did he, one feels sure, waste time in regrets nor energy in ill-temper. If tradition speaks truth, his sea chest had been packed and was already on its way to the ship; but once the die was cast against him, the boy spoke with calm decision:

"Mother, I'll recall the porter and forget an English naval career. Lawrence given to England's sea service must do." [1]

Had the sea chest not been ordered back, had the youth not yielded to his mother's entreaty, there might have been, instead of our American George Washington, a British admiral surpassing Captain Paul Jones.

Once more George Washington shouldered chain and theodolite, plunging into his surveying with redoubled ardor. Threading his way through brier and underbrush, across field and forest, one discovers him—at sixteen—

[1] It may have been a desire for mental compensation for this disappointment in his youth that placed Washington among the first and most earnest advocates of a Continental navy—even as early as 1775. His initial interest in a navy to secure army supplies is noted later.

Washington and his mother in that memorable interview in which she argued against his going to sea. *Chappel.*

surveying land for his good friend, Lord Fairfax, as well as for others who wished to outline the boundaries of their estates somewhat more accurately than by such a primitive record as "The tree at which Bill Jones is said to have killed a bear." [1] One of his surveys at this time was made for his half-brother Lawrence, and bears this superscription in George's handwriting:

"A Plan of Major Law. Washington's Turnip Field, as surveyed by me.[2]
G. W."

The torn page shows a carefully handled, professional piece of work, particularly for a youth in his teens.

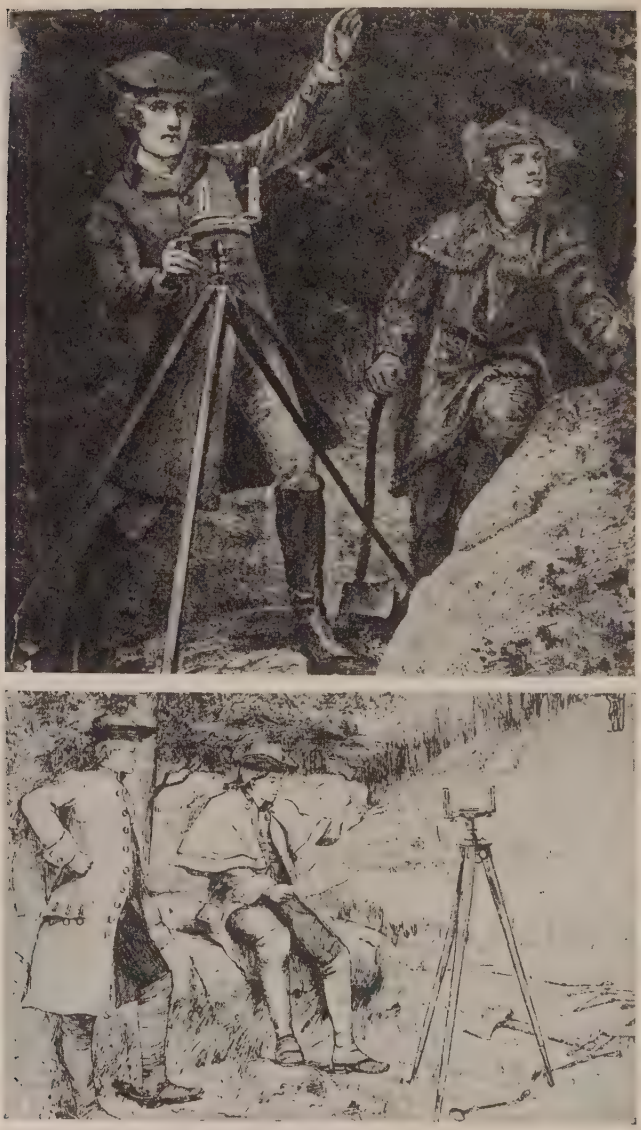
The year 1748 proved an eventful one for young Washington; for in the early spring of that year he started on his first surveying trip with George William Fairfax, son of Sir William Fairfax and cousin of Thomas, Lord Fairfax. Large sections of the Northern Neck, Lord Fairfax's extensive estate, were laid out by these two young men between 1748 and 1751, as they enthusiastically broke their way through thickets, struggled in sloughs, and traversed mountain and meadow. Lord Fairfax's Virginia holdings had come to him through his father's marriage with Catharine, daughter of Lord Culpeper.[3]

Undoubtedly, Washington's characteristics at the age of sixteen years which most counted with Lord Fairfax were fearlessness, diffidence (at times verging on bashfulness), absolute honesty, loyalty, and the habit of meeting an issue promptly, however disagreeable or difficult it might be. His wonderful physique was an additional asset.

[1] An actual description of an old-time farm boundary, discovered among the records of the State of Connecticut.

[2] See page 104.

[3] To Lords Culpeper and Arlington, as already related, the "Merry Monarch" had made grants of the enormous tract of Virginia land called the Northern Neck.



George Washington and George William Fairfax, son of Sir William Fairfax, of Belvoir, surveying boundaries for Lord Fairfax.

November 26th 1750

Then Surveyd for the Right Honourable the Lord Fairfax a certain tract of waste and ungranted Land joining the Land Surveyd for Capt. Marquis Calmes the Bear Garden tract extending towards George Martins and including Tootles Hole bounded as follows (Viz)

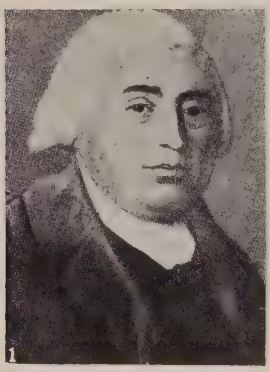
Beginning at three angular white Oaks on the S. side the Old Waggon Road and extended thence S. 20 W. three hundred and Seventy four poles to hiey locust black oak & white Oak Saplins at (E) at (B) thence N. 70 W. One hund. and twelve poles to a double Red Oak (F) on a limestone Rock at (C) thence West Three hund. and two poles to a white Oak (F) at (D) (about ½ Mile from Martins house) thence North two hund. and forty poles to the Wag. Road that goes to the Town) Four hund. and two poles to two white Oaks (F) on the N. side of Tootles hole Glade at (E) thence N. 20 E. Four hund. and ten poles to a large Red Oak and hiey (F) in the line of the Bear Garden tract at (F) thence with that Line S. 48 E. Twenty four poles to two white Oaks Corner to the said tract at (G) thence with another of the sd. Lines N. 16 E. Two hund. and fifty two poles to two Red Oaks Saplins near a spring and pond of Water thence S. 50 E. Two hund. and fifty two poles to (I) two Red Oaks and one hiey thence S. 30 W. 12 poles to Capt. Calmes Or. the course continued with his Line and in all 892 poles to (K) two small hiey [illegible] white Oaks thence S. 52 E. 206 poles to the Beg. Cont. Two thousand and Sixty Acres

by Washington

Robt. Worthington
James McCormick } CC
John McCormick Junr. Mr.

One of Washington's first surveys.

Lord Fairfax, always the close friend of George Washington, although many years his senior, lived for years at Belvoir, the home of Sir William Fairfax, his cousin and manager of his properties. Later, he left the banks of the Potomac to direct the development of what he called his "quarters" back in the woods, on land recommended by young Washington. An estate of some ten thousand acres was laid out, consisting of grazing land, forest and meadows; but the large manor house that was contemplated was



1. Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax.
2. George Washington often crossed this threshold of Greenway court. *Courtesy Washington-Alexandria Lodge No. 22—A.F. and A.M.*

never erected. Probably Lord Fairfax preferred the comfort of the less pretentious but intensely livable Greenway Court, which he built (originally intending it for his steward) on the property about one mile from White Post, and not far from the site of Harewood, built long afterward by Washington's brother Samuel.

From a letter written by George Washington to his half-brother Lawrence, under the date of May 5, 1749,[1] it would appear that the finances of the Widow Washington at the Ferry Farm were not, at this time, showing much

[1] See page 101 for facsimile of letter.

Dear Brother

May 8th 1749

I hope your Cough is much mended since I saw you last, if so likewise hope you have given over the thoughts of leaving Virginia.

As there is not an absolute occasion of my coming down, hope you'll get the Deeds acknowledged without Me; my Horse is in very poor order to undertake such a journey, and is in no likelihood of mending for want of Corn sufficient to support him; tho' if there be any certainty in the Assembly's not rising untill the latter end of May, will if I can be down by that, As my Mothers term of Years is out at that Place at Bridge Creek, she designs to settle a Quarter on that Place at Deep Run, but seems backward of doing it untill the Right is made good, for fear of accidents.

It's Reported here that Mr Spotswood intends to put down the Ferry that is kept at the Wharf where he now lives, and that Major Franks Talliafers intends to petition the Assembly for an Act to have it kept from his House over against my Mothers Quarter, and right through the very Heart and best of the Land; whereas he can have no other view in but for the Conveniency of a small Mill he has on the Water side, that will not Grind above three Months in a Trolley, and the [illegible] Conveniency and prejudice it will be to us, hope it will not be granted; besides, I do not see where he can Possibly have a Landing Place on his side than will ever be sufficient for a lawful landing (by reason of the steepness of the Banks;) I think we suffer enough with the Free Ferry, without without being troubled with such an unjust and inequitous Petition as that, but hope as its only a flying report he will consider better of it and drop his pretentions. I should be glad (if its not too much trouble) to hear from you in the mean while remain with my Love to my Sister Dear Sir

Your Affectionate Brother

George Washington

Facsimile letter from the lad Washington to his brother Lawrence, asking advice regarding running the ferry and other matters.

improvement. Requesting Lawrence to attend to some business matters for him, he explains his inability to make the trip himself, stating:

> "My horse is in very poor condition to undertake such a journey, and is in no likelihood of mending for want of corn sufficient to support him."

A little further on he expresses his anxiety concerning the threatened encroachment of a new ferry,

> "over against my mother's quarter, and right through the very heart and best of the land. . . . I think we suffer enough. . . ."

he observes, with a mature gravity that indicates a load of care too heavy for a lad of seventeen to carry.

With such urgent need at home for his speedy success, one can readily imagine what a proud moment it was for Mary Washington's son when, in the following July, he received his Surveyor's Commission from William and Mary College,[1] and set out on his chosen career as a public surveyor. In later years both Harvard and Yale conferred on

[1] On June 18, 1788, Washington wrote to the president of William and Mary College:

"I hope some day we shall become a storehouse and granary for the world."

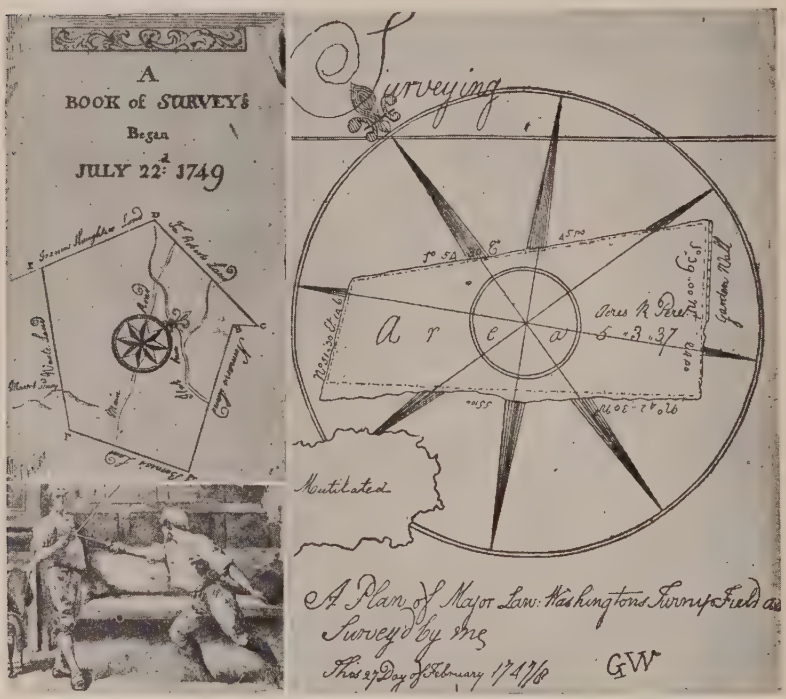
Prominent among the alumni of William and Mary College in early times were Richard Bland, Dabney Carr, Peyton Randolph, Thomas Jefferson, John Tyler, Edmund Randolph, James Monroe, and many other men of erudition and power.

It is worth noting that a large portion of the estate of the Hon. R. Boyle was given by his trustees to William and Mary College for the education of Indians. A similar project met a severe setback in Harvard College, where a brick building was erected in the College Yard at Cambridge for Indian students—the only brick building standing there for years. Only one lone Indian graduated—Caleb Cheeshahteaumuck, in 1665. At least three other Indians who studied at Harvard, but did not graduate, were Joel Jacobs, also of the class of 1665; Eleazar, class of 1679; and Benjamin Larnel, class of 1716, who died while an undergraduate. (William C. Lane, Librarian of Harvard College, courteously supplied the author with this data from the College records.)

William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.

him the degree of LL.D.; but it doubtless meant far less to him than this impressive certificate:

"George Washington, Gent., produced a commission from the President and Master of William and Mary College, appointing him to be Surveyor of this County,



1. Washington's "Book of Surveys."
2. Van Braam handling the foils with Washington. *Courtesy of Irvin: R. Wiles.*
3. An early survey by Washington, in 1747–1748, for his brother.

which was read, and thereupon he took the usual oaths to His Majesty's person[1] and government, and took and subscribed the adjuration oath and test, and then took the oath of Surveyor."

[1] King George the Second. George Washington, it should be remembered, was born a subject of the King.

Washington's "Book of Surveys" shows method, accuracy, and skill. The examples illustrated represent many still existing, all made with painstaking care, and regarded as unquestionable even by expert surveyors and title searchers of the present day.

In addition to his improvised workroom on the Ferry Farm, Washington had the use of a small building on the grounds of Greenway Court, erected exclusively for his convenience in handling his surveys of the Fairfax estate. There was also a building at Winchester, Va., in which he placed these Fairfax surveys for safekeeping and ready reference. In course of time he had other offices—one at Perryville, one at Alexandria, and—many years after his initial venture—one which he occupied when he was engaged in laying out the future National Capital, which was then designated "Federal City," that beautiful metropolis on the Potomac—which is rightly named Washington, in the District of Columbia.

However, these eventualities were as yet very remote from the intrepid lad who, at seventeen, had "won his spurs," in the form of a surveyor's certificate, and was now a fully equipped professional man. Between whiles, he spent such time as he could spare from his duties on the Fairfax estate in acquiring military science from Jacob Van Braam,[1] a Dutch officer in the British service, who had been engaged by Lawrence Washington to instruct his young half-brother in the art of war. Van Braam was, indeed, an esteemed friend of the Washington family, and especially of the charming Betty, George's only living sister—who, a little later, married Colonel Fielding Lewis.[2]

[1] In the illustration (page 104) Washington is pictured handling the foils with Van Braam, who later accompanied him to Great Meadows as comrade and interpreter. Adjutant Muse was another of Washington's instructors in war tactics.

[2] See page 127.

Scores of Washington's surveys, made with the same care and accuracy as the above, are to-day unquestioned by expert surveyors and title searchers.

In the meantime, a gathering shadow was darkening the horizon of the Washingtons. Lawrence Washington's health had been failing for some time—due, primarily, to fever contracted during the Carthagena campaign. A persistent cough, with other disquieting symptoms, indicated consumption; and in September, 1751, Lawrence sailed for Barbados, West Indies, in a last desperate effort to restore his ebbing vitality. George, always a devoted brother, sailed with him.

Among courtesies received by Major Washington[1] and his young brother in Barbados was a warm welcome by Major Clarke,[2] and an invitation to breakfast and dine with him, which was accepted, though smallpox was in the family at the time. Two weeks later George was attacked by the disease, and after a four weeks' illness was marked for life.

During this time Lawrence's health, far from showing improvement, grew steadily worse. Doubtless, anxiety concerning the outcome of his brother George's illness, weighing heavily on his spirit, overtaxed the scant resources of his enfeebled body. By the time George was up and about again, it had become clear that Lawrence could never recover his health. George left him at Barbados and returned to Virginia on the vessel "Industry" for the purpose of escorting the sick man's wife to her husband's side; but Lawrence—ill, lonely, and longing for home—could not wait for their arrival. He took ship, alone, on the "Sprightly Jane" for America, and died in the following July.

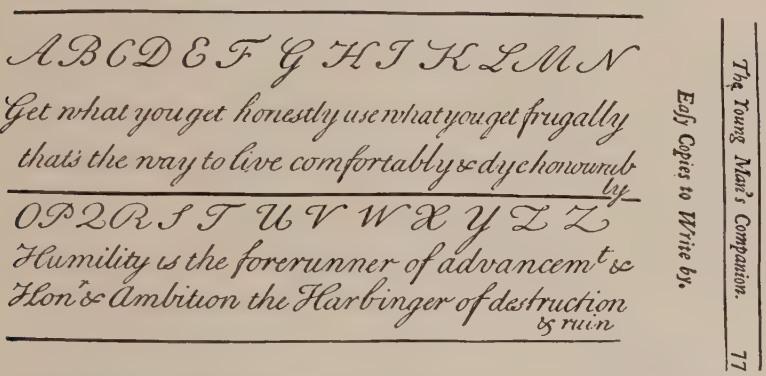
Save for that trip to Barbados, George Washington never left his native land, proving a brilliant exception to the

[1] During the Barbados trip Washington saw his first play—"John Barnwell." His love for the theatre lasted throughout life. A story is related of a box party given by him shortly after his first election to the Presidency, the play being Sheridan's "School for Scandal." One incident in the play was too broad for the taste of a reverend gentleman in the group, and he voiced a verbal objection.

[2] Official governor of the islands.

1. Exterior of Major Clarke's house in Barbados, where Washington took the smallpox.
2. Interior of same.
3. Interior of same. *Courtesy of Mrs. Alton B. Parker.*

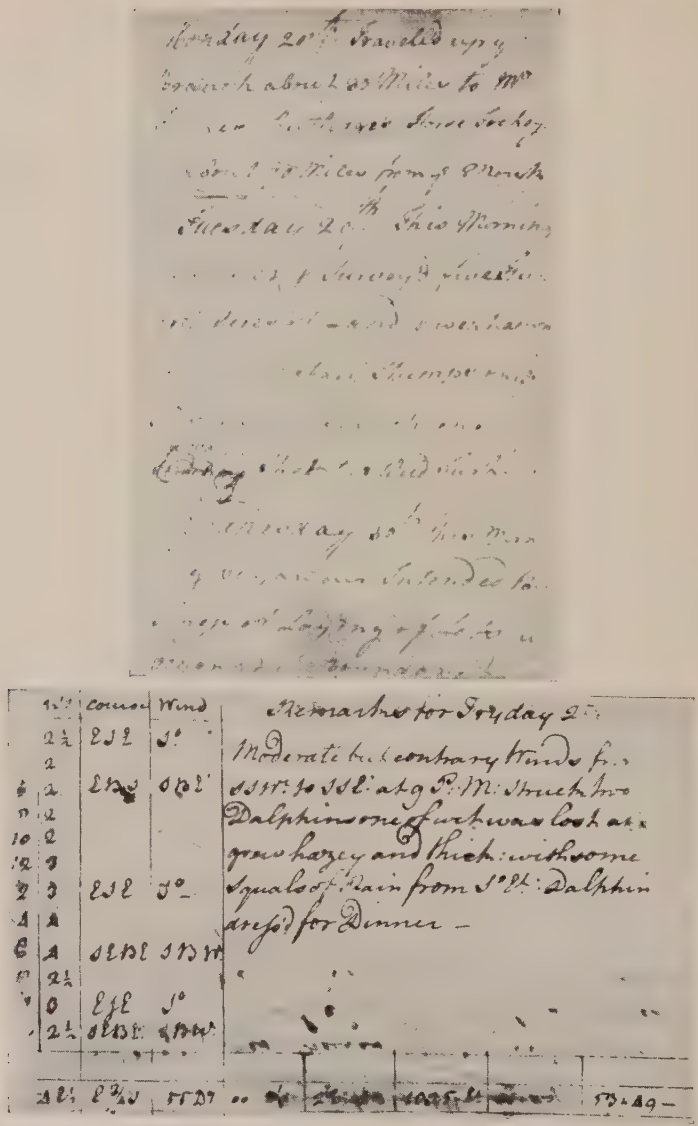
theory generally entertained among gentlemen of those and later days—that foreign travel is essential to the development of character and *savoir faire*. No man in all the Thirteen Colonies had a more comprehensive knowledge than George Washington of the areas settled by British emigrants, whether Pilgrim, Puritan, Roundhead, Huguenot, Quaker, or Cavalier; and he was quite as familiar with the Swedish and Dutch settlements. And certainly no man of his time knew better how to comport himself with dignity, composure, and superlatively good manners.


A B C D E F G H I K L M N
Get what you get honestly use what you get frugally
that's the way to live comfortably & dye honourably
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z &
Humility is the forerunner of advancem^t &
Hon^r & Ambition the Harbinger of destruction
& ruin
The Young Man's Companion. 77
Easy Copies to Write by.

Excerpt from "The Young Man's Companion," Washington's valued counsellor.

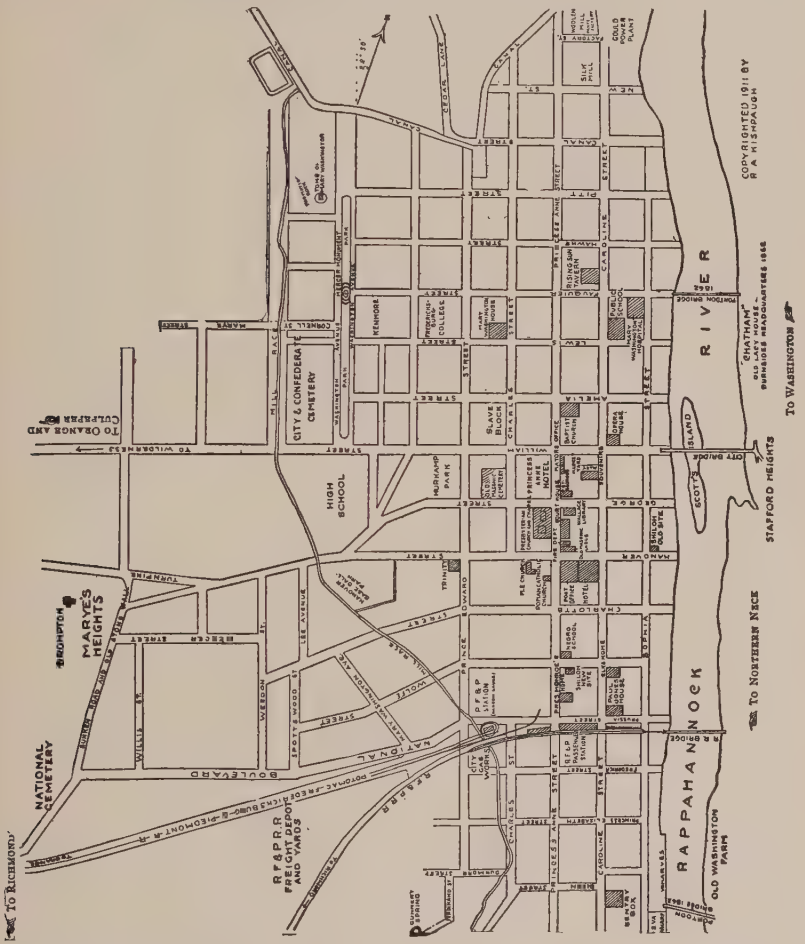
"The Young Man's Companion"—a book of precept and philosophy purporting to cover, in short essays, the whole range of life's experiences from the cradle to the grave—was, in a sense, Washington's *vade mecum*, occupying in his esteem much the same place that Cotton Mather's "Well Doing" and De Foe's "Essay on Projects" occupied in the esteem of Benjamin Franklin.[1] With this book and the Bible, which he frequently read, Washington needed no

[1] "The Young Man's Companion," written by W. Mather in 1742 and published in England, was in its thirteenth edition when owned by Washington. He scrawled his name on the flyleaf of his copy, which is said to have been owned, a century later, by General Grant. There is probably no copy of the book available in this country today—if anywhere.



1. A page from Washington's diary, written by him in 1748.
2. Entry in Washington's diary on his trip to Barbados in 1751, with his brother Lawrence. Made in log form.

other mentor. Probably the chief point of difference between him and other young men of his day was that he sought to



This plan of Fredericksburg gives the main points connected with Washington and his mother.

Courtesy Robert A. Kishpaugh, Fredericksburg.

model his life and conduct upon the maxims that he read; the others promptly forgot them.

An English college education confirmed the two elder sons of Augustine Washington in Toryism; while plain American schooling, somewhat crudely started by Master Hobby at Falmouth, furthered at the Marye School in Fredericksburg and supplemented by Mr. Williams at Oak Grove, seated George firmly in the Colonial saddle, and—coupled with sound home training—turned him out a thoroughgoing American. George Washington never went to college—a fact which he is said to have regretted in after life; his youth was too full of action, perhaps too burdened with responsibility, to allow for a college career. Had his father lived, he would probably have entered Brasenose College, Oxford, alma mater of his half-brothers and of those earlier Washingtons in England,—including Lawrence, the Vicar,—all of whom enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education.

CHAPTER VI

"WASHINGTON LAND"

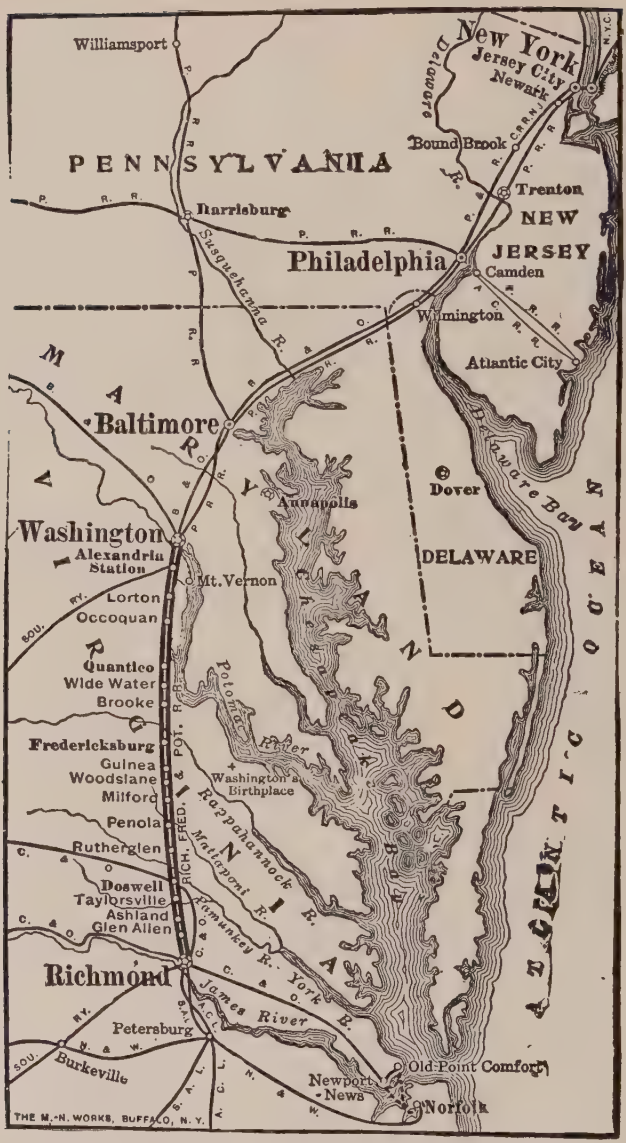
FREDERICKSBURG, THE "CITY OF PRESIDENTS." "HOME OF MY GROWING YOUTH," SAID WASHINGTON. ITS INTERESTING HISTORY AND CLOSE RELATIONSHIP TO GEORGE WASHINGTON. GEORGE ROGERS CLARK. KENMORE, FORMERLY MILL BROOK. THE SLAVE BLOCK. AMERICA'S FIRST MILLIONNAIRE. MARRIAGE OF BETTY WASHINGTON. GEORGE WASHINGTON'S INITIATION AS A MASON. CLASH WITH PROHIBITION AND THE RESULT

THE GLAMOUR thrown around New England by a Longfellow, a Whittier, an Emerson, a Holmes, a Hawthorne, and others has been denied to "Washington Land," but this most historic section in America, a pivot around which circled events that gave us independence, is coming into its own in this Sesqui-Centennial Year.

In 1671 Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, signed a leasehold grant of some two thousand Virginia acres to a group of pioneer settlers. This territory was first called Leaseland, but was afterward named Fredericksburg.

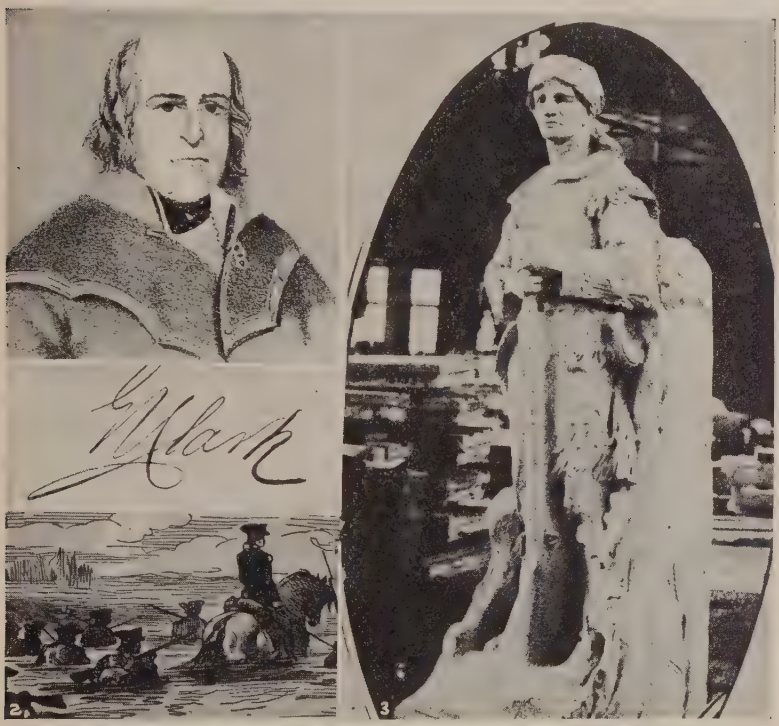
During the long leasehold it was often a centre of strife, and its thoroughfares were frequently sprinkled with blood; but calm eventually succeeded storm, peace and prosperity finally settled down on its hills and valleys, and in its picturesque environs many stately homes were built—homes that figure in the front ranks of American history.[1]

[1] This small tract has perhaps witnessed more hatred, jealousy, antagonism, forgiveness, and unity than any other spot on earth; but without it, and without the part taken by the Old Dominion—jointly with Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania—in the Revolution, it is generally conceded that there would have been no United States.



This portion of Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania might well be called "Washington Land." *Courtesy of Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad Co.*

When the claim is made that Fredericksburg is our most historic city,[1] for the reason that seven Presidents of the United States (including our great First President, George



1. George Rogers Clark.
2. Clark wading through the drowned lands.
3. Statue of George Rogers Clark, by Charles Peck, on the site of the Battle of Piqua, near Springfield, Ohio.

Washington) and three great military leaders were born either in the city or within fifty miles of it,—in addition to

[1] Fredericksburg is doubly consecrated in the eyes of America. Though the slogan "America's most historic city"—which faces every traveller who enters the town—may at the first glance seem arrogant, its truth has been amply proven,—from the days of the Jamestown settlement and the vanishing of Virginia Dare at Roanoke, to the middle of the last century, when in and around Fredericksburg swirled the crimson tide of the War of the States.

Aëroplane view of Fredericksburg, the Rappahannock River, and the Washington farm on the opposite bank. *Courtesy Robert A. Kishpaugh.*

which it contributed five generals to the Revolutionary War,—it should not be forgotten that near by lived the intrepid George Rogers Clark and his brother William.

Little did Farmer John Clark, tilling his acres a few miles out of Fredericksburg and watching his family of ten grow to sturdy maturity, realize that these two sons of his, together with Meriwether Lewis, would add enormous land wealth to their native country through their successful conflicts with the British soldiery. While Washington was fighting in the centre of civilization, George Rogers Clark—with a scant force—was fording rivers and penetrating forests near Vincennes, on the outskirts of Ohio, and acquiring vast tracts of rich country for the future United States.

This great pathfinder was but twenty-two when he carried to a successful issue his campaign against Kaskaskia and Vincennes. Backed by Patrick Henry,[1] then Governor of Virginia, George Rogers Clark's handling of the British, French and Indian situations was most diplomatic—a fact fully appreciated by Washington.

The story of Clark and Fort Vincennes has already been told many times, but it will bear a brief re-telling. Besieged by the British officer, Hamilton, and his force of eight hundred Englishmen and Indians, the fort made a gallant resistance, but finally capitulated. The besiegers were dumbfounded when the besieged garrison (Captain Helm and one soldier), who had desperately resisted capture by shot and shell, marched out between their lines. The entire garrison consisted of *two men*. The captain had diplomatically arranged for the honors of war before surrendering.

Within two months[2] Clark recaptured the fort and sent Hamilton a prisoner of war to Richmond. The Continental

[1] The valiant spirit that prompted Patrick Henry's deathless words: "I am no longer a Virginian; I am an American" dwelt also in the breast of George Rogers Clark.

[2] In 1779.

Colonel George Rogers Clark interrupting the merrymakers at Vincennes.
By permission of Continental Fire Insurance Company. F. C. Yohn.

Army planned stringent measures in reprisal of Hamilton's atrocious cruelties; but Washington—to whom justice was ever higher than sentiment— decreed that, since Hamilton had fairly capitulated, he could not be subjected to undue severity.

The sequel makes less pleasant reading. The venerable George Rogers Clark, now an aged and disabled man, is seated at his cabin door, near Louisville, Kentucky. A horseman

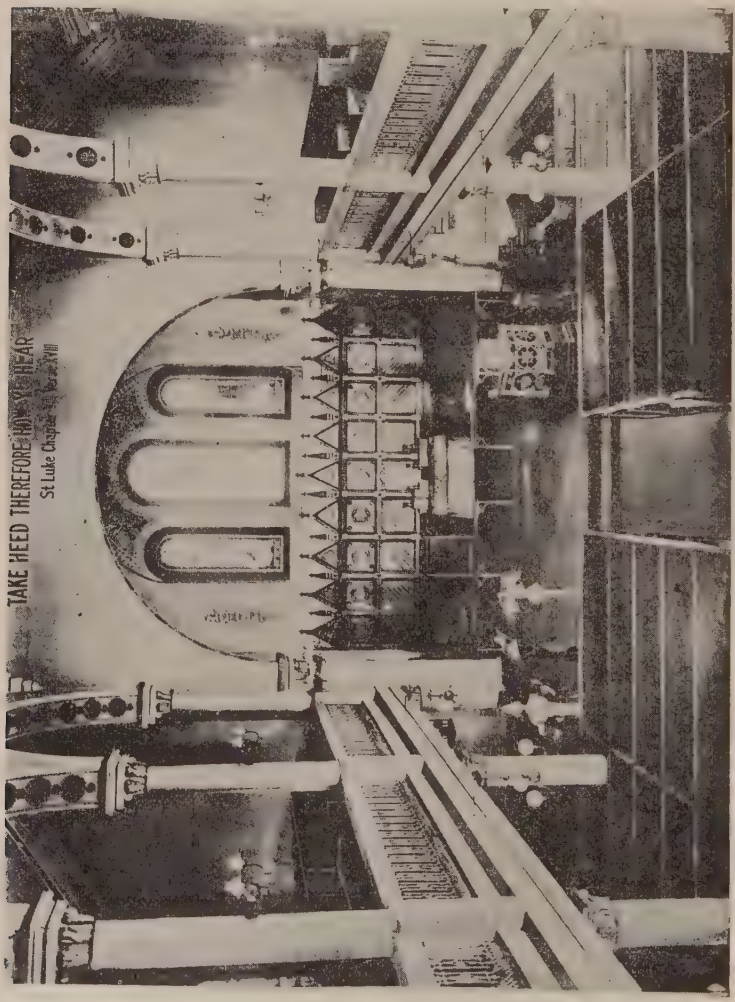
Capitulation at Fort Vincennes, with its garrison of two men.

draws rein and, leaping to the ground, presents the old warrior with a sword—a token from the great State of Virginia. With flashing eyes, the veteran rises to his feet, shatters the sword with his crutch and thus bitterly arraigns his native State:

"When Virginia needed a sword, I gave her one; now, when I want bread, she gives me a toy."

Sweeping aside thicket and brier, one may gaze upon a simple stone bearing the initials "G. R. C." It marks the final resting-place of George Rogers Clark. A statue commemorating his brave deeds now stands on the site of the

battle of Piqua, near Springfield, Ohio, although it took the land of his birth a century and a half to place this

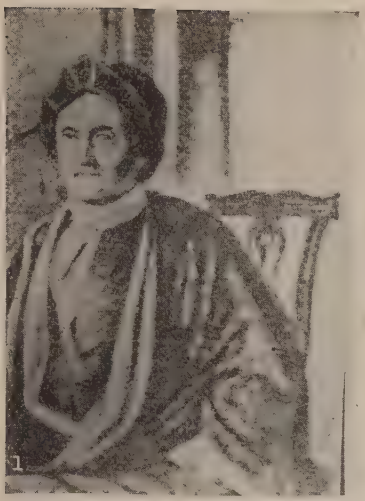


Interior St. George's Church, Fredericksburg, Va., as it was when Washington worshipped within its walls.

stamp of approval on the record of a valiant American.

But in this interlude we anticipate.

The life history of George Washington is inextricably



1. Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, whose son Jonathan was Washington's secretary.

2. David Humphrys, aide-de-camp.

3. The famous Hugh Mercer drug store in Fredericksburg, frequent rendezvous of Washington.

interwoven with that of Fredericksburg, which lay within sight of the Ferry, or Pine Tree Farm, across the Rappahannock and to which he repeatedly referred as "the home of my growing youth." To Fredericksburg went the youthful George every day for his lessons at the Marye School; and in his young manhood his tall, stalwart form, on foot or on horseback, was frequently seen in the city streets. The old Hugh Mercer drug store, which was a favorite rendezvous for the men of Fredericksburg—Washington among them—on frosty mornings and nippy evenings, is still standing; and both resident and tourist may cross the threshold over which the future First President's footstep often passed.[1]

Eighteenth-century life in Virginia had two notable features. One was the custom of keeping "open house," guests frequently remaining for weeks at a time; the other, the social club, which met on special evenings at the public tavern.[2] One such popular meeting-place, in those friendly times, was the Rising Sun Inn, in Fredericksburg, built by Charles Washington, brother of George. The landlord, prior to 1775, was George Weedon, afterwards General Weedon, who was one of the five Revolutionary generals contributed by the Fredericksburg district. George Washington, with other distinguished Colonial gentlemen, often visited this little hostelry, which, if judged by its size, must have been more conspicuous for its overflow than for its register, although rumor says it was once larger.

In pre-Revolutionary—and even later—times, prohibition was one of the "lost arts." In 1637 Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts had promulgated a law against drinking; but it had come to be "more honored in the breach than the observance"—nor, as a matter of fact, had the effort ever received much consideration in the South. The

[1] An effort is being made by Fredericksburgers to rehabilitate this old drug store, and so link more firmly a modern present to a haloed past.

[2] Washington appositely expressed Virginia hospitality when he said: "Mount Vernon is a well-resorted tavern."

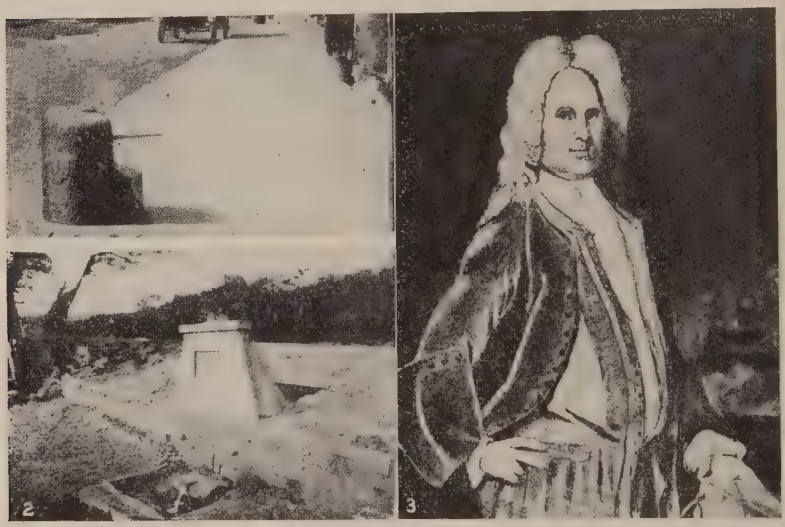
town records of Fredericksburg afford the somewhat startling information that upon one occasion a swig of rum was laid aside for the children; and it was a common practice,

1. Kenmore as it looked May 9, 1925, just before the Dedication.
2. Rising Sun Inn, built by Charles, brother of George Washington
3. General George Weedon, at one time its landlord.

when hiring servants, to designate certain days upon which they were privileged to be drunk.[1] Philip Baxter, a gardener

[1] A custom probably brought over from England, where—even within recent years—household servants and farm laborers were empowered by law to demand a definite daily amount of beer or "beer money" in addition to board and wages.

in Washington's employ at one time, was allowed four dollars at Christmas for the purpose of being drunk four days and four nights. Easter and Whitsuntide were poor seconds, only two dollars being allowed at those festivals for this form of dissipation. A dram in the morning and a drink of grog at noon, every day in the year,—not to mention



1. Slave block, Fredericksburg.
2. Gunnery spring.
3. Governor Spotswood.

the "nightcap" that was customary at bedtime,—was considered a moderate allowance for a grown man; but this form of moderation, undoubtedly, had considerable to do with shortening the lives of our ancestors.

One of the relics of dead-and-gone days in Fredericksburg is the old slave block, now standing at the corner of Charles and William streets. To this block many a wretched, cowering slave has stood chained, under the hot Southern sun, anxiously awaiting the result of the spirited bidding going on around him—or her, for both male and female

Interior of Kenmore. *Courtesy of Kenmore Association.*
The portrait is that of Colonel Fielding Lewis.

slaves were subjected to the same sort of treatment. It is not unlikely that George Washington's frequently expressed aversion to slavery[1] may have had its inception in his youth when he must often have seen chained slaves sold, like chattels, on the auction block.

One of the most striking, as well as one of the most historically interesting mansions in Fredericksburg is Kenmore, the home of Betty Washington Lewis, George Washington's only surviving sister. Betty—who is said to have been in appearance the feminine counterpart of her brother George[2]—was married at seventeen to her cousin, Colonel Fielding Lewis, whose first wife, Catherine—also a Washington and a cousin—had died not long before. Colonel Lewis was a man of considerable wealth,[3] and the home he built for his young bride is a lasting monument to the combined tastes of the Colonel, his wife, and his wife's brother, George. The latter, who partially superintended the erection of the house, took a tremendous interest in making it one of the most attractive residences in the Virginia countryside; and it is unquestionably his good taste and architectural ability that are so manifest in the plan of the fine old Colonial mansion and its spacious grounds, as well as in its interior design.[4] In fact, aside from Mount Vernon, no other dwelling existing today is so closely linked with George Washington as Kenmore, his sister Betty's home.

[1] While Washington owned a number of slaves—as did all the wealthy Virginians of his day—he always had a profound distaste for the slave traffic.

[2] The portrait of Betty Washington Lewis shown on page 127 was painted about 1750. The original is in the possession of Mr. Byrd Lewis, of Marmion, Virginia.

[3] He was also a man of action, as was quickly proven when the need for action came. Like his brother-in-law, George Washington, though in a different way, he filled a unique place in Revolutionary annals. (Refer to page 305.)

[4] The decorative ceilings of Kenmore are said to be the work of Hessians captured at the battle of Trenton, in the Revolutionary War. It is not improbable, for it is known that of the eight thousand or more Hessians who remained in America at the conclusion of the war, many were skilled craftsmen, and became excellent citizens of their adopted country.

The Gothic arches that trespass on the colonial type were added later.

1. Fielding Lewis.
2. Mrs. Fielding Lewis (née Betty Washington).
3. Kenmore.

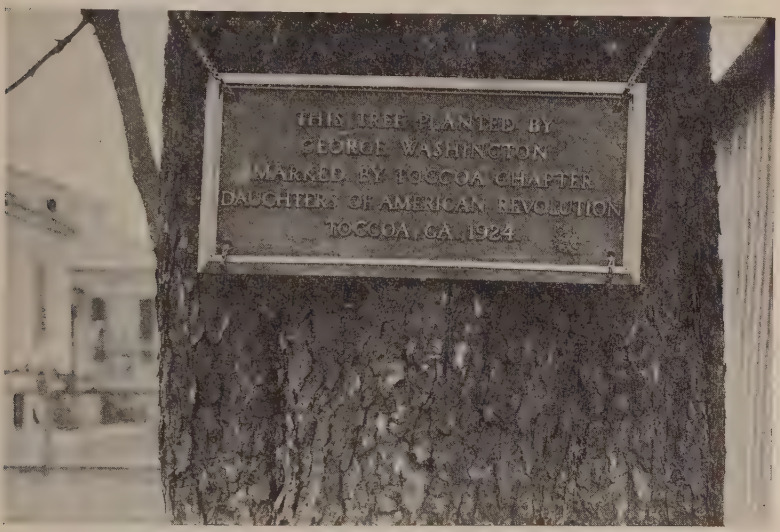
In this roomy old house were born and reared the Lewis children, of whom, according to the family register, there were eleven. As these nephews and nieces grew up, they

1. Rear porch of Kenmore.
2. Ceiling design, Kenmore.
3. Staircase Hall, Kenmore.
4. Interior, Kenmore.

Courtesy of Kenmore Association.

occasionally leaned hard on their uncle George's good nature, and at opportune times he came to their financial rescue, proving ever an affectionate and helpful resource in time of trouble.

It is a rare privilege to walk through the grounds of Kenmore, and pause under the shade of its magnificent trees. Those planted by Washington, some of them as a memorial to the Thirteen Colonies, have long since disappeared, save one magnificent horse chestnut, the last he set out, which is now in the back yard of a dwelling at the corner of Fauquier and Prince Charles Streets.[1]

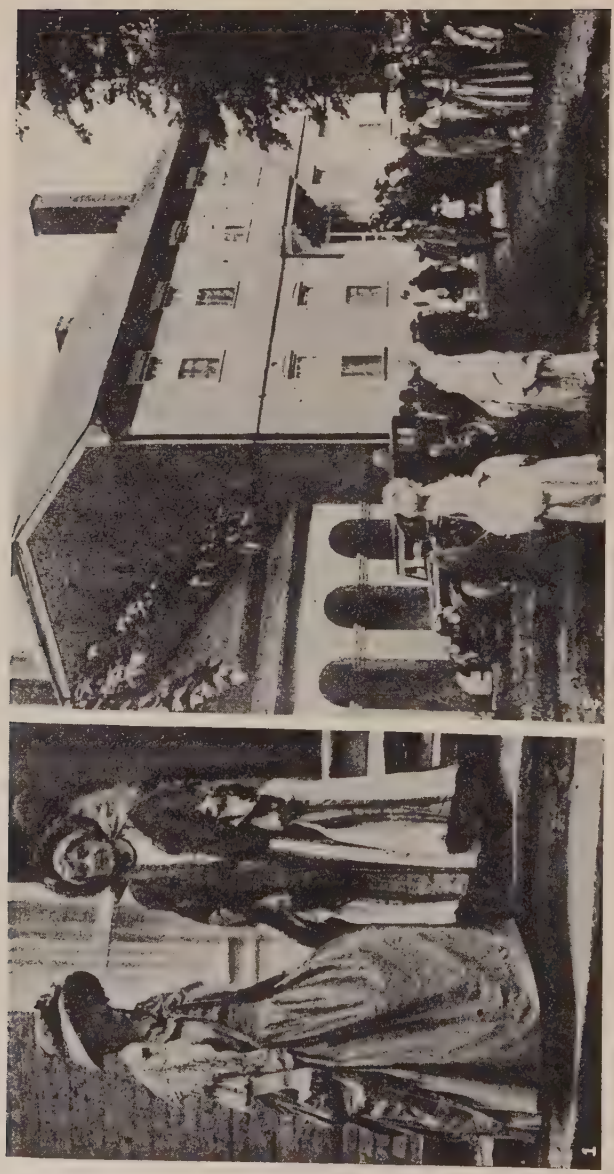


The last of thirteen horsechestnut trees, planted by Washington at what is now the corner of Fauquier and Prince Charles Streets, Fredericksburg, Va.

Fortunately, Kenmore,[2] or "Mill Brook," as it was known in George Washington's time, is now assured of future care and protection. In 1922 a group of Fredericksburg ladies, learning that it had been placed in the open

[1] When the author last saw this tree on May 8, 1926, it was vigorous and in full bloom, due to treatment by the tree expert, Senator Martin L. Davies of Ohio, who generously saved it at a personal cost of fifteen hundred dollars.

[2] "Mill Brook" was the name of the present Kenmore in Washington's time, as proved by a document belonging to Mrs. R. Carter N. Grymes, "Marmion," Osso, Virginia. The name "Kenmore" was given by William Gordon, a brother of Basil Gordon of Falmouth, who then owned it.



Dedication of Kenmore, May 9, 1925.

market for speculative purposes, contracted to purchase the mansion and grounds—with one dollar in hand to "bind the bargain." On May 8, 1925, in the drawing-room of Kenmore, —directly in front of the over-mantel illustrating the fable of the fox, the crow, and the piece of cheese, placed there by Washington's order as a warning to his sister's children against the perils of flattery,—the last dollar of the Kenmore purchase money was paid, and the property deeded in trust to the nation, in perpetuity, by the Kenmore Association. The Historical Pageant celebrating this event attracted thousands of visitors to Fredericksburg and Kenmore, and formed an appropriate and picturesque conclusion to the ceremonies.

Store of Basil Gordon, Falmouth, first millionnaire in America.

George Washington's Masonic career began in Fredericksburg. On the fourth of November, 1752, he entered the little Lodge room of Fredericksburg Lodge No. 4 for his initiation. He was then lacking three months of his twenty-first birthday. Although associated with other Lodges in the course of his brilliant public career, which assured him an exalted place in the annals of Masonry for all time, he remained a member of this Fredericksburg Lodge throughout his life.

America's first reputed millionnaire was one Basil Gordon[1] of Falmouth, the little town on the outskirts of Fredericksburg in which George Washington received his first schooling from Master Hobby. The small brick dwelling, fronting the river, in which Gordon transacted the business which made his million is still to be seen at Falmouth (in truth, Falls

[1] Another source of income to this pioneer in millionnaire ranks was cornering the salt market.

Mouth). It was no unearned increment that filled the coffers of this eighteenth-century trader; for miles of wagons loaded with grain came from the fertile valleys beyond the mountains to meet the merchant ships from all countries that sailed up the Rappahannock in those days to the Falmouth wharves. The river is no longer navigable as far upstream as Falmouth, owing to natural causes.

The Lee Fitzhugh, or Chatham House, on the Heights opposite Fredericksburg.

The Gordons were among the most prominent of the F. F. V.s and the Gordon tomb at Fredericksburg adjoins that of George Washington's mother.[1]

[1] Mary Ball Washington passed the closing years of her life in Fredericksburg, and died there in 1789.

For much interesting data regarding Fredericksburg and the Washington family the author is indebted to Mrs. Vivien M. Fleming, of Fredericksburg, president of the local D. A. R. and of the Kenmore Association.

Mrs. Fleming, always keenly interested in everything pertaining to Washington, on removing to Fredericksburg from Georgia some fifty years ago, interviewed personally many aged persons who gave her first-hand information concerning Mary Washington and her son George. From this store, rare and authentic, she has generously permitted the author to draw.

CHAPTER VII

GEORGE WASHINGTON IS SENT ON A DIPLOMATIC MISSION, BECOMING AN OFFICER IN THE BRITISH COLONIAL SERVICE. AN ADVENTUROUS BUT SUCCESSFUL JOURNEY FOR THE FIRST AMERICAN ENVOY

SOME TIME after his return from the West Indies, Washington again crossed the mountains to survey an unbroken country. On these arduous expeditions his physical endurance, splendid as it was, was often taxed to the very limit. His experiences were always harassing and frequently revolting. In the primitive camp of the eighteenth-century explorer there were none of the conveniences available to the modern traveller. The fare was necessarily coarse and meagre, for there was no other way to carry rations than in a haversack. For fresh food he was dependent upon his wits, his gun, and the uncertainty of meeting with friendly Indians. "Amongst a parcel of barbarians" was Washington's succinct summing-up of one especially exasperating journey. To the fine sensibilities of a young man of such a heritage as his, not to mention his keen appreciation of congenial companionship, these prolonged absences from civilization must have been periods of acute discomfort, inured to hardship though he was.

Nevertheless, the practical experience which Washington acquired among the wild Virginia hills stood him in good stead later—during the French and Indian Wars, at Fort Necessity, in the Braddock campaign, and during those harrowing years of the Revolutionary War. His early days of path-finding and trail-blazing, of penetrating sylvan

fastnesses and scaling mountain heights, afforded precisely the mental and physical training needed to equip him for dealing with sudden and vital emergencies. In those strenuous later days of his middle life all of the resourcefulness that this early experience had given was brought sharply into requisition—and not once did it fail. With unerring judgment, throughout his military career he selected suitable sites for camps, redoubts, and garrisoned forts; he knew just what equipment would be required for a reconnoitring expedition; he could calculate to a fraction the individual resources of his officers. Studying Washington's career in perspective,—looking backward from age to middle life, from middle life to youth,—one cannot fail to see how rapidly the apparently unimportant merged into the important, as issue after issue hurtled to the front for immediate settlement; and even those who knew Washington best never ceased to marvel at his genius for making prompt and wise decisions.

Washington's war record may be said to have fairly begun in 1753. Robert Dinwiddie, then Governor of Virginia, had assigned to one Captain Trent the task of discovering the designs of French trespassers who were found to be erecting a line of military posts on the Ohio and in the West. To the Governor—a canny Scot—this action on the part of the French could have but one meaning: not merely encroachment upon British Colonial territory, but ultimate absorption; and he had depended upon Captain Trent to reconnoitre the newly made outposts and submit some workable plan for blocking this menacing advance of the French.

Trent made a lamentable failure of his mission. And it was then that Governor Dinwiddie, who had learned of young Washington's remarkable ability, decided to avail himself of the services of this promising stripling. A man who had explored an almost impenetrable wilderness for

Lord Fairfax was amply equipped, reflected Virginia's Executive, to undertake a similar journey in behalf of the

1. Governor Robert Dinwiddie.
2. Interview between Governor Dinwiddie and Washington. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Co*

King and the British Colonies, to meet the French Commander in person at Fort Le Bœuf, and to parley with the Indians

that he might encounter by the way. True, the complicated task involved a hazardous trip through the depths of the wilderness, practically untrodden hitherto by the white race; but the Governor gave little thought to that phase of the matter—and, probably, Washington did likewise.

Evidently, the impression made by the young Colonial upon the old Scotchman in the first memorable interview between the two was a highly favorable one. It is recorded that the Governor opened it with these words:

"Now, Christ save my saoul, but ye're a braw lad, and gin' ye play your cards weel, my boy, ye shall hae nae cause to rue your bargain."

The upshot of the conference was that George Washington, having been appointed an adjutant-general with the rank of Major, was despatched to Fort Le Bœuf with a letter from Governor Dinwiddie to Leguardier de St. Pierre, the French commander. The letter read, in part:

"Sir:

"The lands upon the river Ohio in the western parts of the colony of Virginia are so notoriously known to be the property of the Crown of Great Britain, that it is a matter of equal concern and surprise for me to hear that a body of French forces are erecting fortresses and making settlements upon that river within His Majesty's dominions. . . .

"The bearer hereof, George Washington, Esq., one of the adjutant-generals, is sent to complain to you of the encroachments thus made. . . ."

With Christopher Gist as guide and companion, and John Davidson as interpreter, with a few hardy retainers as bodyguard, Major Washington set out on what proved to be more than a two months' journey of over a thousand miles through the wilderness. The friendly Half-king Thana-

1. Washington and Christopher Gist on their way to Fort Le Bœuf.
2. Interview of Washington and Gist with Queen Aliquippa. *Chappel.*

carishon, chief of the Seneca tribe, with whom he conferred *en route*, could foresee only disaster for the expedition.[1]

The journey had its amusing incidents, however. The Indian queen, Aliquippa, felt aggrieved that the young officer and his retinue had passed her encampment without stopping to pay their respects. Hearing of this, Washington and Gist on the return journey succeeded in mollifying the lady with gifts of a demijohn of old Jamaica rum and a match coat. In one of those vivid flashes of humor that from time to time, throughout life, illumined the seriousness of his character, Washington writes that

> "The spirit of West India molasses took the first prize in the forest lady's affections."

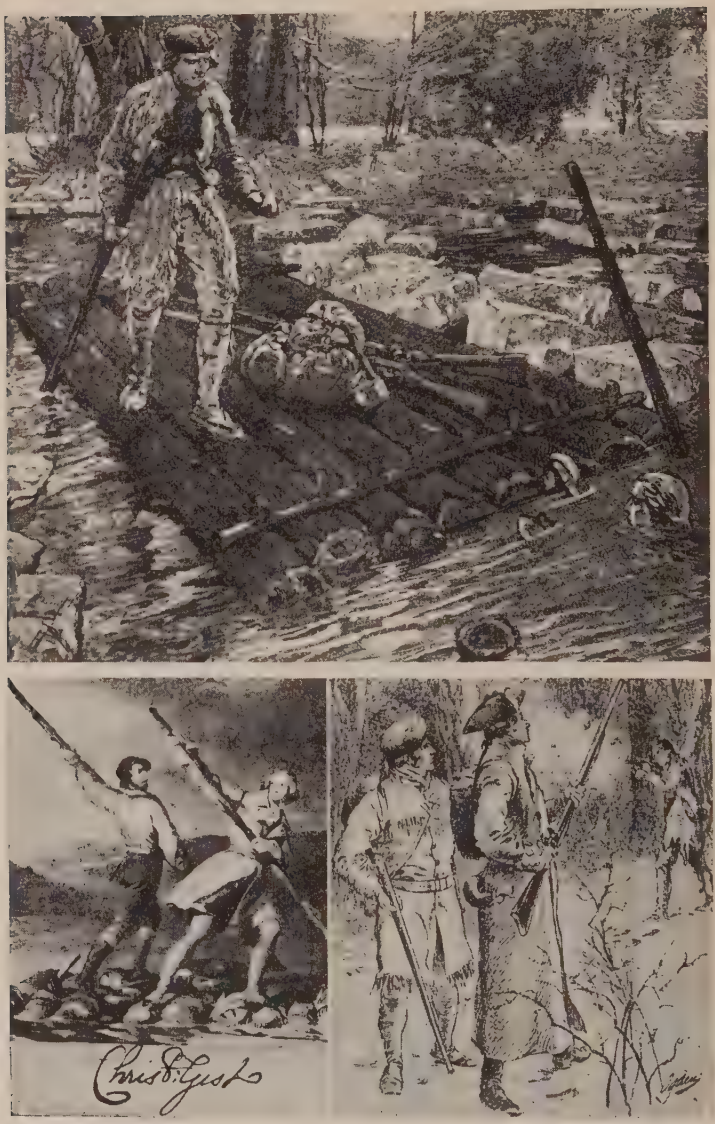
Washington and his party reached Fort Le Bœuf a few days after the arrival there of its one-eyed commander, St. Pierre. Without loss of time, Major Washington visited the French officer and presented Governor Dinwiddie's letter. That he carried himself with distinction and unfolded his mission with the tact and diplomacy of a veteran may be gathered from the tenor of the letter in which St. Pierre replied to Governor Dinwiddie's peremptory communication. It was a letter for the framing of which no little astuteness and skill were demanded; and both of these qualities, combined with true French suavity, are clearly revealed in its construction:

"Sir:

> "As I have the honor of commanding here in chief, Mr. Washington delivered me the letter which you wrote to the commander of the French troops. . . .

[1] This was Washington's first venture deep into the Seneca country. In 1779, when Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, he detailed General John Sullivan with a force of five thousand troops to destroy Indian food centres and prevent British and Indian incursions from the North. With the expedition went a corps of surveyors to map the country.

1. Fort Le Bœuf. 2. Washington parleying and parrying with St. Pierre. © *Century Company*



1. Washington's escape from drowning amid ice floes. © *Century Company.*
2. Gist and Washington poling the raft.
3. Indian firing point blank at Washington. © *Jones Bros. Pub. Co.*

"I shall transmit your letter to Marquis Duquesne. His answer will be a law to me. . . . As to the summons you send me to retire, I do not think myself obliged to obey. . . .

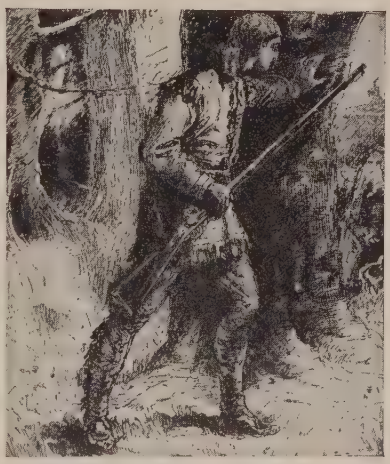
"I made it my particular care to receive Mr. Washington with a distinction suitable to your dignity as well as his own quality and great merit. . . .

"I do myself the profound respect with which I am, Sir,

"Your most humble and most obedient servant,

"Leguardier de St. Pierre."

Bearing this missive to the Governor of Virginia, impatiently awaiting it at Williamsburg, Major Washington also brought with him a diagram that he had drawn of Fort Le Bœuf, as well as important data upon which he based sound, practical suggestions. Further, he reported a large number of canoes already built and many more in course of building, presaging advance in the spring—by the river—into Virginia territory.



Washington in Indian dress.

The return journey, however, had been attended with several mishaps, which might easily have deepened into tragedy. Upon one occasion Washington narrowly escaped death among the ice floes on the Allegheny. He and Gist, finding themselves unable to cross the river, had put in a full day of hard work constructing a raft, with no tools other than the hatchet and hunting knife which every woodsman carried with him. The raft being completed,

they poled it to mid-stream, when an ice floe caught Washington's pole and flung him off his feet and into the ice-choked current. Fighting gamely for life, he finally scrambled back on the raft, and the two passed the night marooned on a partially submerged island. During the night the river froze into a solid mass of ice, and the hardy adventurers, discarding the raft, crossed on foot. Washington was little the worse for his exposure to the elements in the bitter winter weather; but Gist's hands and feet were badly frozen.

Another almost miraculous escape from death occurred when a traitorous Indian, who had seemed friendly, fired point blank at Washington from a distance of about a dozen yards—but missed the mark.[1] Washington freed the man though Gist wanted him killed, and afterward he and Gist tramped through snow and ice all night in order to avoid capture by the Indian's tribe—realizing that the latter would doubtless attempt to make a better job of the paleface murder than their scout had been able to do.

[1] The Indians believed that the "Great White Chief" led a charmed life. (Refer to page 188.)

CHAPTER VIII

MAJOR WASHINGTON'S "JOURNAL" AND ITS RESULTS. THE FRENCH SCHEME OF CONQUEST. THE FRONTIER THEORY. THE EXPEDITION TO THE FRONTIER. WASHINGTON THE FATHER OF THE GREAT WEST. THE SHOT AT LITTLE MEADOWS THAT ECHOED AT WATERLOO. THE BATTLE OF GREAT MEADOWS, AND WASHINGTON'S CAPITULATION. WASHINGTON RESIGNS FROM THE ARMY AND RETIRES TO MT. VERNON

UPON HIS return to Virginia from his arduous trip to the North, Washington—with the close attention to detail that always characterized him—committed to paper the varied experiences and observations that had accrued from his long and hazardous journey. His ten-thousand-word Journal, roughly outlined by the fitful flare of the camp fire—frequently when its writer was wet to the skin and chilled to the marrow—and hastily enlarged and transcribed upon reaching civilization, told the first complete story of conditions in the wilderness far more clearly than an oral account could ever have done.

Governor Dinwiddie, upon receiving this remarkable document from Washington's hands, at once realized its tremendous importance and decided to give it wide publication. He gave immediate orders that it be printed,[1] and when this was done, laid it before the Virginia Assembly.

[1] Of this first edition of Washington's "Journal" but two copies are known to be in existence; but profuse extracts therefrom were printed in various Colonial newspapers of that day. Bulwer-Lytton's oft-quoted maxim "The pen is mightier than the sword" is here aptly illustrated—gaining rather than losing force when quoted in full: "Beneath the rule of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword."

THE

JOURNAL

OF

Major *George Waſhington*,

SENT BY THE

Hon. *ROBERT DINWIDDIE* Eſq;
His Majeſty's Lieutenant-Governor, and
Commander in Chief of *VIRGINIA*,

TO THE

COMMANDANT

OF THE

FRENCH FORCES

ON

OHIO.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, THE

GOVERNOR's LETTER,

AND A TRANSLATION OF THE

FRENCH OFFICER's ANSWER

WILLIAMSBURG:

Printed by WILLIAM HUNTER. 1754

TITLE PAGE OF WASHINGTON'S JOURNAL.

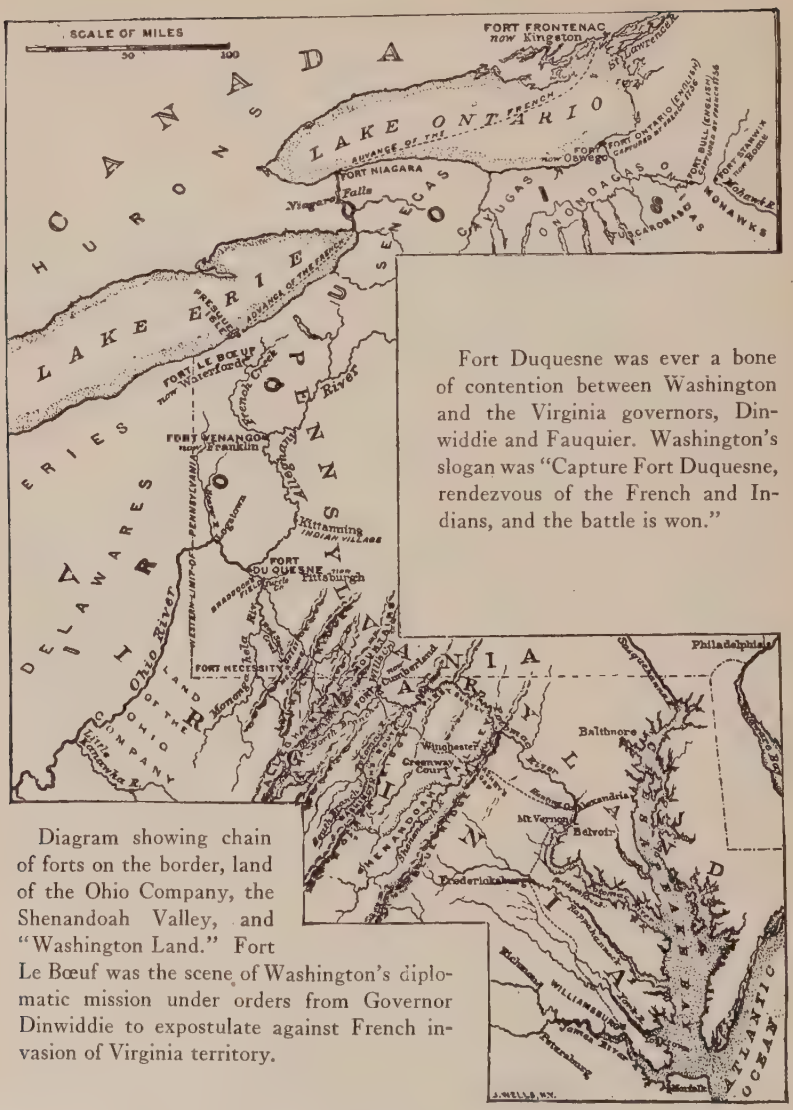
Title page of Washington's "Journal."
From original in New York Public Library. Only two copies are known.

Copies were then sent across the sea to the King, the Houses of Parliament, and the commanding officers of the British Army. Washington protested against all this publicity, but

Virginia waterways, townships and rugged hills, forests and passes traversed by Washington.

without result, Governor Dinwiddie sweeping his objections brusquely aside.

"Hoot awa, mon!" he exclaimed, in his broad Scotch dialect; "what tauk ye aboot amendments? I am sure the pamphlet need nae blush to be seen by His Majesty himsel—and in geud troth I mean to send him a copy or twa of it. And, besides, our Assembly will rise to-morrow or next day, and I wish each of the members to tak a few copies hame wi'



Fort Duquesne was ever a bone of contention between Washington and the Virginia governors, Dinwiddie and Fauquier. Washington's slogan was "Capture Fort Duquesne, rendezvous of the French and Indians, and the battle is won."

Diagram showing chain of forts on the border, land of the Ohio Company, the Shenandoah Valley, and "Washington Land." Fort Le Bœuf was the scene of Washington's diplomatic mission under orders from Governor Dinwiddie to expostulate against French invasion of Virginia territory.

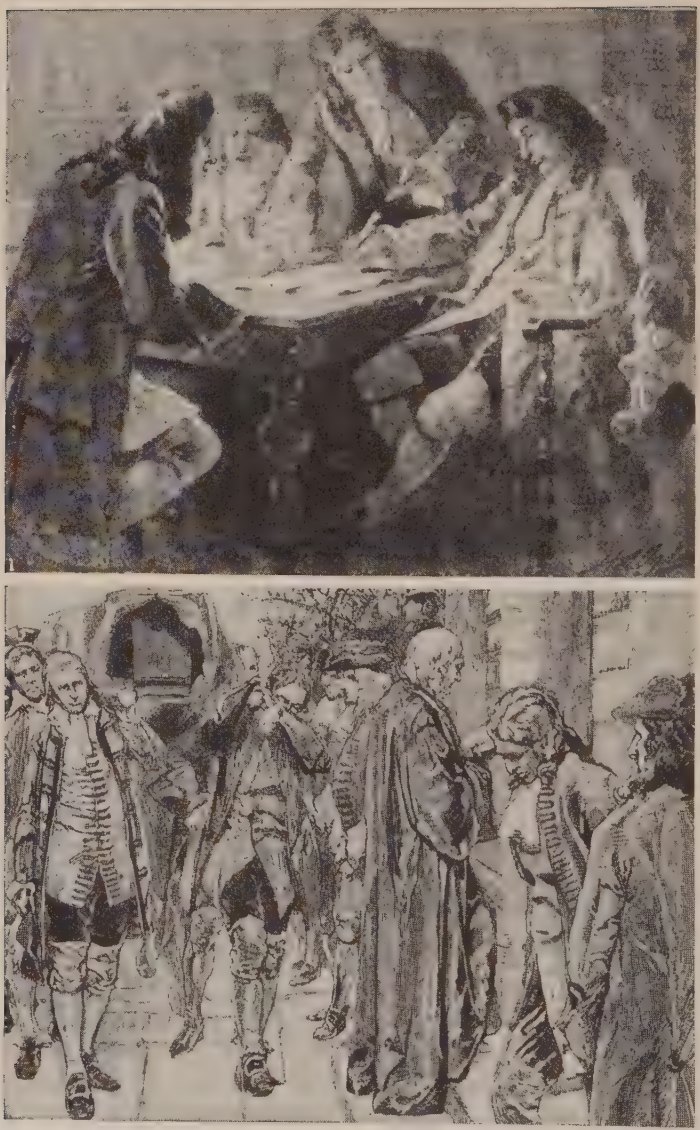
them. So we must e'en straightway print the journal offhand, as it is."

He carried his point, and the "Journal" aroused all the furor that—and probably even more than—he anticipated. When it reached England, and when the King and Government grasped the full purport of Major Washington's detailed story of the encroachments—actual and contemplated—of the French forces on the Ohio, swift and vigorous action followed. Peremptory orders were despatched to Governor Dinwiddie to lose no time in preventing encroachments and capturing their wily instigators.

Upon receiving these instructions from the home Government, the Virginia Executive sent for Major Washington, made him second in command under Colonel Fry, and ordered the two officers to head immediately, with their little army, for the frontier and Fort Duquesne.

The scheme of France to hem in the English in America by means of a chain of boundary forts was a shrewd and clever one—which, but for Washington's sagacity in blocking encroachments, probably would not have been so completely frustrated. A reference to the diagram on page 146 and the map on page 145 will make the plan sufficiently clear. Working southward from Fort Frontenac on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, one finds Fort Ontario, Fort Niagara, Fort Le Bœuf, Fort Venango and Fort Duquesne.[1] Although there had been no declaration of war between France and England, the French had arrogantly trespassed on the English territory, and had even imprisoned a dozen or more Englishmen who had shown a disposition to protect their rights. The aim of the French, apparently, was to own a large part of North America and, by means of the chain of forts, restrict the British colonies to the tract of country lying between the

[1] Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh) was the key which was destined to unlock the gates of the Near-West to the pioneer.



1. Governor Sloughter signing Leisler's death warrant. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*

2. Reburial of Leisler with honor. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Alleghenies and the sea. Already controlling the western frontier, the river routes, and the fur regions, by means of their astutely placed missions and the ascendency thus gained over the Indians,[1] practically the entire wealth of the territory lying west of the Atlantic Coast holdings would have been theirs could they have completed their plan and extended the chain of forts from Montreal to New Orleans.

This eventuality was foreseen, even as early as 1660, by Van Curler, of New Netherland (now New York State), and later by Jacob Leisler, who in 1688 formed the first Union of Colonies.[2] The French, compelled to traverse a trackless wilderness and cross rivers beset with dangerous rapids in order to gain the sea coast, needed six months to reach their mother country; while the English, who—true islanders as they were and are—held and owned the sea ports, could reach their home base in six weeks.

Appraised at its true worth, as estimated after the lapse of a century and a half, Washington's frontier experience is seen to have been of inestimable value, both to his country and to himself.[3] Only within recent years has the world begun to realize the tremendous influence of the Frontier Theory, not only upon the development of America as a

[1] The driving westward of the only native American, the Indian, went on at a rapid pace, and continued until the Government Reservations absorbed the greater part of the "noble red man's" race. That the race is still far from extermination, however, is evident from the latest census report, which records fully three hundred and fifty thousand of these former Lords of the Forest in the entire country, some of whom have acquired large wealth through oil and metal deposits.

[2] Leisler merits the approbation of all true patriots for the consolidation and settlement of the Colonies. But his immediate reward was ignominious death by the order of Governor Sloughter, who signed the death-warrants of Leisler and Milbourne while in a state of intoxication. Upon awakening from his drunken stupor, Sloughter was horrified to learn that both men had been executed. Later, the body of Leisler was disinterred and reburied with military honors.

[3] To himself, because he was later to be his country's leader in war, her peacemaker during the critical post-Revolution period, and, finally, the Master-Builder of a new government, destined to become a true world-frontier in the future.

1. Path Washington trod through the forest.
2. Washington's route from Cumberland to Fort Duquesne.
3. Ledge from which Washington fired on Jumonville and his force.

nation, but also upon American education, religion, diplomacy and government. But Washington foresaw it, believed in it, and put his beliefs into practice—and today America is reaping the benefit of his prophetic vision in the predominance, in American life, politics and jurisprudence, of Anglo-Saxon principles.

Washington was, indeed, the Father of the Great West. It was his foresight that enabled the United States, at a time far in the future from his day, to anchor the Golden West within her boundaries.

History records that the territory between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi has witnessed some terrific struggles. Here dwelt that strange pre-historic race, the Mound Builders; and from that remote period to the day when St. Clair was lured into the fatal ambuscade near Miami, there was almost continual conflict—first, the internecine warfare among the aborigines, and afterward between the red men who roamed over this hunting ground of the Iroquois (the Six Nations) and the white men who sought to open the way for civilization, though with a keen eye to self-interest.

Colonel Fry and Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, with their detachment of Virginia and Kentucky Rangers, had progressed as far as Cumberland, Maryland, when Colonel Fry was seized with sudden and fatal illness. His death at Wills Creek on the last day of May, 1754, left Washington in full command of the frontier expedition.

Searching the wilderness for traces of the enemy, Washington finally came upon Jumonville with a scouting party at a place called Little Meadows. In this engagement—Washington's first battle—Jumonville was killed, with eleven of his men, the remainder being taken prisoners.

This summary action on the part of Washington created tremendous excitement in France, the French account—

1. Washington's first battle.
2. Fight with Jumonville. © *Jones Bros. Pub. Co.*

written on the spot—representing Washington as an assassin;[1] the word being used in a different sense, however, than it is today.

In the meantime Washington found himself entrapped, with his army, in enemy country, with a force arrayed against him which—in numbers, at least—was far superior to his own. In his dilemma he hurriedly built, on a bit of rising ground in the centre of a stretch of flat grazing land called Great Meadows, the little fort which figures in history as Fort Necessity.[2] As foreseen by Governor Dinwiddie, the years of surveying among the Virginia hills proved splendid training for the young commander, who now seized the opportunity—when actually surrounded by the enemy—to turn that training to practical account. The fort which he laid out in such masterly fashion occupied about one-third of an acre.

Le Grande Villiers, bitterly determined upon revenge for the death of his brother-in-law, Jumonville, was encamped within five miles of Great Meadows, with a large force of French and their Indian allies, eager for scalps; and all stood ready to annihilate the small band of Virginia Rangers as they hastily erected their crude fort.

Despite disquieting rumors as to the large numbers of the enemy roaming the forest, Washington started for Fort Duquesne, leaving a small garrison at Fort Necessity. Friendly Indians induced him to turn back—just in time to regain the shelter of the fort and reinforce the garrison,

[1] Van Braam gave the report a hurried and careless interpretation at midnight, in the flickering light of a candle. Had Washington been familiar with the French language he might have been spared much chagrin and humiliation, both at that time and later, by insisting the report should contain the exact facts.

[2] This first shot of Washington's echoed through America, France, and England, and began the seven-year French and Indian War, inadvertently starting a war between France and England that, with few intermissions, continued until the defeat of the French at Waterloo, June 18, 1815.

Not many years afterward Washington acquired the site of Fort Necessity by purchase.

1. Plan of Fort Necessity and Surrounding Country. 2. Topographical Plan of Fort Necessity. 3. Conference at Fort Necessity.

imminently threatened with massacre.[1] Washington, whose fearlessness, as a young man, was often akin to rashness, was ever ready to fight; and, with a hundred and fifty picked men, offered to meet four times that number in the open field. The very daring of the offer carried with it such a certainty of success that it was promptly rejected by the enemy.

The battle of Great Meadows, July 4, 1754, proved Washington's mettle. With a gallant band of less than three hundred Rangers—cowardice having depleted the ranks during the night—against fifteen hundred of the foe, the fighting lasted nine hours. The end came when Count de Villiers, the French general, discouraged by the loss of some two hundred of his men through the excellent marksmanship of the Virginia sharpshooters,[2] sent a flag of truce to Colonel Washington; and in the conference which ensued terms were ultimately arranged whereby Washington agreed to evacuate with all the honors of war and his military stores and baggage.

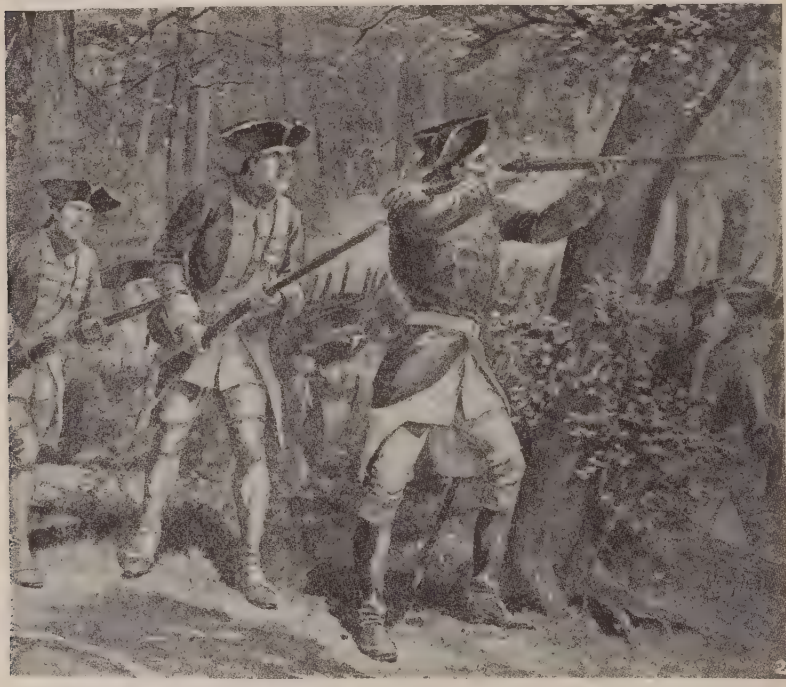
Washington signed his capitulation—*his only one*—amid uncouth surroundings. It was a disagreeable and humiliating task; but the terms he made were practically his own, and reflected credit upon his judgment, self-possession and far-sightedness.[3] In part, the document read as follows:

> "Article 1: We permit the English commander to withdraw with all his garrison, in order that he may return peaceably to his country, and to shield him from all insults.
>
> "Article 2: He shall be permitted to withdraw and

[1] When the friendly Half-king pleaded with Washington: "Come to our help as soon as you can, or we are lost," Washington allowed him and his followers to take refuge in Fort Necessity; thus saving many Indian friends from death or capture. Some authorities state, however, that the chief did not enter the fort.

[2] At that time rifles were in use only in Virginia and Pennsylvania.

[3] Had General Gates at Saratoga taken a leaf from the young Virginia colonel's book, Burgoyne never would have obtained such favorable terms.



1. Colonel Washington's frontier headquarters at Cumberland (Wills Creek), Maryland, in 1754.

2. Washington's sharpshooters in his first battle with Jumonville's men. *Courtesy of Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*

take with him whatever belongs to his troops, except the artillery, which we reserve for ourselves. . . . Under this condition, that they will work on no establishment, either in the surrounding country or beyond the highlands, during one year, beginning from this date." [1]

Washington realized that, in this instance at least, discretion was "the better part of valor." He retired in good order, but not for a moment did he consider that the end. He was right. Within a year, lacking sixty-three hours, an English army, eight times as large as the little army now capitulating, marched across the battlefield of Fort Necessity—to dire defeat.

Had Washington not built this fort and employed the keenest strategy, the exasperated Frenchmen, thirsting to avenge the death of Jumonville and his men, would—with the aid of their Indian allies—have wiped out his entire force, forecasting the massacre at Fort William Henry years later.

Returning to the South through a wilderness, much of it infested with hostile Indians, Washington finally reached Williamsburg. There he was accorded the official thanks of the Assembly and the unstinted praise of his countrymen, who fully realized the tremendous odds against which the young colonel had fought and gave him the credit he deserved for his daring campaign and the miraculous escape of his troops from annihilation.

The dark side of the picture was Governor Dinwiddie's inexplicable action in refusing to set at liberty the French prisoners of war that Washington had agreed to free. In fact Washington's illness at this time was due in great measure to the mental anguish caused by the ingratitude and cowardice displayed by the Governor in this and other

[1] Washington left two hostages with the French, one of whom, Major Stobo, at the risk of his life, sent important information to Governor Dinwiddie.

1. Grave of Jumonville.
2. Washington signing his first and only capitulation at Fort Necessity.

matters in which he failed to uphold his staunch young commander.

Washington would not submit to insult, and when, in addition to this, word came from Great Britain that none but English-appointed commissioned officers should be given command, with pay equal to their rank, he resigned from the army in disgust. Retiring to Mount Vernon, of which he was now the owner,—having inherited the estate under the will of his half-brother, Lawrence,—he turned his thoughts, with relief, from the sword to the ploughshare, and entered temporarily into the duties of the Virginia planter and the simple pleasures of civilian country life.

CHAPTER IX

WASHINGTON ENJOYS A BREATHING-SPELL AT MOUNT VERNON. GENERAL BRADDOCK, WITH HIS TROOPS, ARRIVES FROM ENGLAND. "BOOTS AND SADDLES" ONCE MORE

When Major Lawrence Washington died, in July, 1752, shortly after his return from the West Indies, his will devised all of his properties in Fairfax county, including his Mount Vernon estate, to his infant daughter, Sarah, and her heirs, with a life interest to his wife, Anne Fairfax Washington; with the further provision that in the event of his daughter dying without issue, the property should revert to his half-brother, George.

Sarah, the infant daughter named in Lawrence's will, died—at the age of one year—shortly after her father; and within a few months her mother, Lawrence's widow, married Colonel George Lee. On December 16, 1754, Anne Lee and her husband, George Lee, conveyed Mount Vernon, with its twenty-five hundred acres of land, in fee simple to George Washington.[1]

Thus the Mount Vernon estate became Washington's inalienable property by right of inheritance and deed. The house was not, at that time, the handsome manorial residence that it later became, under Washington's additions and remodellings; but it was, nevertheless, a sufficiently comfortable and commodious dwelling—rebuilt, it is believed, by Lawrence Washington after the house originally built by his father, Augustine Washington, had been destroyed by fire. Here Lawrence and his young wife had lived, and had entertained their friends in the hospitable Southern fashion;

[1] For additional data on Mount Vernon, refer to Note N, Appendix.

and here also George Washington had spent much of his time prior to his military adventuring—as already recounted in an earlier chapter.

It was a delightful place in which to keep bachelors' hall, and one may readily believe that it was with a sense of deep satisfaction that George Washington betook himself thither, for mental relaxation and physical recuperation, after resigning his command in the army. In such peaceful surroundings,—under his own roof-tree, with his own broad acres stretching far on every hand,—it would not prove so difficult to erase from memory the vexations and humiliations of those closing days at Williamsburg; for that they had been bitter in the ultimate degree no one who has obtained the slightest insight into George Washington's character can for one moment doubt. His pride had come down to him, in an unsullied stream, from the days of the Norman; his sense of honor was of the highest type; his word was ever "as good as his bond." To be restrained from keeping that word—above all, to the enemy, as in the matter of the French captives-of-war—was as keen a humiliation as could have been devised for infliction upon his stern-principled soul. Then, too, his love for his native country was an integral part of his being; and, loyal as he was—and had ever been—to the mother land, he could not calmly brook her ill-timed discrimination against Colonial officers—himself one of them—who had courageously risked life in the reclamation and protection of vast tracts of country for his Sovereign—his pay a pittance and contumacious treatment his reward.

These matters must have seemed agreeably far away, however, once Washington reached the peace and seclusion of Mount Vernon, with its broad green acres on the shores of the Potomac, its pleasant suggestion of home, its inducements for hunting and fishing, its soothing concomitants of horses and dogs. Washington's younger brother, John

Augustine,[1] was living there at this time, superintending the farm generally and certain building operations in particular; and doubtless the two Washingtons extracted a good deal of enjoyment—mingled with their farming operations—from this respite of the elder of the brothers from the exactions and privations of frontier life.

But it was to be a brief respite only; for Washington's exploits, though largely unrewarded, were not forgotten. His "Journal of the Ohio Campaign," the printing and distribution of which had already resulted in the Fry expedition to the border, the Jumonville coup at Little Meadows, and the battle at Great Meadows with Washington in command, now bore additional fruit in the arrival in America, in February, 1755, of General Sir Edward Braddock. With him came his British troops, brought across the ocean in fourteen transports under the vigilant eye of Commodore Keppel—a force of seasoned men to protect the English border.

General Braddock, a veteran soldier who had won distinction in Flanders campaigns, looked the situation over upon his arrival and drove at once to the heart of it.

"Where is Colonel Washington, who made the journey through the wilderness to Fort Le Bœuf, and stirred the King and Parliament to action by his 'Journal' describing the trip?" was the substance of his questioning.

"Retired," came the answer; perhaps a little reluctantly.

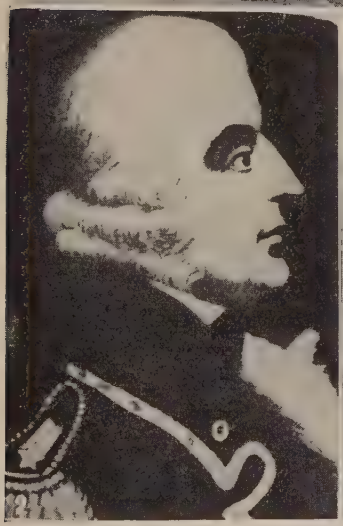
"Why?" Braddock asked, indignantly.

"Because, as an American officer, he had no standing

[1] John Augustine Washington married Miss Hannah Bushrod on April 14, 1756, and he and his bride lived at Mount Vernon until June, 1758. Later in the same year he undoubtedly moved to a property known as Bushfield, on the Potomac river, near the mouth of Nomini Creek—in Westmoreland county, a few miles below Wakefield.

George Washington promised this brother that if he, George, were killed in the French and Indian War, he would bequeath Mount Vernon to him—a promise which he did not forget; but John Augustine dying first, George Washington left Mount Vernon to Bushrod Washington (afterward Judge Washington), son of John Augustine.

in the presence of a royal-commissioned officer of equal—or even of lower—rank, a condition breeding bitter controversy."



1. Carlyle House at Alexandria.
2. General Edward Braddock.
3. On the road to Monongahela.

"An outrage on America!" the General said, quickly. "Send for Colonel Washington."

The summons—it was, in effect, a summons from the King and not to be ignored by a loyal Colonial, no matter how deeply his feelings might be involved—brought Washington from his sylvan retreat without delay. And just as he had impressed Governor Dinwiddie on a previous similar occasion, so he appears to have impressed the English General Braddock. He wanted this stalwart young "Buckskin" on his staff, and sought a way to obtain what he desired.

The solution of the problem came in his request that Colonel Washington become his aide, expressed in this diplomatic letter:

"Williamsburg,
"March 2, 1755.

"Sir:

"The General, having been informed that you expressed some desire to make the campaign, but that you declined it because of some disagreeableness which you thought might arise from the regulations of command, has ordered me to acquaint you that he would be very glad of your company in his family, by which all inconvenience of that kind will be obviated.

"I shall think myself very happy to form an acquaintance with a person so universally esteemed, and shall use every opportunity of assuring you how much I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,
"Robert Orme,
"Aide-de-Camp."

Washington, already eager to be again in action, could not refuse a request couched in such complimentary terms as these; and so once more he donned his uniform, mounted his horse, and proceeded to report for military duty.[1]

[1] Having resigned his Colonial colonelcy, Washington assumed the rank of Major upon joining General Braddock's staff; although it is recorded that Braddock occasionally addressed him as "Colonel." Commissions in the British army were purchasable and an eighteen-year-old colonel was possible.

Upon this occasion his mother, Mary Ball Washington, made one of her infrequent trips to Mount Vernon for the express purpose of dissuading her son George from joining the Braddock expedition. Beseeching him not to risk the perils of another campaign, she was met by the firm, though gentle, rejoinder:

"It would reflect dishonor upon me to refuse; and that, I am sure, must—or ought to—give you greater uneasiness than my going in an honorable command."

Rear view of Carlyle House.

General Braddock made his official headquarters in Alexandria, Va., occupying the Carlyle house—a substantial Colonial dwelling which was then practically new, having been erected so recently as 1752 by John Carlyle, who married Sarah Fairfax, daughter of Sir William Fairfax, of Belvoir, and sister of the Anne Fairfax who had married Lawrence Washington, George's deceased half-brother. Thus

The twenty-foot-square Blue Room.

the Washingtons, Fairfaxes and Carlyles were closely interrelated.

The Carlyle mansion,[1] whose front is hidden by a hotel structure, was once surrounded by spacious grounds. The house was evidently erected on the foundations of an ancient fort, making possible its quaint basement kitchen—a feature never included in Colonial houses of the usual

Staircase hall.

type. Some of the rooms are much as they were in Washington's time, notably the famous Blue Room, in which General Braddock gave Washington his commission and planned his French and Indian campaign. In this room, too, was held that important conference in which Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, and Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, and Lieutenant-Governors Delancey, of New York, Sharpe, of Maryland, and Morris, of Pennsylvania, partici-

[1] The eight copyrighted pictures of the Carlyle house here reproduced are inset with full permission from the owner of the copyright, E. D. Herbert.

pated with General Braddock, Commodore Keppel and Major Washington. The purpose of the conference was to

1. Exterior of Carlyle House.
2. Basement kitchen in Carlyle House.

formulate a plan for wresting from France her unjustly acquired holdings on the Ohio; and from this council-of-war —after elaborately and somewhat arrogantly outlining his

campaign, with utter disregard of Washington's practical advice[1]—General Braddock set out upon the ill-starred expedition which was to end so disastrously—and, for him and many of his officers and men, fatally—on the shores of the distant Monongahela River.

In this same Blue Room was first broached the question of taxing the colonies in America without representation in

Bedroom in Carlyle House.

England. General Braddock, as much startled as impressed by the estimated cost of his frontier campaign, and misconstruing the generous entertainment given him and other visiting Englishmen by the hospitable Virginians (as exemplified by his luxurious quarters in the Carlyle home and the lavish expenditure of money), hit upon the taxation

[1] Washington's efforts in advising General Braddock how to fight Indians were ably seconded by Benjamin Franklin, who was furnishing supplies for the expedition. Braddock's arrogance revealed itself in his reply to Franklin:

"These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia; but upon the King's regular and disciplined troops, Sir, it is impossible that they should make any impression."

Another view of the famous Blue Room.
Dining room.

scheme as a happy solution of this financial problem.[1] The matter was not pressed at that time; but it was the attempt of the British Parliament to put a similar scheme into effect some twenty years later that started the Revolutionary War.

In view of later developments, Washington's personal estimate of General Braddock is especially interesting. With that facility for clear analysis that was so signally his, he gives us this sharply defined pen picture of the English commander:

> "He appears to be stately and somewhat haughty; exact in matters of military etiquette and discipline, positive in giving an opinion and obstinate in maintaining it, but of an honest and generous, though somewhat irritable, nature."

Early in July, 1755, General Braddock and his British troops,[2] resplendent in their military trappings, drew near the French and Indian forces encamped in the dense forests within a few miles of Fort Duquesne. So far Braddock had come without serious hindrance; he did not know, and could not have been made to believe, that his star was already close to its setting.

[1] General Braddock outlines his taxation scheme in a strong letter to Sir Thomas Robinson, Secretary of State.

[2] They set out from Alexandria on April 20, reaching Fort Cumberland May 19 and the Monongahela River in early July, the chariot riding indulged in by General Braddock greatly hampering the advance to Fort Cumberland.

CHAPTER X

THE MONONGAHELA TRAGEDY. DEATH OF GENERAL BRADDOCK. WASHINGTON AGAIN TAKES COMMAND. HIS FIRST VISIT TO BOSTON. WITH BROKEN HEALTH, HE RETURNS TO MOUNT VERNON. THE INDIAN PROPHESY

On that fateful ninth of July, 1755, when Braddock and his army pressed on toward Fort Duquesne, Colonel Washington—who had been severely ill for several days—was left behind. But, well knowing that action was impending and feeling an imperative urge to be in the midst of it, he overtook the army in a camp wagon. Mounting his horse, he begged to be permitted to lead the advance, explaining that "Indians should be fought as our Rangers fight them."

General Braddock, however, was not accustomed to handing over the lead to twenty-three-year-old striplings; and, sharing the belief common among men of his type and station that only officers of mature years were capable of assuming such grave responsibility, haughtily rejected Washington's suggestion, exclaiming, in his most imperious manner:

"High times, by——, high times, when a young Buckskin can teach a British general how to fight!"

Under his grand manner, however, there was sincere admiration for this impetuous American who was willing to take such hazards—especially when sick enough to be in bed. To his servant, he said:

"Bishop, this young man is determined to go into action today, though he is too much weakened by illness for any such purpose. Have an eye to him, and render any assistance that may be necessary."

Washington swallowed his indignation as best he might, and, turning his horse, rode back to his own company—to lead them, as undoubtedly he feared, into the jaws of death.

"Hold your ground, my brave fellows, and draw your sights for the honor of old Virginia," he commanded, valiantly enough,—though his heart must have been heavy indeed.

Braddock was thoroughly familiar with fighting on the flat, open fields of Flanders, where one volley—from ranks three deep—often sufficed to decide a battle. But he knew nothing whatever of forest fighting, against an invisible Indian foe, whose specialty was sniping from a safe vantage-point—and scalping the men they hit.

Seven miles from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania (then Fort Duquesne), on what is known today as Braddock's Battlefield, in Braddock Borough, one comes upon a bronze tablet which tells, in brief, the story of that tragic ninth of July, 1755.[1] The British army had crossed the Monongahela River—close by the cabin of John Frazier (the first white man to build west of the Alleghenies),[2] in which George Washington had been entertained in 1753, while on his mission from Governor Dinwiddie to the French commander at Fort Le Bœuf—and had, presumably, halted for luncheon when they were attacked by the enemy.[3]

[1] See illustration on page 180.

[2] It is difficult to realize that as late as 1742 the farthest-west white man's habitation was built "one thousand feet due south" from the site of the tablet illustrated on page 180.

The commemoration of historical events by the erection of explanatory tablets is an educational step of vast importance, for which the patriotic societies responsible for many such tablets are to be warmly commended. In Boston alone one hundred and seven tablets have been placed; and the line reaches wherever patriot and pioneer have sought progress, power and wealth.

[3] Colonel John Eyre, in family records of Dr. William Elliot Griffis* hitherto

* Dr. Griffis has the unique distinction of having known intimately five men who were close friends of Washington. One was James M. Rush, M.D., another served with General Washington on the court martial of an officer who showed cowardice at Germantown, and the other three were equally prominent.

1. Washington's horse shot under him at Monongahela. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Co.* 2. Braddock's grave. 3. Washington at Monongahela. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*

Washington's own account of the disaster, in a letter written to Governor Dinwiddie,[1] states that the attacking party numbered "about three hundred French and Indians," while the British forces "consisted of about thirteen hundred armed men, chiefly regulars." Yet so unexpected was the attack, and so panic-stricken were the British soldiers, "that nothing but confusion and disobedience of orders prevailed amongst them. The officers in general behaved with incomparable bravery, for which they greatly suffered, there being near sixty killed and wounded. A large proportion out of the number we had!"[2]

In many instances, it transpired later, the men—in their blind, unreasoning terror—shot their own comrades. Thoroughly demoralized, they aimed at whatever was visible—chiefly their fellow-soldiers, the enemy's position being largely a matter of conjecture. An entire company of Virginia riflemen (Colonel Wagener's Rangers) was practically wiped out by their own forces—the British from overseas.

General Braddock was mortally wounded while endeavoring to rally his frenzied troops.[3] He was carried from

unpublished, disclosed the fact that some of Braddock's officers were lunching when killed, shreds of napkins still clinging to their coats when their bodies were recovered. He asserted that, while in charge of boat-building for the Royal troops on the Ohio river, he counted hundreds of scalped, unburied skeletons on the banks of the Monongahela. Thus an entirely new light is thrown on this harrowing tragedy.

The Pennylvania Magazine of History and Biography, Volume III, Number III, 1879, contains a detailed account, from Colonel Eyre's diary, of the appearance of the field in 1776, twenty-one years after the event. "Men's bones lying about, as thick as the leaves do on the ground; so thick that one lies on top of another for about half a mile in length and about one hundred yards in breadth. There was a tree cut in half by cannon balls; it was about two-and-a-half feet over."

[1] See facsimile of letter, pages 184–185.

[2] Eighty-six officers took part in the engagement.

[3] Watson, author of "Watson's Annals," states that he met in Philadelphia a Mr. Fawcett, who claimed to have shot General Braddock in the back at the battle of Monongahela, to avenge the death of his brother, whom Braddock had killed, he asserted, in cold blood. Fawcett was ninety-three years old when he made this statement.

the battle-field to a place which is now known as Braddock's Spring,[1] where his wounds were dressed as skilfully as the circumstances permitted. Supported in the arms of his faithful servant, Bishop, he grasped Washington's hand and exclaimed, with emotion:

"Oh, my dear Colonel, had I been governed by your advice we should never have come to this!"

Washington returned to the field, and by his prompt and level-headed action saved many of his men from slaughter. Dr. Craik, describing this critical juncture, said of him:

"I expected at any moment to see him fall; his duty and situation exposed him to every danger. Nothing but the superintending care of Providence could have saved him from the fate of all around him."

With most of Braddock's senior officers killed or wounded, Washington had no choice but to take command. "The Immortal"—a heroic figure in spite of his youth—galloped to and fro across the little plateau, hemmed in by ambushed ravines and a heavy timber growth—a shining mark for Indian bullets. Two horses went down to death under him; four bullets pierced his clothing; yet he remained unhurt. But his immunity is not inexplicable. Washington's work had but just begun; it had to be finished before Death could strike.[2]

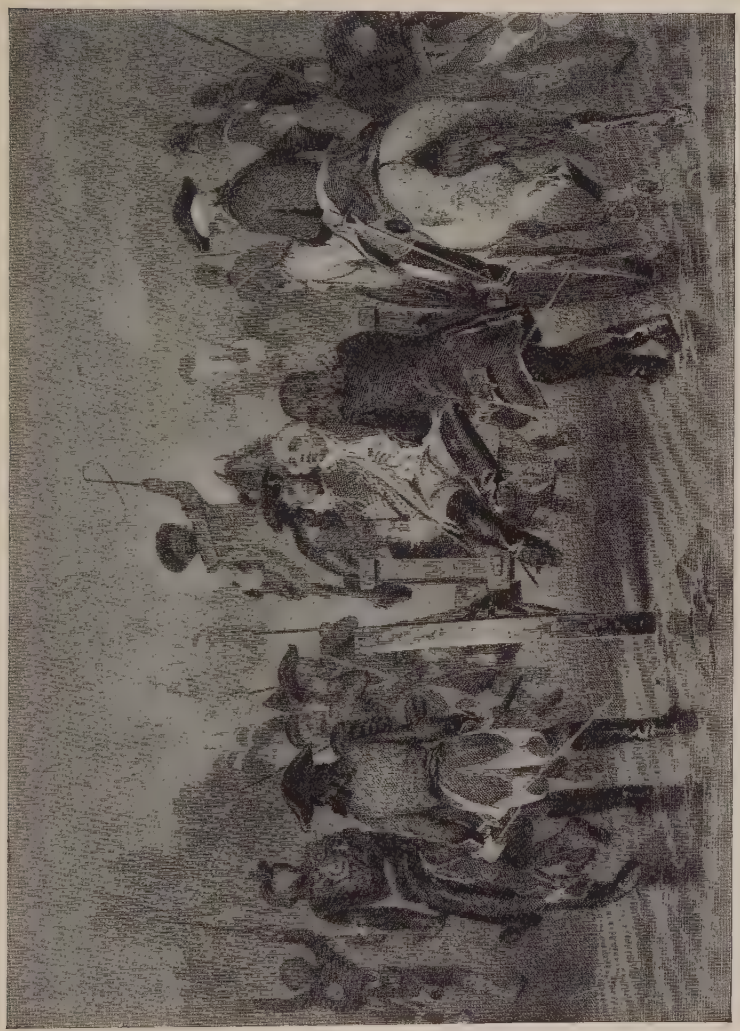
General Braddock died of his wounds three days after the battle (according to Washington's own account), and was buried in the trampled roadway—the better to conceal his resting-place and preserve it from Indian desecration. Washington, as the only surviving officer of rank, read the simple burial service over the General's remains. It was the closing scene—that of Sunday, July 13, 1755—of a dramatic

In his report to Governor Dinwiddie, however (see facsimile of letter, mentioned above), Colonel Washington distinctly states that "the General was shot in the shoulder and in the breast." (Refer to Note E, Appendix.)

[1] Another commemorative tablet marks this historic spot.

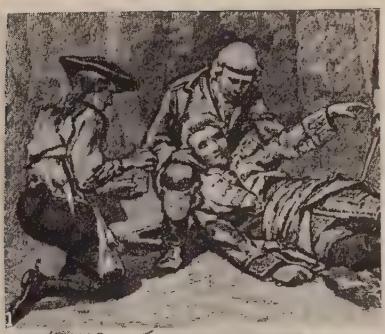
[2] Refer to the episode described on page 188.

week. The beginning had seen Washington, near to delirium from fever, following the advance in an ambulance-



Braddock carried wounded from the field. *Chappel.*

wagon; the end saw him in virtual command of the remnant of the army.



1. The wounded General Braddock. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*
2. Pine trees at Monongahela.
3. Battle-field and route to Fort Duquesne.
4. General Edward Braddock. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*

Imperious, wilful Braddock, in his dying moments, spoke of Washington in glowing terms, and left him his war charger and his personal servant, Thomas Bishop, as a special mark of favor. In later years Bishop, a mulatto, graduating from the servant class, became one of Washington's trusted farm superintendents.

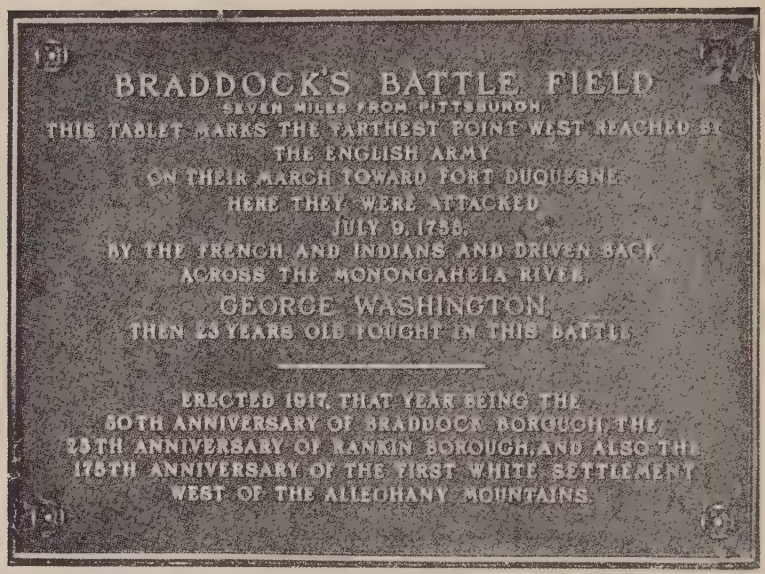
During his entire military career of some twoscore years, it is doubtful if duty ever urged Washington to a more painful task than the writing, from Fort Cumberland, of that letter to Governor Dinwiddie (to which reference has already been made) reporting the Monongahela disaster. Yet with admirable restraint he restricted himself to a simple statement of fact, without comment or reflection other than this remark:

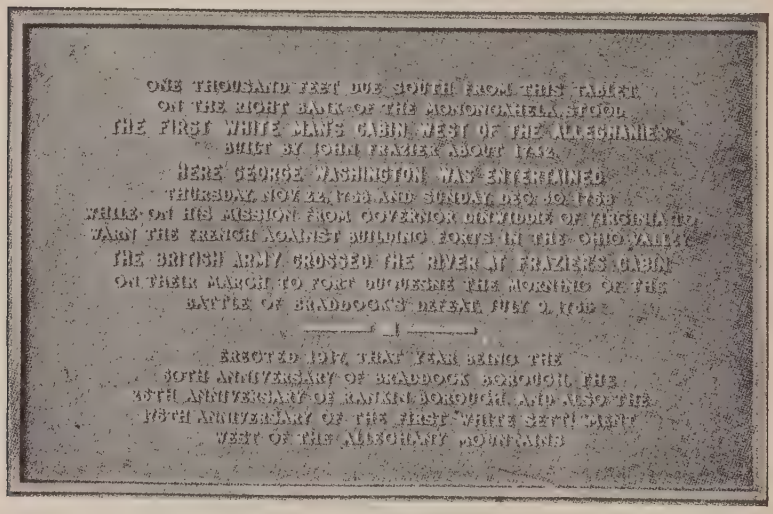
> "I tremble at the consequences that this defeat may have upon our back settlers, who, I suppose, will all leave their habitations unless there are proper measures taken for their security."

It is curious to note that the letter which Washington wrote to his mother[1] five days after the battle contains some phrases that are identical with those in the Dinwiddie letter, despite the fact that it has, as might be expected, a more personal tone, giving details that Washington appears to have mentioned to no one else—in particular, the item about his own miraculous escape from death. Following is an extract from this illuminating epistle:

> "Honored Madam:
>
> "As I doubt not you have heard of our defeat, and perhaps have had it represented in a worse light (if possible) than it deserves, I have taken this earliest opportunity to give you some account of the engagement, as it happened within seven miles of the French fort on Wednesday, the 9th inst. . . .

[1] See facsimile of letter on page 182.


BRADDOCK'S BATTLE FIELD
SEVEN MILES FROM PITTSBURGH
THIS TABLET MARKS THE FARTHEST POINT WEST REACHED BY
THE ENGLISH ARMY
ON THEIR MARCH TOWARD FORT DUQUESNE
HERE THEY WERE ATTACKED
JULY 9, 1755,
BY THE FRENCH AND INDIANS AND DRIVEN BACK
ACROSS THE MONONGAHELA RIVER.
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
THEN 23 YEARS OLD FOUGHT IN THIS BATTLE.
ERECTED 1917, THAT YEAR BEING THE
50TH ANNIVERSARY OF BRADDOCK BOROUGH, THE
25TH ANNIVERSARY OF RANKIN BOROUGH, AND ALSO THE
175TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST WHITE SETTLEMENT
WEST OF THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.


ONE THOUSAND FEET DUE SOUTH FROM THIS TABLET
ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE MONONGAHELA STOOD
THE FIRST WHITE MAN'S CABIN WEST OF THE ALLEGHANIES
BUILT BY JOHN FRAZIER ABOUT 1754.
HERE GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS ENTERTAINED
THURSDAY, NOV. 22, 1753 AND SUNDAY, DEC. 30, 1753
WHILE ON HIS MISSION FROM GOVERNOR DINWIDDIE OF VIRGINIA TO
WARN THE FRENCH AGAINST BUILDING FORTS IN THE OHIO VALLEY.
THE BRITISH ARMY CROSSED THE RIVER AT FRAZIER'S CABIN
ON THEIR MARCH TO FORT DUQUESNE THE MORNING OF THE
BATTLE OF BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT JULY 9, 1755.
ERECTED 1914, THAT YEAR BEING THE
50TH ANNIVERSARY OF BRADDOCK BOROUGH, THE
25TH ANNIVERSARY OF RANKIN BOROUGH, AND ALSO THE
175TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST WHITE SETTLEMENT
WEST OF THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS

Tablet commemorating Braddock's battle-field. © *J. & R. Lamb.*
Tablet commemorating site of the first white man's cabin west of the Alleghenies. © *J. & R. Lamb.*

"The General was wounded; of which he died three days after. . . . I luckily escaped without a wound, though I had four bullets through my coat and two horses shot under me. Two of the aides-de-camp were wounded early in the engagement, which rendered the duty harder upon me, as I was the only person then left to distribute the General's orders, which I was scarcely able to do, as I was not recovered from a violent illness that had confined me to my bed and a wagon for about ten days. I am still in a weak and feeble condition, which induces me to halt here two or three days in hopes of recovering a little strength to enable me to proceed homewards, from whence I fear I shall not be able to stir till towards September, so that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you till then, unless it be in Fairfax. . . .

"I am, Honored Madam,

"Your most dutiful son,

G. W."

It is characteristic of George Washington that, ill and duty-burdened as he was, he took time, in writing this letter, not only to allay his mother's anxiety, but to remember his relatives and friends—

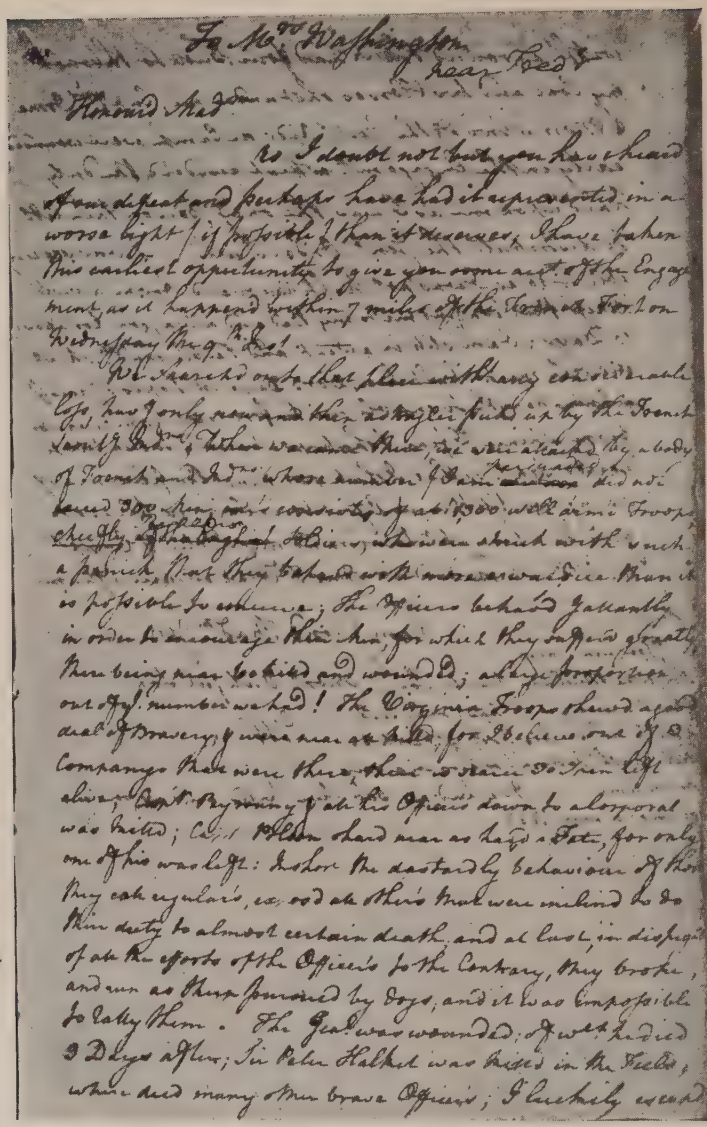
"Please to give my love to Mr. Lewis and my sister, and compliments to Mr. Jackson and all other friends that may inquire after me"——

and also to convey a reassuring message to the mother of one of his soldiers who "only received a slight wound in his foot." He concludes his postscript with this statement:

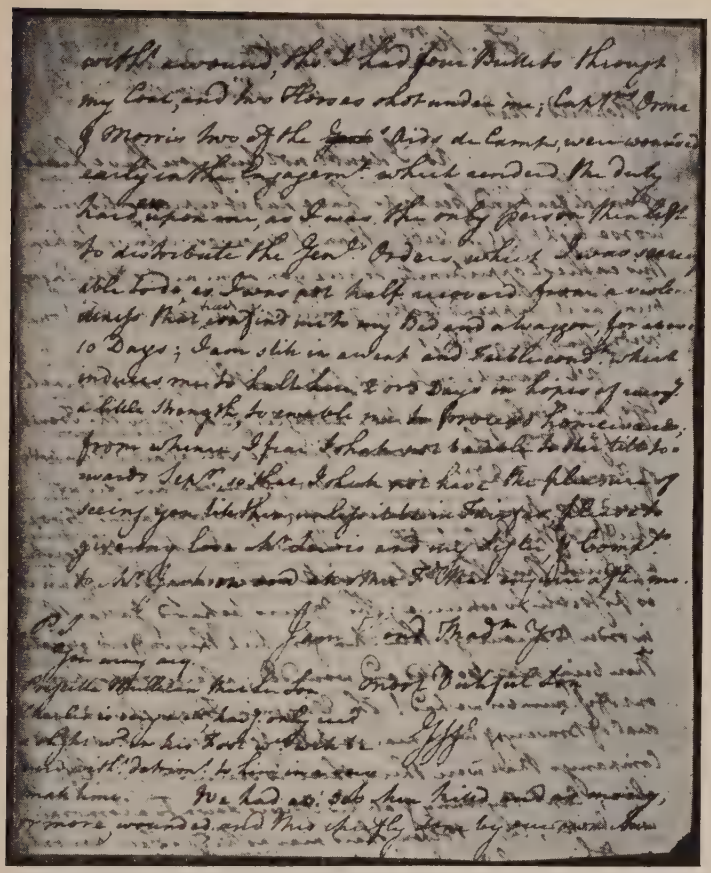
"We had about three hundred killed and as many wounded; and this chiefly done by our own men."

On Washington's home-coming[1] after this fiery ordeal, he received the following letter from a group of young friends who lived not far from Mount Vernon:

[1] July 26, 1755.



Washington's letter to his mother, written near the Monongahela battle-field.



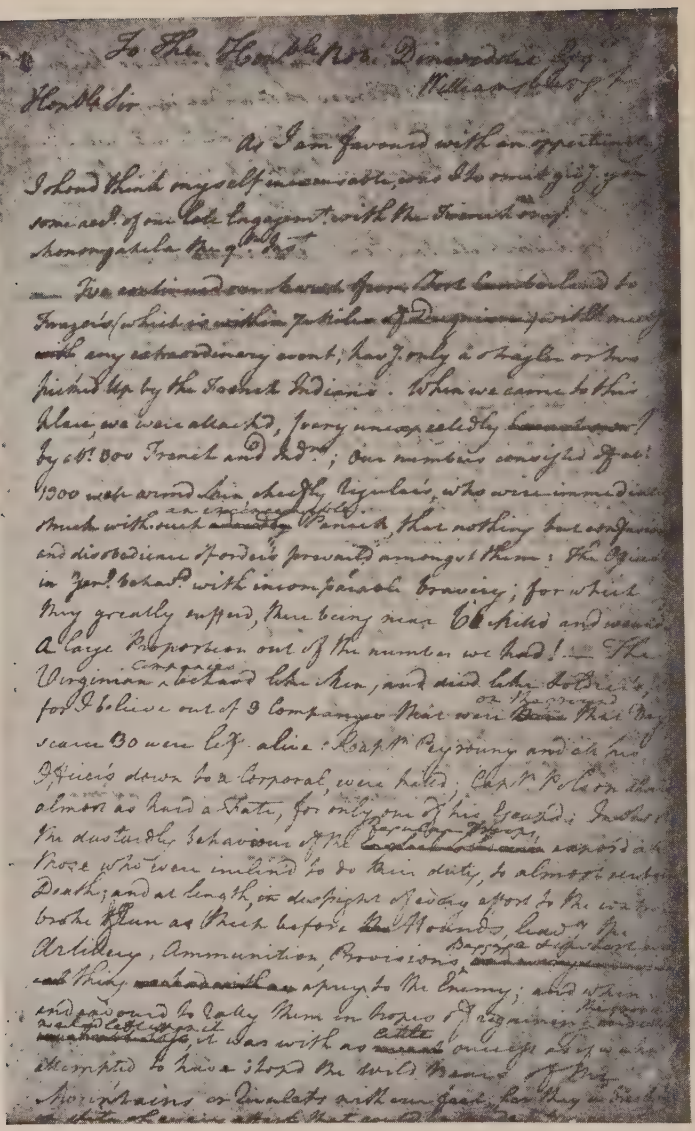
Washington's letter to his mother, written near the Monongahela battle-field.

"Dear Sir:

"After thanking Heaven for your safe return, I must accuse you of great unkindness in refusing us the pleasure of seeing you this night. . . .

"If you will not come to us to-morrow morning very early, we shall be at Mount Vernon.

"Sally Fairfax
"Ann Spearing
"Eliz'th Dent."

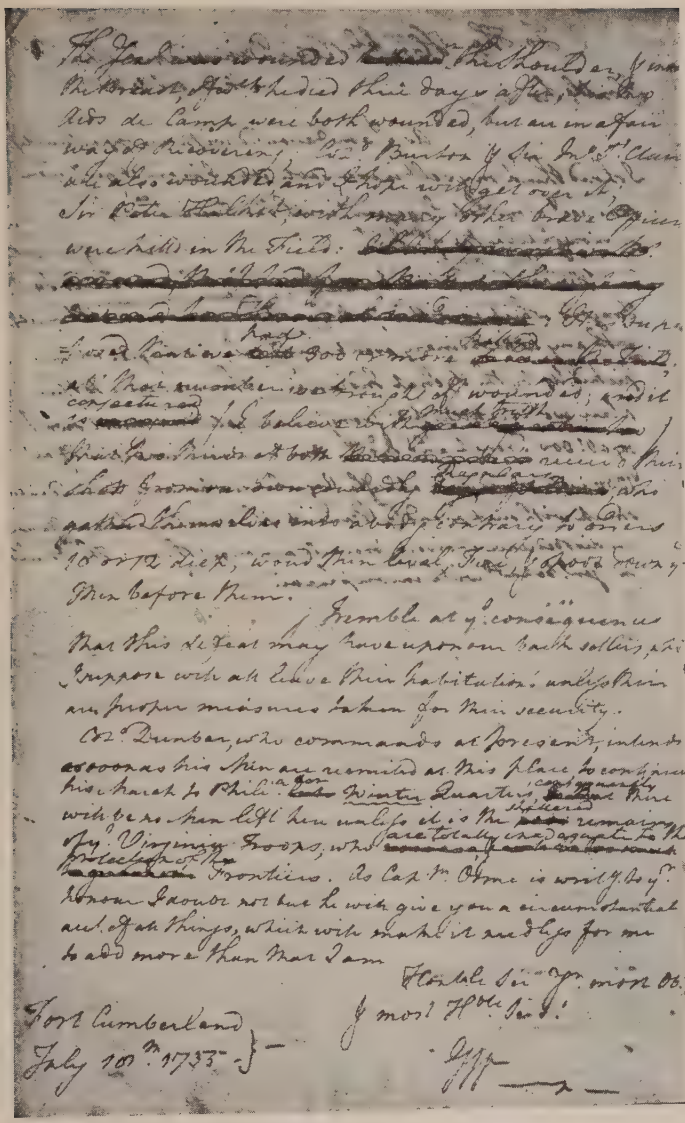


To The Honble Robt Dinwiddie Esqr
Honble Sir

As I am favoured with an opportunity I should think myself inexcusable, was I to omit giving you some accot of our late Engagement with the French on the Ohio. The Honble Major Carlyle

We arrived on the Ground from Fort Cumberland to Fort Necessity, which is within 15 miles of the place of Action, without any extraordinary event, but only a Straggler or two picked up by the Scouting Indians. When we came to this Place, we were alarmed, early in the morning, by a Body of French and Indians; our numbers consisted of about 400 men, and their's (by the best accounts) of 1000 at least, who were immediately drawn up in Battalia, and huzzaed three times, before we fired a Gun. The Engagement began with uncommon Briskness on both sides, but the superiority of Numbers soon turned the Scale against us. Our Men were dispirited before the Firing of the Enemy, by the incessant Rains, which prevented the use of their Guns, and rendered their Cartridges unfit for Service. In short, the Odds were too great to withstand; we therefore, after sustaining the Attack for upwards of an hour, retreated to a small Entrenchment in the Meadows, leaving our Artillery, Ammunition, Provisions, Baggage & Horses in the Enemy's Possession. We had 3 Men killed upon the Spot, and 4 wounded, one of which died the next day. Among the former is unfortunately to be numbered Capt. Mackay, whose Independent Company, I am persuaded, would have fought to the last Extremity, rather than have given up, had they been properly supported. But unhappily, the Reverse of this was the Case; for the Soldiers, instead of being inspired with Courage by the Example of their Officers, basely huddled together, and refused to fight. Capt. Mackay, with a few brave Men, did all in their Power to rally them, and repeatedly exposed himself in the most undaunted manner, but to no purpose; for they would not be commanded by any Body. Finding it impossible to keep the Ground, we retreated to the Entrenchment, from whence we marched off next Morning, and arrived at the Great Meadows the Evening following, where I had left a Detachment of Men to work at a Road which I had begun to make from the Place where I first met with the Enemy, to the Mountain, in order to bring up the Cannon; but upon receiving Intelligence of the Action, they had retired to the Mountain, where I found them, and encamped. Here I was joined by Capt. Mackay's Independent Company, and a Detachment of Virginians under Capt. Vanbraam, and Mr. Stobo, with about 100 Indians. Finding it impossible to proceed to the Fort, for want of Provisions, Ammunition, Carriages for the Cannon, and Horses to transport our Baggage, I was obliged to call a Council of War, in which it was unanimously agreed to return to this Place, and wait for Supplies, Reinforcements, Provisions, &c. before we attempted to go forward again. Accordingly we marched back to the Great Meadows, where we arrived the 3d Instant, and have since been employed in building a Fort for the Security of the Wounded, Stores, &c. which we shall leave here under a Guard, when we advance to the Monongahela. We expect Reinforcements from Fort Cumberland, and Provisions from Wills Creek, every Day. Our Numbers at present are 200 Men fit for Duty, including Officers; and we are assured that Monsr Contrecoeur has left the Fort with 1000 Men, in order to attack us. Should he be inclined to pursue us to this Place, I am in hopes we shall be able to make a successful Defence, as we are now posted to the best Advantage, and have Actions to animate us, which will be irresistible with Freemen, fighting for their Country, Liberty, and Property. Our brave Indian Allies, seeing the Regulars quit the Field, observed, that we fought like Women, and deserved to be killed in the Petticoats. Their Contempt of the Behaviour of the Virginians, in general, was unbounded, and they declared, that if they had been properly supported, they would have driven the French before them. Monsr Jumonville, who was sent by Monsr Contrecoeur, as Ambassador, to demand the Reason of my building a Fort on the Ground, and marching an Army into the Country, was killed in the Action. I have the Pleasure to inform you, that Mr. Fry arrived at Wills Creek, with a Reinforcement, the Day after I left it. I am sorry to inform you, that Colo. Fry died on the Road, of a Fever, occasioned by a Fall from his Horse. By his Death, the Command of the Regiment devolves upon me, which I shall endeavour to support with Honour, and Resolution. I am, Honble Sir, Your most obedient Servant

Facsimile of Washington's letter to Dinwiddie.



Facsimile of Washington's letter to Dinwiddie.

To the Honble Rob. Dinwiddie, Esq.
Williamsburg

Honble Sir:

As I am favored with an opportunity, I should think myself inexcusable was I to omit giving you some account of our late engagement with the French at Monongahela the 9th inst.

We continued our march from Fort Cumberland to Frazer's (which is within 7 miles of Duquesne) without meeting any extraordinary event, having only a straggler or two picked up by the French Indians. When we came to this place we were attacked and very unexpectedly, by about 300 French and Indians. Our numbers consisted of about 1300 well armed men, chiefly regulars, who were immediately struck with such an inexcusable panick that nothing but confusion and disobedience of orders prevailed amongst them. The officers in general behaved with incomparable bravery, for which they greatly suffered, there being near 60 killed and wounded — a large proportion out of the number we had! The Virginia companies behaved like men, and died like soldiers, for I believe out of three companies that were on the ground that day scarce 30 were left alive. Captain Peyrouny and all his officers down to a corporal were killed. Captain Polson shared almost as hard a fate, for only one of his escaped. In short, the dastardly behaviour of the regular troops exposed all those who were inclined to do their duty to almost certain death, and at length, despite every effort to the contrary, broke and ran as sheep before hounds, leaving the artillery, ammunition, provisions, baggage, and in short, everything, a prey to the enemy, and when we endeavoured to rally them, in hopes of regaining the ground which we had left, it was with as little success as if we had attempted to have stopped the wild bears of the mountains or rivulets with our feet, for they were breaking in spite of every effort that could be made to prevent it. The General was wounded in the shoulder and in the breast, of which he died three days after, his two aides-de-camp are both wounded, but are in a fair way of recovering. Col. Burton and St. Clair were also wounded, and I hope will get over it. Sir Peter Halbert with many other brave officers were killed on the field. It is supposed that we had 300 or more killed; about that number we brought off wounded, and it is conjectured — I believe with much truth — that two-thirds of both received their shots from our own cowardly Regulars, who gathered themselves into a body, contrary to orders, 10 or 12 deep, and would then level, fire, and shoot down those before them.

I tremble at ye consequences that this defeat may have upon our back settlers who I suppose will leave their habitations unless there are proper measures taken for their security.

Colonel Dunbar, who commands at present, intends, as soon as his men are reconnoitred at this place, to continue his march to Philadelphia for winter quarters, consequently there will be no men left here unless it is the scattered remains of ye Virginia troops, who are totally inadequate to the protection of the frontiers.

As Captain Orme is writing to your honour, I doubt not but he will give you a circumstantial account of all things, which will make it needless for me to add more than that I am

Honble Sir, yr most ob't
and most humble serv't
G. W.——n

Fort Cumberland
July 10, 1753.

Washington's keen, if quiet, humor reveals itself when, referring to an occasion upon which General Braddock had sent him to Williamsburg to obtain four thousand pounds for the military chest, he whimsically observes:

> "It required two days to assemble an escort of eight men, and I believe it would not have required as many seconds dispersing them if I had been attacked."

To his half-brother, Augustine Washington, he wrote, in 1755:

> "I heard a circumstantial account of my death and dying speech. I take this early opportunity of contradicting the first, and assuring you that I have not yet composed the latter."

An echo from the Mŏnongahela tragedy reached Washington's ears long afterward.[1] The British government had made a land grant of many thousands of acres to soldiers who had taken part in the march to the Ohio and the battle of the Monongahela in 1755. A project was on foot to sell these lands, and Washington journeyed again through the wilderness for the purpose of surveying and mapping out the entire region. Always a fervent champion of the grant, and eager to designate allotments for his former troops, he gladly undertook the task.

While he and his party were encamped on the banks of a stream, a band of Indians approached, and, through an interpreter, stated that the Indian chief who had commanded the tribes at the battle of Monongahela some seventeen years before, now the most powerful chief among the Indians, wished to pay his respects to Colonel Washington, who had blocked the extermination of Braddock's army. When the chief approached,—tall, dignified and impassive,—Washington tried in every way to penetrate his reserve, but without success,—wine, tobacco and food

[1] In 1770 or 1772.

all being refused in turn. But when the council fire was kindled, the Grand Sachem turned to Washington, and said:

"I am a chief, and the ruler over many tribes. My influence extends to the waters of the Great Lakes and to the far blue mountains. I have travelled a long and weary path that I might see the young warrior of the great battle.

"I am old, and shall soon be gathered to the great council fire of my fathers in the Land of Shades, but ere I go there is a something bids me speak in the voice of prophecy. Listen! The Great Spirit protects that man and guides his destinies. He will become the Chief of Nations, and a people yet unborn will hail him as the founder of a mighty empire.

"It was on a day when the white man's blood mixed with the streams of our forest that I first beheld this chief. I called to my young men, and said:

" 'Mark yon tall and daring warrior! He is not of the Redcoat tribe. He hath an Indian's wisdom. His warriors fight as we do—himself is alone exposed. Quick!—let your aim be certain, and he dies!'

"Our muskets were levelled—muskets that, but for him, knew not how to miss. 'Twas all in vain; a Power mightier far than we shielded him from harm. He cannot die in battle!"[1]

After the Monongahela battle, Colonel Dunbar, with his British regulars, retreated in mid-July to what he termed "winter quarters" in Philadelphia. Death had stalked too closely in the underbrush, and the cruelties of scalp-stripping Indians were too vividly before the eyes of British soldiers,

[1] Washington's physician and friend, Dr. Craik, expressed implicit faith in the Indian chief's prophecy, and referred to it during the Revolutionary War, when Washington was often under fire and several times narrowly escaped death—notably at Princeton, Monmouth and Yorktown when ambushed at Brandywine, and shot between the fingers at Trenton.

The chief added, before returning to his wigwam, that he himself had fired point blank at Washington no fewer than seventeen times, in the Monongahela battle.

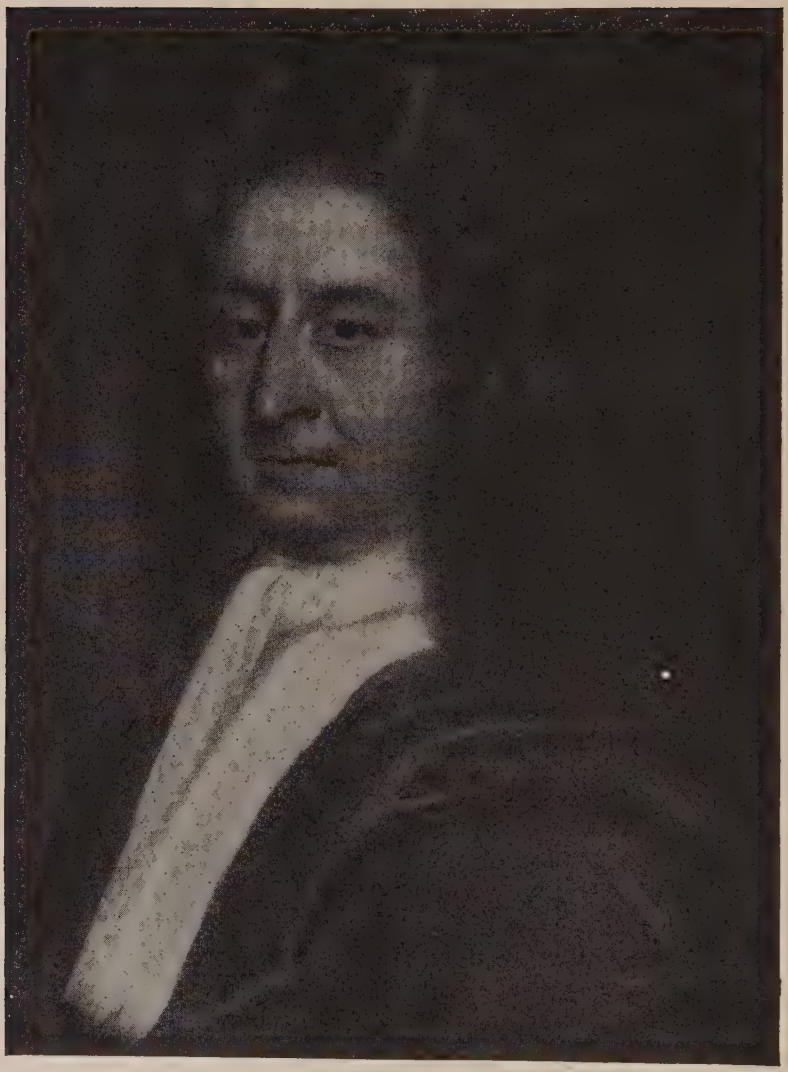
to warrant tarrying in any such dangerous neighborhood. This unmilitary action left the border unprotected, save as Washington—with what was left of the army—could intimidate a pride-swollen enemy; and it was not long before the old wrangle between Royal and Colonial military authority asserted itself. Washington thus found himself in the distasteful position of a nominal Commander-in-Chief in violent opposition to a recalcitrant subordinate—Captain Dagoworthy, of Maryland. Governor Dinwiddie's failure—as usual—to settle the question decided Washington to leave Colonel Adam Stephen in command and make a personal appeal to Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts,—at that time the highest military authority in the British Colonies in America.

Garbed in a striking uniform of buff-and-blue,[1] with a white-and-scarlet cloak, and all the trappings of aides, servants, horses, and other insignia of a high military command, Washington made a sensation as he rode across country to Boston,[2] detouring by way of Yonkers on a personal and private errand which shall be explained in due course; but after interviewing Governor Shirley, and tramping Boston's narrow, tortuous streets with Colonels Stewart and Mercer, his brothers-in-arms, he had the satisfaction of returning to his command invested with all the authority of Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces.

During Washington's absence conditions at the border had not improved, and scenes of devastation and death—

[1] Buff-and-blue were colors borrowed from the Whigs of England (America's friends in Parliament), and were significant of Whig politics as instituted under William III, the first Constitutional Sovereign.

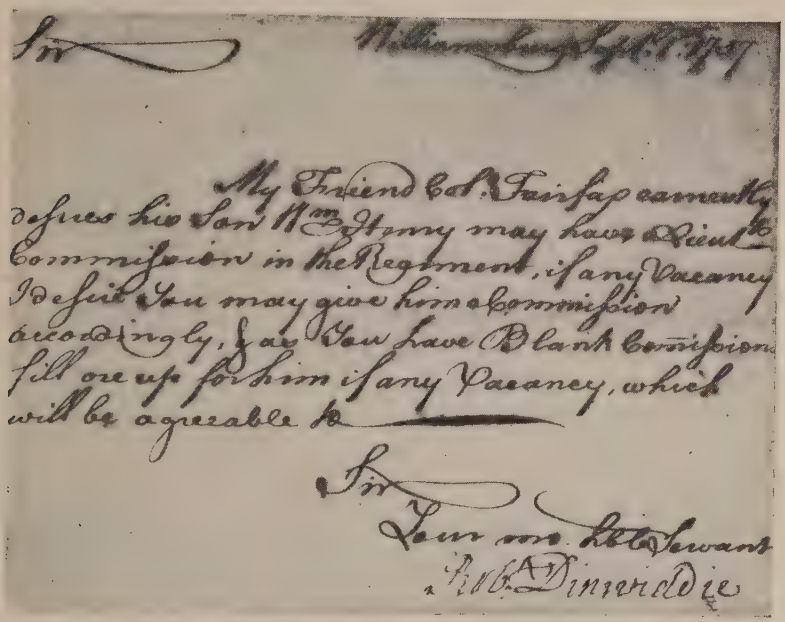
[2] Starting February 4, 1756, on this first of his three visits to Boston, Washington stopped at the Cromwell Head on School Street, said to have occupied the site next to that of Ann Hutchinson's home at the corner of Washington and School Streets (the latter being Boston's second settled street). In a restaurant now located on this spot, one may partake of Boston baked beans, Washington pie and other New England dainties, musing meanwhile of the Great Commander who, in the heyday of his life, may have stopped on the same plot of ground and consumed similar viands.



Portrait of William Shirley, Colonial Governor of Massachusetts from 1741 to 1756, to whom Washington applied to ratify his commission as Commander-in-Chief. *Painted by John Smibert.*

caused by marauding Indians—were so frequent and so distressing that he wrote, referring to them:[1]

> "I remember these things so harassed my heart with grief that I solemnly declare to God, if I know myself, I would gladly offer my own life for sacrifice to the butchering enemy if I could thereby insure the safety of my poor distressed countrymen."



Letter from Governor Dinwiddie to Washington.[2]

Against the advice of his physician—his health being still greatly impaired—Washington continued to protect the border as well as might be with the meagre and unruly force at his command.[3] However, the French and Indian War, work-

[1] After reading this letter from Washington to Dinwiddie, can any critic declare Washington a "heartless aristocrat"?

[2] This letter from Dinwiddie is inserted only because of its rarity.

[3] Tippling houses, among other things, were a source of tremendous annoyance to Washington while in command, being frequently the cause of a depleted and

Washington at Winchester, receiving thanks of women and children whom he had saved from the torch and scalping knife of Indians.

ing northward, was now chiefly concentrated on the Canadian border; and, for the time being, Virginia was no longer the centre of military activities. Winchester had been fortified and many border forts erected, Washington's memorable gallop across country to the rescue of this historic city having had the effect of saving, not the city only, but practically the entire border.

Washington's campaign against the manifest injustice meted out to Colonial soldiers was long and persistent. In 1756 he wrote to Governor Dinwiddie:

> "We cannot conceive that because we are Americans we should therefore be deprived of the benefits common to British subjects, nor that it should lessen our claim to preferment. And we are certain that no body of regular troops ever before served three bloody campaigns without royal notice."

In December, 1756, at Dr. Craik's solicitation, Washington retired to Mount Vernon for another short respite from military duty; but in 1757, with renewed vigor, he was once more at the front.

In view of Governor Dinwiddie's persistent refusal to support Washington in critical moments, it is amusing to note that, in 1756, he volunteers to advise the young officer upon the correct method of beginning a war:

> "The method that you are to declare war is at the head of your companies, with three volleys of small arms and His Majesty's health for a successful war."

It might, one imagines, have been nearer to the point had he stood more valiantly on the side of his officers once the war was under way. However, in September, 1757, one finds him asking a favor of Colonel Washington, in the form of a commission for William Henry Fairfax, son of Colonel

demoralized army. In that age, soldier and civilian often vied with each other in consuming vast quantities of hard liquor, these "bouts" usually ending in a drunken stupor under the table.

Fairfax. Colonel Fairfax's death must have followed quickly on the heels of this request; for in the same month Washington writes his mother that he has attended Colonel Fairfax's funeral.[1] He refers, in this letter, to his brother Charles'

Garden decorations of early times.

impending marriage; and concludes with the statement that he is about to set out for Winchester.

Washington, though just in his treatment of his men, was stern and inflexible when the occasion demanded. During his war experiences, he was compelled—for the preservation of military discipline—to order the execution of many a

[1] See page 207.

deserter, poltroon and traitor, and—however repugnant the act—unhesitatingly did his duty. In 1757 he wrote to Governor Dinwiddie:

> "Your honor will, I hope, excuse my hanging, instead of shooting them. It conveyed much more terror to others, and it was for example's sake that we did it."

Many vexations and trials beset Washington at this time. The Governor was becoming less and less responsive to the young officer's appeals for necessary supplies. On the fifth of October, 1757, Washington wrote to Dinwiddie in these despairing terms:

> "I am much grieved to find our stores so slow advancing. God knows when we shall be able to do anything for to deserve better of our country."

Ultimately the Governor withheld practically all aid from his commanding officer in the field; and, unable longer to endure a situation which had, indeed, become intolerable, Washington—in great bitterness of spirit—writes thus to Dinwiddie:

> "If you think me capable of holding a commission that has neither rank nor emolument annexed to it, you must entertain a very contemptible opinion of my weakness, and believe me to be more empty than the commission itself."

Shortly afterward he returned to Mount Vernon; but eventually Dinwiddie was succeeded in office by Governor Francis Fauquier, and to the new Executive Washington hopefully unfolded the plan upon which he had long set his heart—to capture Fort Duquesne, and, by the possession of that important French base, stop at once and forever the possibility of future Indian raids and massacres on the border.

Fauquier, however, seemed incapable of grasping the importance of the problem involved; and Washington found

TO GOVERNOR DINWIDDIE.

FORT LOUDOUN, 5 October, 1757.[1]

HONBLE, SIR,

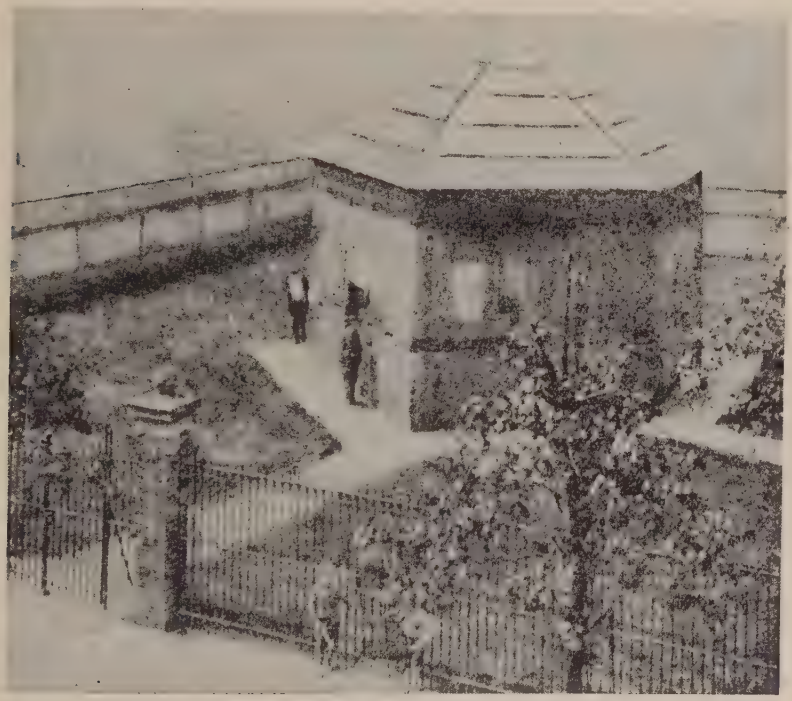
Both your Honor's letters of the 24th ultimo I received by Jenkins. As I cannot now send a proper monthly return of the regiment, for want of the remarks of the officers at the out-posts, I enclose your Honor an exact return, however, of our effective strength, and how disposed of, which will at present answer the end proposed equally well. I likewise send you enclosed the return of provisions, specifying the time they will serve.

I am informed "the contractor is to lay in the provisions for the troops in New-Hampshire, at this place; that he is to have 6*d* a man per diem for the whole he supplies, and that he is not to pay those who must inevitably be employed in issuing out the provisions at the different garrisons."

This information, I flatter myself, is without foundation; as it is beyond doubt that provisions could be purchased in Hampshire, where the troops are quartered for half of what the contractor has for laying them in here, and that the amount of waggonage and other charges of transporting these provisions from hence to N. Hampshire will exceed the whole cost of the provisions, if purchased there; not to mention the great risque, trouble of escorts, &c., &c.

[1] Acknowledged by Dinwiddie as written on the 3d.

himself in the same anomalous position as in the previous year under Dinwiddie's rule—that of a Commander-in-Chief without an adequate army and with no substantial backing at Executive Headquarters. Unable, in the circumstances, to handle masterfully a desperate situation—and equally unable to withstand the ravages of constant exposure, fre-



Stone redoubt built by Bouquet in 1765 at Pittsburgh.

quent attacks of fever, and continuous mental disturbance—Washington's health again broke down.[1] Disappointed, sick at heart as well as in body, he returned to the shelter of his beloved Mount Vernon, apparently doomed to death.

[1] George Mason, a close friend, wrote Washington on his obligation to himself and his country to safeguard his health. Mason was ably seconded by Dr. Craik, who insisted that death would be the inevitable result if Washington remained in the military service.

CHAPTER XI

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART. GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE BRILLIANT YOUNG COMMANDER, PROVES AN UNSUCCESSFUL SUITOR UNTIL DESTINY LEADS HIM TO THE WIDOW CUSTIS. THE FORBES EXPEDITION. CAPTURE AND REBUILDING OF FORT DUQUESNE. WASHINGTON RESIGNS HIS COMMISSION FROM MARS TO ACCEPT ONE FROM EROS

It is not to be supposed that Colonel Washington, now in his twenty-seventh year, had remained so long a bachelor from choice, nor that he had travelled thus far along the Road of Life without experiencing something of what was called, in the flowery if somewhat stilted language of his day, "the tender passion."

On the contrary, there is quite irrefutable evidence that he was several times strongly attracted to one or another of the many charming young ladies whom he met, from time to time, in the social world. But it is equally apparent that he was not very fortunate in his wooing. Perhaps he was too bashful when in the presence of his *inamorata* of the moment; perhaps he was stricken dumb when speech was in order; or it may have been that his frequent and prolonged absences on a soldier's business were prejudicial to his cause. But, whatever the reason or reasons may have been, it is certain that he suffered many heart-pangs during those years of his young manhood. Mary Cary, Lucy Grimes and Mary Bland were but a few of the lively, handsome girls who were friends of the high-spirited young officer; and of these—as of other feminine paragons of his acquaintance—he makes mention in his writings. But the two who made the deepest

impression upon his naturally warm heart were the lovely Betsey Fauntleroy and—later—the equally adorable Mary Philipse.

His attachment to Betsey Fauntleroy[1] was undoubtedly a serious affair—for him. To this fair maiden—his "Low-land Beauty," as he poetically called her—he indited both prose and verse in lavish measure; and although he was scarcely more than a boy at the time, which may or may

Betsey Fauntleroy, Washington's "Low-land Beauty."

Mary, sister of Sarah Cary, who afterward married George William Fairfax.

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not have been the real reason for his ultimate discomfiture, he was sufficiently mature of mind and heart to write a straightforward, man-to-man letter to her father as the romance progressed, and he reached his twentieth year—a letter which serves to indicate the direct manner in which Washington was accustomed to meet any matter that came into his life, whether it were love or war.

[1] Betsey Fauntleroy, whose home was about fifteen miles from Wakefield, was three years younger than George Washington. The romance evidently began when Washington was about fifteen or sixteen years old.

"May 20, 1752.

"To William Fauntleroy, Esq.

"Sir:—

I should have been down long before this, but my business in Frederick detained me longer than I expected, and immediately upon my return from thence I was taken with a violent pleurisy, which has reduced me very low; but purpose as soon as I recover my strength to wait on Miss Betsey, in hopes of a revocation of the former cruel sentence, and see if I can meet with any alteration in my favor. I have enclosed a letter to her, which should be much obliged to you for delivery of it.

"I have nothing to add but my best respects to your good lady and family.

"Your . . .

"George Washington."

However, Mistress Betsey Fauntleroy was not for George Washington; and some time afterward she married another.

Then, four years later, there was Mary Philipse, the sprightly belle of upper New York, whose home was Philipse Manor, on the Hudson, near Yonkers. It was to pay court to this Colonial beauty that Washington made the detour referred to in the preceding chapter, when, in all the magnificence of a Colonel's uniform and the added impressiveness inseparable from a well-appointed military staff and entourage, he rode across country on his first visit to Boston.

In this affair, too, Washington seems to have been deeply love-smitten; for when he rode away he asked a friend to keep him posted as to the lady's welfare. But—alas!—neither flutterings of the heart nor a prodigal display of silver lace helped his suit with Mary Philipse, for some two years afterward she married Washington's friend, young Roger Morris.[1]

[1] When the Revolutionary War cloud began to darken the horizon, Roger Morris lapsed into Toryism and forfeited Washington's regard. The rift between

Looking backward over the intervening years,—more than a century and a half,—one wonders at all this. It does not seem to fit the picture. But Madame Destiny had someone else in store for the gallant Washington.

In the spring of 1758, being called to Williamsburg on important business, Washington stopped, on his way thither, at Williams Ferry, to dine with an old friend and comrade, Major Chamberlayne; and there he met, possibly for the

1. Morris House (Jumel mansion), N. Y., Washington's headquarters at one time.
2. Mary Philipse.

first time, an interesting and attractive young widow—Martha Parke Custis.

It would appear, from subsequent developments, that Washington's impending decline was immediately arrested; that, in the miracle of love, "the giving that is gaining," the physicians were put entirely out of court, the tragic event they had so lugubriously prophesied being indefinitely post-

the two men was doubtless widened when General Washington commandeered the Morris home in Harlem for his New York Headquarters. This famous Colonial residence is familiar to modern New Yorkers as the Jumel Mansion. It was for a time the home of Aaron Burr, after his marriage to Madame Jumel, the enchantress, whose first husband had purchased it. Burr met Madame Jumel as her attorney.

poned. Washington resumed his journey to Williamsburg and transacted his business there; but upon his return, a few days later, he called on Mrs. Custis at her home, and—with the same promptness that he evinced in other important affairs of his life—laid his heart at the widow's feet. And this time he did not sue in vain. Before he left the house, George Washington and Martha Parke Custis had plighted their troth.[1]

Mrs. Custis was a young woman of charm, personality and good sense; small and plump, with dark hair and hazel eyes; vivacious and with something of a will of her own, if one may judge by her portrait.[2] Some three months younger than her fiancé, she was the daughter of Colonel John Dandridge, a planter of New Kent County, Va., and a thorough gentlewoman, by birth and by training. Her late husband, Daniel Parke Custis, also a wealthy planter, of New Kent, had left her well endowed with mundane possessions and, in addition, with two charming children, John Parke Custis (Jack) and Martha Parke Custis (Patsy). Two other children had died in infancy. Mrs. Custis and her little family lived at the White House, a spacious and picturesquely environed residence of the familiar Virginia type.[3]

From that hour to the present, it has been the occasional custom to criticize Washington for marrying a wealthy widow. Even John Adams, sometimes a bit rough-shod, voiced the thought on more than one occasion. But why should a man in Washington's position in the Virginia world not marry in his own sphere?

Critics have also exceeded their province in assuming that Washington's call on the prospective heiress, Mary

[1] An entry in Washington's diary, May 4, 1758, refers to the purchase of a ring for sixteen shillings. It may be assumed that this is the engagement ring.

[2] See page 241. This portrait is said to have been painted at about the time of her marriage to George Washington. Wollaston is the artist.

[3] Further reference to the Custis home will be found in Note F, Appendix.

Philipse, was a still hunt for wealth to be acquired by marriage. Such an assumption is unworthy of one who has kept close step with this great American across the stage of life. No doubt Martha Custis was as frequently complimented on her match as her distinguished husband was on his.

At this romantic period in his career, Washington—with his clear-cut features, blue-gray eyes and military carriage—must have been an attractive figure. This "Great Chief" who had won such brilliant success as a soldier was easily

Philipse town house, Yonkers, New York.

the most accomplished horseman of his time in Virginia—as he was also the most efficient officer in the Colonial Army; and in any assembly of his peers he was very convincing when he chose to speak. He had some fame, too, as a graceful dancer—a form of recreation to which he was extremely partial. In point of fact, whatever he undertook to do at all he did well and promptly both in boyhood and manhood. Cards and billiards may have been the exception to this rule; for, while he was fond of both, he frankly admits that he was a frequent—though not a heavy—loser. Washington's

diaries show losses for several years of barely one hundred dollars. Gambling was evidently not a besetting sin.

1. Chamberlain House, where Washington met Martha Custis at a dinner party.
2. Washington's first call on Mrs. Custis in her home, the White House. *Chappel.*

It was the era of ruffles and lace, for the gentleman as well as the grand dame; and Washington, although never a

fop, made a point of being carefully groomed and modishly attired. Whether of black velvet, purple satin, or more practical material, his apparel was invariably suited to the occasion upon which he wore it—as soldier or official, citizen or planter.[1] His linen was fine and immaculately laundered; his clothing was of the best quality, and was usually made in England by a fashionable tailor. During the French and Indian campaign, in 1755, he wrote to his half-brother Augustine, who was then in England:

> "As wearing boots is quite the mode, and mine in a declining state, I must beg of you to procure me a pair which is good and neat."

Perfumed hair powder and pomatum, powder bags and puffs, were part of the appurtenances of his dressing-table, after the manner of the times. Later in life, his inclination for ornate dress gave way to more subdued taste, though he still used rich fabrics.

Always correctly gloved and shod, his large hands and feet—his right hand was exceptionally large—were not unduly prominent. With his six feet, three and one-half inches of height,[2] an erect, soldierly and well-knit frame,[3] elegant attire, buckles at knees and insteps, and steel-hilted sword in white leather scabbard slung at his left side, Colonel George Washington, we may be assured, was easily the centre of interest in any gathering, no matter how many other notables might be present. Washington's stationery carried his individual water mark.

[1] In the forest, Washington frequently adopted Indian dress for himself and his riflemen, this mode of attire enabling them to move through the dense brush more easily and quickly, and less conspicuously, than in the somewhat elaborate military uniform of the time.

[2] Dr. Dick definitely settled the question of height when he measured Washington's body in the casket and stated its height then was six feet three and a half inches.

[3] To the end of his life, Washington preserved his erect figure and soldierly bearing.

Washington was now given a real command, under General Forbes, in what proved to be one of the last of the campaigns undertaken to prevent the wholesale slaughter of Virginia planters and their families by French and Indian marauders. Forbes was sent to the frontier with a well-equipped army, but—like his predecessor, General Braddock—he did not take kindly to Washington's advice, which, though invariably sound, practical, and based upon long experience, was often rejected.

Watermark in Washington's stationery.

In the meantime Washington's plans for his marriage went on apace.[1] Love's impatience could ill brook the delays inseparable from the primitive postal service of those days; nor could it hurry the mail carrier whose task it was to jog doggedly on horseback over plank roads and woodland bridle paths, plunging through swamp lands and fords. During the eight tedious months of correspondence and "watchful waiting" that covered Washington's courtship, there were but few interviews between the betrothed pair—oases in a desert waste of separation.

One of the letters that Washington wrote to Martha Custis during these months has been preserved.[2] Penned while on the march, it reads strangely, yet touchingly, in these trying days:

> "We have begun our march to the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg, and I embrace the oppor-

[1] Mary Ball Washington, overjoyed at the prospect of her son's marriage, made a number of engagement presents to the bride-to-be. Some of these treasured heirlooms have recently found their way to Mount Vernon, where they may still be seen.

[2] Only this and one other letter written by Washington to his wife are known to be still in existence. The second, written in 1775, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, will be found on page 317.

TO MRS. MARY WASHINGTON.

MOUNT VERNON, 30 Sept., 1757

HONORED MADAM—

Your letter by Mr. Smith I received on my way to Col. Fairfax's[1] funeral; in answer to that part relative to my Brother Charles' Marriage I shall observe, that if there is no other objection than the one you mention, it may soon be removed; and that Mrs. Thornton, if she believes I am capable of taking these ungenerous advantages, knows little of the principles which govern my conduct. However I suppose Mrs. Thornton is actuated by prudent Motives and therefore would be safe.—If she will get any Instrument of writing drawn I will sign it, provided it does not effect me in other respects than her daughter's fortune, if my brother dies under age.[2]

I have waited till now, expecting the arrival of my Negros' cloaths from Great Britain; but as the season is advancing and risks attending them, I can no longer depend, and therefore beg the favor of you to choose me about 250 yds osnabrigs 200 yds of cotton 35 pair plaid hose, and as much thread as is necessary in Mr. Lewis' Store, if he has them. If not, in Mr. Jackson's, and send them up by John who comes down with a Tumbler[3] for that purpose.

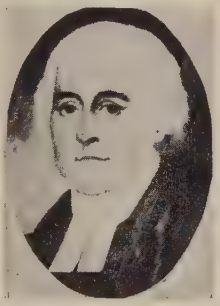
I set out this afternoon on my return to Winchester.

I offer my Love to Charles, and am Honored Madam, &c.

[1] Bryan Fairfax died 3 Sept., 1757.

[2] Charles Washington married Mildred, daughter of Col. Francis Thornton of Spotswood County. He laid out the town of Charlestown in Jefferson Co., W. Va.

[3] Tumbler is a provincialism for *tumbrel*.



1. Mount Eagle, home of the Rev. Bryan Fairfax from 1790 to 1792.

2. Rev. Bryan Fairfax.

3. Letter from Washington to his mother.

tunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledge to each other, my thoughts have been continually going to you as to another self.

"That an All-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful and ever affectionate Friend,

"Geo. Washington."

"To Martha Custis."

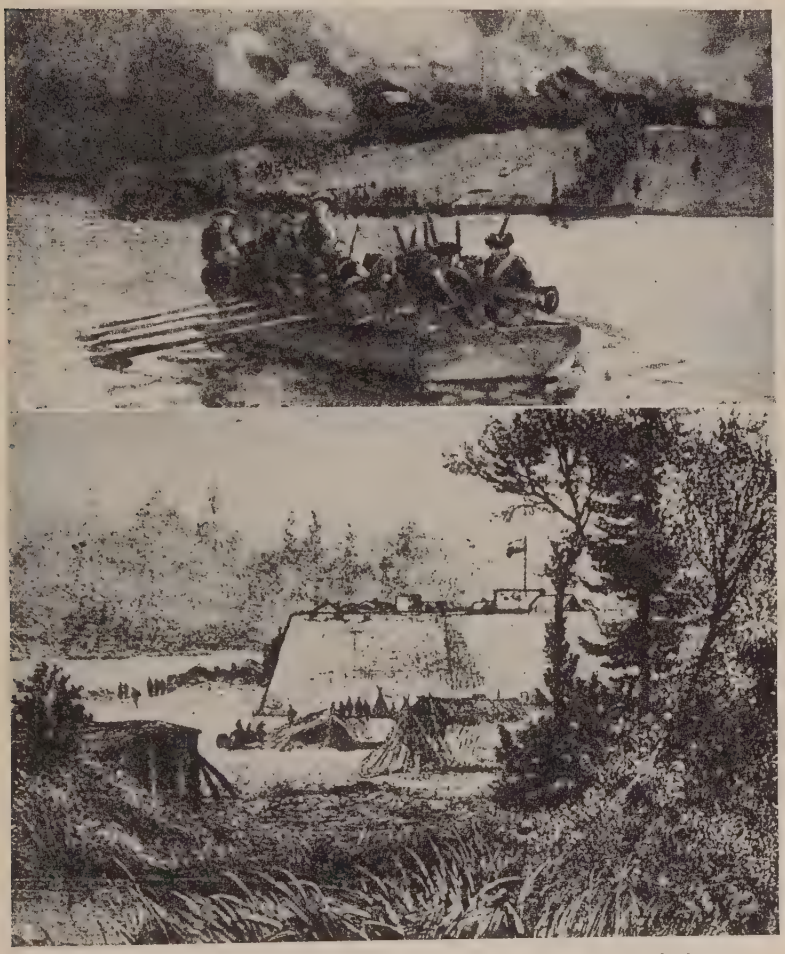
That meaningful phrase "We have begun our march to the Ohio" graphically portrayed the military situtation. The

Plan of Fort Duquesne.

season for exasperating delays was over, and the advancing army was now prepared to take the initiative in dealing with the enemy. Washington was looking forward to a decisive battle—doubtless with rejoicing, for if ever a man gloried in fighting for a righteous cause, it was he. His approaching marriage did not deter him from risking his life in warfare for love of his country.

Because of illness, General Forbes was forced to allow his second in command, Colonel Washington, to lead the

van in the attack on Fort Duquesne. On the twenty-fourth of November, when Washington was within ten miles of



1. The French evacuating Fort Duquesne. © *Chas. Scribner's Sons.*
2. Fort Duquesne.

this objective, the discouraged French—some five hundred in number—evacuated the fort and set it on fire, escaping down the Ohio river by the light of the consuming

flames. Thus Washington, upon reaching the long-desired goal, found only a smouldering ruin. The enemy had vanished, but Washington had at last the satisfaction of raising the British flag over what was left of Fort Duquesne. Rebuilding the fort, he re-named it Fort Pitt,[1] in compliment to William Pitt, afterward Earl of Chatham—that gallant Englishman who, less than twenty years later, withstood like a sturdy oak the onslaught made by George III and his advisers in Parliament on the rights of the American Colonies.

As Washington had foreseen, the French and Indians were thoroughly subdued by the loss of their stronghold. Leaving a garrison of some two hundred men at Fort Pitt, as a resident force in defence of the border, Washington returned to Williamsburg. He resigned his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces on the twenty-eighth of December, 1758—and was married one week later.

[1] An old blockhouse, a relic of the French and Indian War, is still standing near Pittsburgh.

CHAPTER XII

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND MARTHA CUSTIS ARE MARRIED. BRUTON CHURCH, JAMESTOWN. THE NEWLY MADE BENEDICT IS WELCOMED TO THE ASSEMBLY OF VIRGINIA. WILLIAMSBURG AND ITS PICTURESQUE HISTORY. GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD, WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE. THE FIRST PHI BETA KAPPA IN AMERICA. GOVERNOR BOTETOURT. RALEIGH TAVERN

ON THE sixth of January, 1759, George Washington and Martha Dandridge Parke Custis were married. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend David Morsum, rector of the little Virginia parish of New Kent, who was not only the pastor but the personal friend of the bride's family and had known her all her life. It is not altogether clear whether the wedding took place in the bride's home or at the quaint parish church, St. Peter's, New Kent—where her first marriage had been solemnized; but it is quite definitely established that it was a very smart wedding, and that most of the fashionables of the county witnessed it. The society reporter of that day gives a graphic portrayal of the auspicious affair:

> "They came in bridal state, coach-and-four and the train of wedding guests, among whom was Speaker John Robinson and members of the House of Burgesses. At the marriage ceremony the bride was attired in a heavy brocade silk, interwoven with silver thread; embroidered satin petticoat, high-heeled satin shoes, with buckles of brilliants; point lace and ruffles. Her ornaments were a pearl necklace, earrings and bracelets.

"The bridegroom appeared in citizen's dress of blue cloth, the coat embroidered with white satin; his shoe and knee buckles were of gold. His hair was powdered, and at his side hung a dress sword."

A handsome, well-matched pair, one would say; the qualities of the bride being precisely those which were best adapted to offset those of the bridegroom. Tall and short, fair and dark, serious and piquant; but both were warm-

George Washington and Martha Custis as bride and groom.
Attributed to Copley. *Attributed to Chappel.*

hearted, good-humored, and dowered with those fine but somewhat elusive attributes which make marriage a success.

The honeymoon was spent at the bride's home, the White House,[1] in New Kent County, near Williamsburg. And so, after the years of hardship and adventure, of danger and self-denial, George Washington entered upon that domestic experience which is generally, though ambiguously, described as "settling down."

[1] See Note F, Appendix.

1. Marriage of George Washington and Martha Custis. *Courtesy of Knoedler.*
2. St. Peter's Church, New Kent.

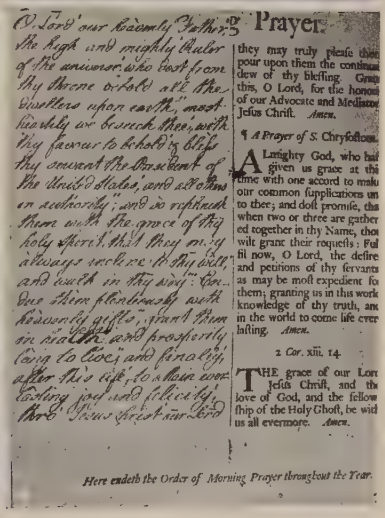
Washington's life as a private citizen really began with his marriage. In May, 1759, four months after his wedding, he took his seat as a Burgess in the Virginia Assembly, which held its sessions at Williamsburg.[1] It is related that when Washington entered the hall, the Speaker,[2] in recognition of the young officer's distinguished service on the border, welcomed him in the name of Virginia. Washing-

The present "White House" on the site of the former Martha Custis home.

ton, abashed, attempted to reply, but speech failed him. Perceiving the young man's embarrassment, the Speaker proceeded to eulogize him with rare delicacy:

[1] The House of Burgesses at Williamsburg was built in the form of the letter H, and was called the Capitol—the name being thus used for the first time in America. This historic building stood at the head of the Duke of Gloucester Street. It was destroyed by fire in 1746, but was rebuilt on its original walls. In 1832 it was again burned to the ground, and was never replaced.

[2] John Robinson, who has previously been mentioned as "among those present" at the Washington-Custis nuptial ceremony.



O Lord our heavenly Father, the high and mighty Ruler of the universe, who beholdest from thy throne all the dwellers upon earth, most heartily we beseech thee, with thy favour to behold and bless thy servant the President of the United States, and all others in authority; and so replenish them with the grace of thy holy Spirit, that they may always incline to thy will, and walk in thy way. Endue them plentifully with heavenly gifts, grant them in health and prosperity long to live; and finally, after this life, to attain everlasting joy and felicity, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Prayer.

they may truly please thee pour upon them the continual dew of thy blessing. Grant this, O Lord, for the honour of our Advocate and Mediator Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

¶ *A Prayer of S.* Chrysostom.

ALmighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise, that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name, thou wilt grant their requests: Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

2 *Cor.* xiii. 14.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

Here endeth the Order of Morning Prayer throughout the Year.

1. God's Acre at Bruton Church.
2. Bell dating back to 1761.
3. Pew of the Colonial Governor.
4. Pre-Revolutionary prayer book used in Bruton Church.

Courtesy Richmond Booklet and Jamestown Exposition.

"Sit down, Mr. Washington. Your modesty is equal to your valor; and that surpasses the power of any language which I possess."

This respect for Washington's courage found expression, not only among those who knew him personally, but—even in those early times—far across the seas. From a sermon preached by the Reverend Samuel Davis, after Braddock's defeat, extolling the achievements of this hero of the Western World, and copied in the London papers, we quote:

> "That heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country."

The White House was conveniently situated for Washington's attendance at the Assembly meetings in Williamsburg, as well as for intermingling in the social life of that interesting city, which—as usual at the seat of government—was expressive of the foremost political and cultural movements of the times. The Sunday services at Bruton Church,[1] Williamsburg, where Washington and his household often worshipped, must have assumed somewhat of a field-day appearance in that church-going era, worshippers congregating from far and near plantations, and generally lingering after service to exchange greetings and comments with their friends and neighbors.

The old city of Jamestown had never been rebuilt after its destruction in the Nathaniel Bacon rebellion, Williamsburg then replacing it as the governmental centre. At the same time Williamsburg came into possession of many of the historic relics of that elder city—often called "the first footstool of the English in North America." The old Bruton Church received the ancient communion service, the baptismal font, and such other treasures as were saved from the ruins of the old church at Jamestown—the first English

[1] Said to be the oldest existing Protestant Episcopal Church in America.

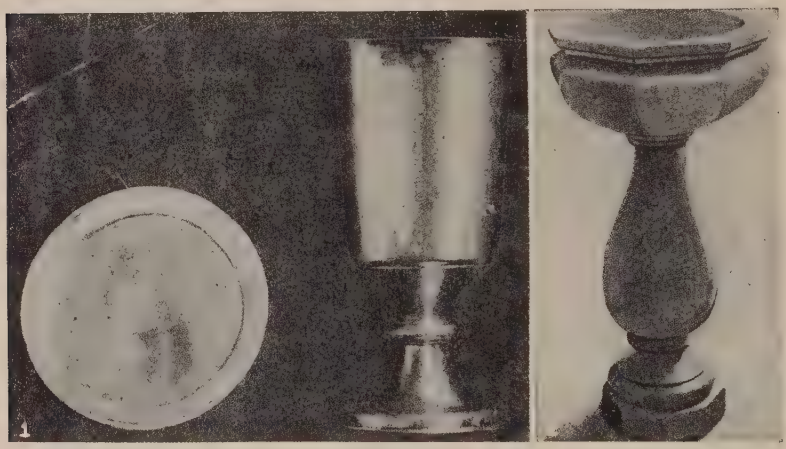
1. Sunday outdoor gathering at Bruton Church, where Washington worshipped.

2. Ruins of that first church at Jamestown.

Courtesy Richmond Booklet and Jamestown Exposition.

church to be erected in America. Bruton Church, as it stands today, was built in 1715, the active spirit in its construction being Alexander Spotswood, at that time Governor of Virginia.[1] The church bell, which has summoned generations of devout Williamsburgers to worship during its one hundred and sixty-five years of service, bears the date 1761.

William and Mary College, which granted George Washington his surveyor's certificate in 1749, and to which in



1–2. Communion plate and baptismal font at Bruton Church, inherited from the Jamestown church, "First Footstool of the English in North America."

later years he was elected Chancellor, was—and is—another important Williamsburg landmark. This college claims the distinction of being the only college in America to receive a charter from the Crown under the seal of the Privy Council

[1] Few of the early Virginia pioneers did more than Governor Spotswood toward fostering the growth of the new country and developing its natural resources. As a result, he realized some five thousand pounds a year from the Virginia iron mines, when a pound was worth fully three times its present value. Part of this income he spent, on one occasion, in a cross-country jaunt known as the "Tour of the Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe," each participant being presented by the Governor with a golden horse shoe as a reminder of rough, hard riding.

of England—a charter in which the institution was named "Their Majesties' Royal College of William and Mary." [1] The main building was completed in 1697, destroyed by fire in 1705, and rebuilt on its original walls in 1723. Twice afterward fire laid it low—in 1859 and 1862; and each time it was rebuilt on the old walls and foundations. In addition to the ravages by fire, this stately old pile suffered much in times past through war and a depleted treasury, but today stands an active factor in the collegiate world, a venerable monument to the courage and persistence of its sponsors. The mutilated statue which adorns the lawn facing the front façade is that of Lord Botetourt, Governor of Virginia in 1769.[2] The College of William and Mary was the first to establish an inter-collegiate fraternity—the Phi Beta Kappa.

Raleigh Tavern was one of Williamsburg's most popular meeting-places in George Washington's time—being, in fact, a sort of supplemental Hall of Burgesses.[3] Here the leading men of affairs in Virginia gathered after Assembly hours to discuss political and other matters, and—as sometimes happens in such gatherings—grew garrulous over pipe and bowl. The bowl in this case was unique, as it was made from the skull of the pirate, Teach.

It is not improbable that Washington, when the Assembly was in session, occasionally participated in these conferences at Raleigh Tavern, as well as in the attendant convivialities. He was essentially a man's man, in the finest sense of the

[1] The first president and one of the founders of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, William Barton Rogers, was an alumnus of William and Mary College.

[2] The statue, which originally stood in the House of Burgesses, was damaged when overthrown by angry members of the House, who resented the presence of a memorial to an English lord in their legislative seat. It was re-erected about one hundred years ago on the William and Mary College grounds—its present location.

[3] This rendezvous for patriots figured later in the public movements preceding the Revolutionary War. (See page 220.) It was afterward destroyed by fire.

1. Raleigh Tavern, Williamsburg.
2. Teach, the pirate, whose skull as a drinking cup went the rounds at Raleigh Tavern in revolutionary days.

term; and, while temperate in all things, was not averse to a social glass among friends.

To the true lover of America—the Colonial America which felled forests, tilled and planted, fought and bled, lived and died, for civilization and freedom—Raleigh Tavern is a revered heritage and Williamsburg, like Fredericksburg, is sacred ground. For both of these cities, together with Jamestown and Roanoke, are included in that historic region which we have already spoken of as "Washington Land"—the real beginning of the United States.

CHAPTER XIII

AT HOME AT MOUNT VERNON. GEORGE WASHINGTON AS A GENTLEMAN FARMER. PLEASANT AND PEACEFUL YEARS

THAT MUST have been a proud and happy hour for George Washington when, the Assembly having concluded its session and set him free from public duty for that season, he took his wife and two step-children to his own home at Mount Vernon.

Here, then, for a few years at least, he was to live the pleasurably busy life of a country gentleman—a gentleman farmer, to be exact; for George Washington, though he never forgot that he was a gentleman born and bred, took a very keen and active delight in being at the same time an energetic and prosperous tiller of the soil.

Like his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather before him, Washington had the Englishman's deep and abiding love of the land; and—also like them—he had a never-lessening urge for acquiring more and more of it. None of the earlier Washingtons had ever been content with owning and farming a modest acreage; and as it had been with the Washingtons in England, so it was with the Washingtons in America. John Washington, the pioneer, had—as has already been shown—acquired and partially reclaimed, in addition to his Pope's Creek (Wakefield) property, the twenty-five hundred acres of virgin land which had formed his half of the Culpeper grant to himself and Nicholas Spencer in 1670;[1] land which had first been named Epsewasson or Hunting Creek, and later, Washington; but which Lawrence Washington, George's half-brother, had—when

[1] See page 50.

it had come into his possession—renamed Mount Vernon, in compliment to the British Admiral, Lord Vernon, under whose command Lawrence had served in the ill-fated Carthagena campaign. All of this has already been spoken of,

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE
POTOMAC RIVER
MARYLAND
POTOMAC
ALEXANDRIA
ARLINGTON
(GW P CUSTIS)
(LEE)
ABINGDON
(JOHN CUSTIS)
WASHINGTON
DISTRICT LINE
FALLS CHURCH
MT EAGLE
(LORD BRYAN FAIRFAX)
MOUNT VERNON
(GEORGE WASHINGTON)
OLD STAGE ROAD
OCCOQUAN
BELL AIR
(RICHARD BLACKBURN)
BELVOIR
(WILLIAM FAIRFAX)
PAYNES CHURCH
ALEXANDRIA & VA. R.R.
BELL AIR RACE COURSE
BELVOIR RACE COURSE
MT. VERNON RACE COURSE
MT. VERNON GROVE
MOUNT VERNON AVENUE
MOUNT VERNON ROAD
TURNPIKE
MAIN ARMY
SOUTHERN
MOUNT VERNON
(GEORGE WASHINGTON)
HOLLIN HALL
(THOMAS MASON)
GUNSTON HALL
(GEORGE MASON)
MOUNT EAGLE
(LORD BRYAN FAIRFAX)
WOODLAWN
(LEWIS)
(WASHINGTON)
POHICK CHURCH
(WASHINGTON)
(MASON)
(LEE)
(CUSTIS)
(FAIRFAX)
(LEWIS)

1. Mount Vernon.
2. Lafayette and Washington. *Painted by Rossiter and Mignon.*
3. Martha Washington's garden.
4. Washington and his family. *Chappel.*

happiness at the head of his establishment; for, despite his hardihood as a pathfinder and a warrior, he was—what the great man often is not—a home-builder and a home-lover. It was not a symptom of weakness in his character; rather,

Flower garden that Washington laid out at Mount Vernon. Plan of grounds, tree and shrub planting.

it should be recognized as a manifestation of his inner strength. He knew that man, to maintain his full vigor, requires a sheltered haven to which he can repair when rest is demanded; and that was what home ever was to George Washington—a tranquil haven. His own words express, with

a clarity and comprehensiveness far beyond the skill of any biographer, the beautiful simplicity of his feeling at this time —a feeling which never changed, unless it were to grow deeper and fuller, with the passage of the years:

> "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat, with an agreeable partner, for life; and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world. . . .
>
> "The more acquainted I am with agricultural affairs, the better pleased I am with them. To make and sell a little flour, and to amuse myself in rural pursuits, will constitute my employment. If also I could now and then meet the friends I esteem, it would fill the measure."

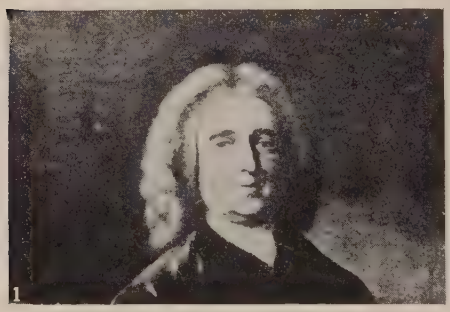
There is revealed the *human* George Washington. Little did he dream, when he penned those lines, of the tumultuous years not far ahead—or of the heights to which he must climb before the peace of retirement could be fully his. For the present, Washington had more than enough to occupy his time and his thoughts in the cultivation and management of his twenty-five hundred acres; to which, from time to time, he added desirable adjacent land by purchase, until he had thirty-two hundred acres actually under cultivation[1] —a vast acreage for a one-man farm, and difficult to handle satisfactorily with the unreliable slave labor and the crude farming implements that were the only aids available to the Virginia planter of the eighteenth century. But Washington delighted in difficulties; and the more insuperable they

[1] It was his foresight and discrimination in the purchase of land, his unfaltering patience and skill in its cultivation and his shrewdness and sagacity in marketing its products, that eventually made Washington one of the wealthiest men in the country. At the time of his death, in 1799, the Mount Vernon estate embraced over eight thousand acres, his total wealth reaching nearly to the million-dollar mark—a goal rarely attained in those days. Other important holdings included land in the country west of the Alleghenies and in the Great Northwest. (See also Note G, Appendix.)

1–2–3. Mount Vernon in olden times.

seemed, the more keenly they appealed to the adventurous quality of his Argonaut soul.

Tobacco, which was a staple commodity of Virginia from the times of the earliest settlers (1607), was raised in considerable quantities on the Mount Vernon estate; and was, indeed, at one time its most important and remunerative product.[1] But an intensive study of agricultural literature directed Washington's attention to wheat, which he raised for market as early as 1758, the crop in that year amounting to nineteen hundred bushels.[2] He was probably America's



1. Admiral Lord Vernon. *Portrait by Gainsborough.*
2. The Vernon medal.

first agronomist. It is, at least, certain that he approached his agricultural problems with the exploring mind of the scientist; that he was never weary of experimenting with his crops; and that whenever he gained new experience, or happened on a new discovery, he never hesitated to pass on to his neighbors the knowledge that he had acquired.

[1] Washington had an intense personal dislike for smoking tobacco; but, like other men of his time and social station, he possessed a number of elaborate snuff boxes, these being favored gifts among friends, as well as between contemporary rulers, at that period.

[2] A fairly satisfactory record, in view of the primitiveness of eighteenth-century farming methods. Washington, however, was a wonderful systematizer, planning his yearly farm activities far in advance. Among the papers found after his death was a carefully prepared four years' schedule of his proposed agricultural operations for the years 1800, 1801, 1802 and 1803.

"My countrymen," he once observed, "are too used to corn blades and corn shucks, and have too little knowledge of the profit in grass land."

Nevertheless, Washington at one time reverted to the single crop system—with his usual success; raising five thousand bushels of wheat in that year.[1]

The grist mill at Mount Vernon had been built by Washington's half-brother, Lawrence, on a site purchased for the purpose and well adapted for it.[2] Here George Washington

Washington's grist mill and miller's house. *Courtesy Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union.*

turned out the famous Mount Vernon brand of choice flour, packing it in barrels made on the plantation and shipping it to the markets along the river in his own schooner. This

[1] It is pertinent to the subject to note that immense quantities of grain were needed at Mount Vernon for home consumption. In 1795 sixteen hundred barrels of corn were raised for the negroes on the plantations; and upon one occasion, at least, crop failure made necessary the purchase of eight hundred bushels of corn to feed the three hundred or more people, white and black, who lived on Washington's estate.

[2] Only the foundation of the mill remains, but the little millhouse is still standing. The road skirting the mill was a true "Appian Way" of the New West. Originally an Indian trail, it became, with Virginia's growth, a much traversed highway. Washington tramped over it countless times when on his surveying expeditions in his earlier years, and again on military service. Over this road

flour found its way also to the West Indies, and even to England and was sold unchallenged. Incidentally, resourcefulness in an emergency is well illustrated in Washington's casual reference to a crucial moment at the mill:

> "A messenger came to inform me that my mill was in great danger. . . . Got there just in time to give her a reprieve by wheeling dirt into the place which the water had worked."

"Buy nothing you can make within yourselves" was Washington's motto in farming; hence his blacksmiths, wood burners, carpenters, shoemakers, weavers and others all worked in line with his ideas. Washington was a true economist, spending money upon whatever was necessary, but making labor represent money—an achievement of which not every farmer or plantation owner is capable.

Washington himself was as expert a blacksmith as any on his estate. He records in his diary:

> "Spent the greater part of a day making a plough of my own invention. . . . Set my plough to work, and found she answered very well."

From blacksmithing to bookbinding is a long leap, but Washington made good at both crafts, and at many others. The late Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, said that he owned a specimen of Washington's bookbinding which proved him no tyro in the field.

Cloth woven on the Mount Vernon hand loom yearly ran into thousands of yards, of different qualities and patterns.

General Braddock, in pomp and splendor, rode away to defeat and death. Daniel Morgan, as a young rustic teamster, carted iron from the mines over it; and it was near the mill that he sold his team and joined Washington's forces for duty in the Monongahela campaign. Later still, during the War of the States, in 1861, this old road witnessed the alternate advance of both Federal and Confederate troops, as they marched to battle in the Shenandoah—called by the military the "back door" to the city of Washington.

Daniel Morgan, who joined the army near Washington's grist mill. *Chappel.*

The American Cincinnatus. © *J. L. G. Ferris.*

In later years Washington's distillery turned out excellent whiskey made from rye and Indian corn raised on the plantation; for in those days potable liquors were an indispensable part of the equipment of every well-to-do household.

But while he gave close attention to the business management of his large estate, Washington did not neglect the artistic side of its development. On the contrary, under his experienced direction and unremitting care the private grounds about the residence at Mount Vernon were gradually transformed into a veritable paradise. In course of time they were extended to include a bowling green, a botanical garden,[1] conservatories, grouped and scattered shrubbery and a deer park. The estate was plentifully stocked with geese, partridges and Chinese pheasants in addition to a large flock of the usual domestic fowl. At one time there were more than fifty draught horses in the stables, and the stud of pedigreed horses was one of the finest in the land.[2]

Washington always broke his own horses, and, in consequence, could judge intelligently their weak and strong points, their mentality and psychology. Blueskin, Nelson and Magnolia were some of the stable "stars." Blueskin was for years his favorite hunter; Nelson was the charger that carried him through much of the Revolutionary War, afterward being relieved of all duty to spend his last days in ease and comfort on the farm.

Kindness to animals was always a pronounced trait in Washington's character, and thoroughness in training them one of his strongest points. He bred and trained his own hunting dogs, which were so closely matched in speed and

[1] After Washington had reached "the heights," numbers of rare and beautiful plants were sent to him as gifts from all parts of the world.

[2] Among the blooded animals that Washington owned in his later years was the famous jack, "Royal Gift," presented to him by the King of Spain. Washington tells us that "Royal Gift" was a favored son in the stables.

endurance that along the countryside it was a common saying that, when in full hue and cry, "a horse blanket would cover the Washington pack." [1]

Although it was the custom of the chatelaine of Mount Vernon—like all hospitable Virginia housewives of rank and station—to set a bountiful table, the master of the household maintained throughout his life a standard of living so modest that it amounted almost to frugality. Washington's hours were regulated by the clock. Rising every morning at four o'clock, he sat down at seven-thirty to a light breakfast, usually consisting of Indian cakes, honey and tea. Any attempt to induce him to deviate from his customary fare was likely to call forth a blunt "That is too good for me"; just as he was wont to dismiss any suggestion for doctoring a cold with the remark, "Let it go as it came." He was extremely fond of fruit; melons, nuts and honey were his special delight.

The early morning hours (including those between rising and breakfast) were given to business and correspondence, and conferences with his overseers. Every day the master of Mount Vernon made the rounds of his estate on horseback,[2]—a ride of fifteen miles or so,—the inspection generally ending in mid-afternoon. Between five and six o'clock there was a light repast of tea and toast, and at bedtime—which was rarely later than nine o'clock—a glass or two of Madeira, a wine which Washington greatly favored. Dinner, the principal meal of the day and a fairly substantial one, was usually eaten at about three o'clock.

[1] Washington was very fond of his dogs, and, we may well believe, was adored by them. There were many with romantic names that indicate their master's poetic tendencies. When he gave up hunting to assume the onerous rôle of First President of the new nation, he bade farewell to Jupiter, True Love, Truman, Juno, Ragman, Rover, Sweetlips, Vulcan, Music and more than a score of other faithful hounds that were accustomed to come at his call and gaze beseechingly into his eyes with the dumb affection welling up from their dog hearts.

[2] Evidently believing the oft-quoted adage, "The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man."

Although Washington was a thorough-going sportsman, he did not greatly care for shooting. Fishing was a frequent source of enjoyment, and not infrequently of profit also,[1] but the fox hunt, three times a week, was his favorite form of outdoor sport. It is an open question whether it was not the horsemanship, rather than the hunt, that most appealed

1. Wharf landing built by Washington at Mount Vernon.
2. Washington. *Sketched by Latrobe.*

to him. Washington was completely at his ease when he was in the saddle.[2] However that may have been, he was generally "in at the death"—and the coveted brush often fell to him as the first to be on the spot.

[1] Washington succeeded in doing most things profitably. In one season he seined from the river close to one hundred thousand herring, marketing eighty-five thousand or more of the catch.

[2] Even in the last years of his life he mounted his horse with surprising agility, and rode with ease and grace, in spite of a bad fall occasioned by the bolting of his horse while he was in the act of mounting.

1. Fox hunt.
2. Washington and Lord Fairfax following the hounds. © *Harper Bros.*

Even from his boyhood Washington was an assiduous penman—a fact which hardly needs restating, in view of the data that is constantly being brought to light.[1] His diaries were kept throughout practically his entire adult life, except during the Revolution, nothing being permitted to interfere with this habit—which he early came to regard as a duty—of jotting down, log fashion, each day's brief

Potomac water front at Mount Vernon which Washington often paced.

record before retiring to his room at night.[2] It is, however, significant that rarely did he make an entry of any really important personal activity. Invariably there was a report

[1] His first copy-book, of 1745, was the opening door to thousands of pages written by his own hand. His public writings include fourteen volumes of some four hundred and fifty pages each; and there are known to be in existence more than twenty-six thousand, some authorities claim fully forty thousand, letters. One purchase by the Department of State totalled over two hundred folio volumes; and there are scores of original documents—dictated, written or signed by Washington—in various public and private libraries and collections. An amazing record, indeed, in view of his public activities. In 1781 his diary was resumed.

[2] Even on the night preceding his death he made the usual entry in his diary—the last words he ever penned.

of the weather and of the temperature, maximum and minimum; frequently a reference to cards; occasionally a mention of having taken tea with this or that friend or acquaintance; but when it came to recording, in black-and-white, an account of any noteworthy deed of his own, Washington's modest quill almost invariably balked. There is a strange assortment of entries. On one page, practical advice to fellow-farmers as to sowing of seed in different fields; on another, instructions as to handling a political campaign—some of these, doubtless, based on information gleaned from his "Young Man's Companion." Also, one may learn how to treat breakbone fever; when to set herring seines; the crops to plant in certain fields; and there are, besides, a thousand and one useful suggestions, for application to everyday needs in a day when every man had to be his own efficiency expert and, oftener than not, his own veterinary surgeon and family physician. Much data in the diaries was apparently entered for the purpose of enabling the writer to recall on the instant where he was on a certain date, and whom he met. It has sometimes been assumed, from the preponderance of material items, that Washington's personal interests were, in the main, bounded by the physical essentials of life; but there is little justification for this assumption. It is true that he makes little mention of his reading; but read he did, and to good purpose—especially as he approached middle life, and after, as his letters prove.

When there was real writing to be done, Washington invariably hit the bull's eye. His innate modesty kept the "I" in the background; but a Washington letter is readily identified, even though the signature be lacking. Washington's correspondence was at all times extensive, and—herculean as the task seems in these days of the typewriter and carbon duplicating—he made copies of some of the letters that he wrote. Though burdened with an immensity of detail, pride led him to correct copies of many of his

earlier writings, when broader experience and closer contact with men and affairs had changed his point of view and mode of expression.[1]

Washington's correspondence reached beyond seas and covered a multiplicity of subjects, and it is largely through this medium that the present century is permitted to know the real Washington—the man within—almost as well as did those who lived under his roof, sat at his table, conferred with him in council, or rode by his side on the field of battle.

There are many references to Mount Vernon in his letters, and many invitations to friends and acquaintances to partake of its ready hospitality. One letter conveys such an invitation to John Adams:

> "It is unnecessary, I hope, for me in that event to express the satisfaction it will give Mrs. Washington and me to see Mrs. Adams and yourself and company in the shade of our vine and fig tree."[2]

This Virginia home of his was, indeed, ever close to Washington's heart; and as clearly before his eyes when on the battle-field, in the halls of legislation, and, in short, wherever Duty called him, as when he was actually under his own "vine and fig tree" during those pleasant and peaceful years directly following his marriage.

[1] The work of filing his correspondence was enormous. It was continued for a time by a Mr. Alvin Rawlins after Washington's death.

[2] Evidently George Washington of Virginia did not, on occasion, look askance at John Adams of Massachusetts. One wonders if it was after one of these visits that John Adams was heard to remark:

"General Washington sets a fine example; he has banished wine from his table, and entertains his friends on rum and water."

CHAPTER XIV

THE WASHINGTONS' FAMILY AND SOCIAL LIFE. GEORGE WASHINGTON AS A STEP-FATHER. THE CUSTIS CHILDREN. COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF JACK CUSTIS. "ABINGDON"

THE FAMILY and social relationships of the Washingtons were pleasant and far-reaching. George Washington, the man, was the same attractive personality as George Washington, the youth; and his friendships, once formed, were loyal and enduring. He maintained close and amicable associations with his relatives in America; corresponded with his own and his wife's connections in England, and bestowed a benevolent regard upon friends and neighbors. True, he preserved his dignity, his reserve, and his independence; this much, indeed, was demanded of him by his position—the position that he had won for himself through personal pride, an inflexible code of honor, indefatigable energy and unconquerable grit. A careful review of Washington's life and letters constantly reveals evidences of his kind-heartedness, his thoughtfulness for others, and his willingness to lend assistance—when needed—without thought of gratitude or reward.

His wife's step-mother, Mrs. Dandridge, was highly regarded by Washington, who was never happier than when she was a guest in his home. His letters reveal the fact that he deeply regretted his inability to persuade this estimable lady to make her home permanently at Mount Vernon.

Although he had no children of his own, Washington loved children, and lavished as much care and affection

upon his two step-children as if they had been actually his own. These children, John Parke Custis (Jack) and Martha Parke Custis (Patsy), were, respectively, six and four years old at the time of their mother's marriage to the Master of Mount Vernon, and were the survivors of a family of four,

Portraits of Daniel Parke Custis and his wife, Martha Parke Custis. *By Wollaston*

their two brothers, Daniel and Francis, having succumbed to the perils of babyhood.

Their father, Daniel Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's first husband, had left the children well provided for, and under the wise and watchful care of their step-father their property was judiciously husbanded, George Washington bringing to these children's affairs the same farsightedness and sound business acumen that controlled his own. When,

years later, pressure of other duties necessitated relinquishing his management of the Custis estate, he wrote:

> "I have never charged him (Jack) nor his sister, from the day of my connection with them to this hour, one farthing for all the trouble I have had in managing their estates, nor for any expense they have been to me."

In a word, Washington not only gave his time, but paid all expenses incident to the support and care of his step-children, excepting only such extra expense as might legitimately be charged to their account; an instance of which is shown in the itemized list, in his own handwriting, of expenditures connected with Patsy Custis' journey, in 1769, to the Warm Springs (now known as Bath) in search of health.

Since there was but little manufacturing in America at the time of Washington's marriage, it was his custom, as of other well-to-do Colonials, to send to London for such supplies as could not be obtained in the New World. Thus we find him, quite early in his step-fatherhood, ordering:

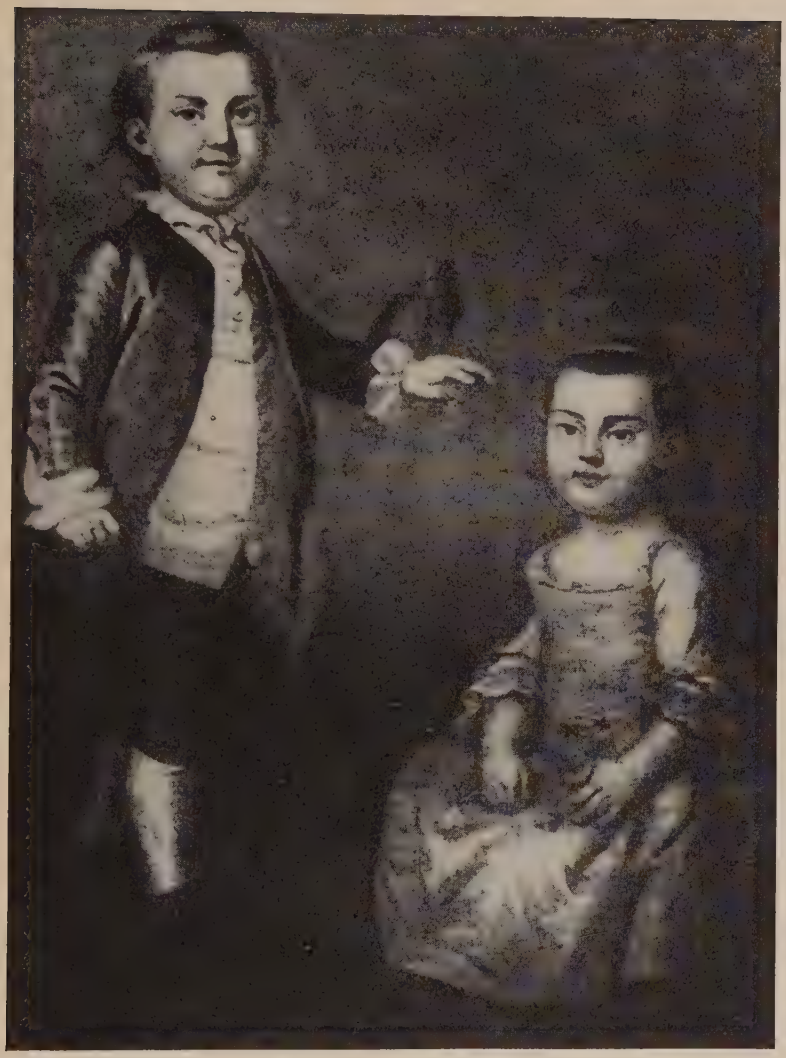
> "One pair of handsome silver shoe and knee buckles, ten shillings' worth of toys, and six little books for children beginning to read. For Miss Custis, four years old, two caps, two pairs of ruffles, two tuckers, bibs and aprons, if fashionable, a fashionably dressed baby (ten shillings), and other toys."

A later order for the children called for

> "One fashionably dressed doll to cost a guinea, a box of gingerbread toys and sugar images or comfits."

As the children outgrew the need for toys, there were other orders, more in keeping with their added years. One of these included a Bible and Prayer Book

> "neatly bound in Turkey, with names in gilt letters on the inside of the cover."



John (Jack) and Martha (Patsy) Parke Custis. *By Wollaston.*

And again,

"one very good spinet."

Jack Custis was a sturdy boy, whose tastes strongly inclined toward horses, dogs and guns. At fourteen he was decidedly more attracted to the pleasures of outdoor life than to the restraints of the schoolroom—in which he resembled most healthy boys of his age, in our own times as well as in his; and three years' residence with a clergyman tutor effected no perceptible change in his attitude toward study. College discipline was clearly in order—although this, too, as it later developed, was powerless to curb the natural bent of the high-spirited youth.

However, before this had been tested he fell deeply in love with young Eleanor Calvert,—a slip of a girl, but a budding beauty,—who was a lineal descendant of Governor Calvert. Washington, much perturbed by the boy's growing infatuation, sought vainly to smother it—even to the extent of writing one of his frank, concise letters to the girl's father, Benedict Calvert, of Mount Airy. The letter deals squarely with all sides of the question, as Washington's letters frequently did, including the financial considerations involved. The letter reads, in part:

"Mount Vernon, April 3, 1773.

"Dear Sir:

> . . . I write on a subject of importance, and of no small embarrassment to me. . . .
>
> "His youth, inexperience and unripened education are and will be insuperable obstacles, in my opinion, to the completion of the marriage. . . .To postpone it is all I have in view. . . ."

A temporary postponement was, in fact, effected—though but a brief one; and the impetuous Jack became a

student at King's College, in New York.[1] This college—known today, in its vastly extended form, as Columbia University—was then situated in the lower part of the city, in the blocks included today by College Place, Park Place and Barclay, Church and Murray Streets. It had been opened—with a class of eight students—in 1754, under a charter from King George II; and was already recognized as an important factor in the educational system of Colonial America.

Jack Custis did not, however, remain long in college; nor did he ever complete his course. The Dark Angel, which

1. Governor Calvert.
2. King's College (Columbia), in 1760.
3. Seal of King's College in 1754–1775.

had, at intervals, long hovered over Mount Vernon, finally descended and claimed Jack's beloved sister, Patsy; and, at the urgent pleading of his broken-hearted mother, Jack returned home.

Patsy Custis—"the dark-eyed lady of Mount Vernon," as the neighbors called her—had grown almost to womanhood. A sweet and beautiful girl, and scarcely less dear to Washington than to his wife, she had always been somewhat of a sensitive plant in the Garden of Life. She had suffered

[1] King's College took an active part in America's great struggle for independence. During the Revolution the College was used as a military hospital; but on the seventeenth of October, 1784, it reopened its doors to students under its new name of Columbia College. In 1925 Columbia University (which includes the original Columbia College and its modern ramifications) enrolled, for the college year, 34,845 students.

many and frequent attacks of illness; and although all that the extremely limited medical science of that time could do for her had been done, the physicians' skill—as well as the trip to the mountains—failed to save her. On the nineteenth of June, 1773, she suddenly passed away.

How heavy a blow her death was to her mother and foster-father may be inferred from a letter written by George Washington, on the day following the sad event, to Mr. Bassett, the husband of Mrs. Washington's sister, Betsey:

"Dear Sir:

"It is an easier matter to conceive than describe the distress of this family, especially that of the unhappy parent of our dear Patsy Custis, when I inform you that yesterday removed the sweet innocent girl, (who) entered into a more happy and peaceful abode than the afflicted path she hitherto has trod. She rose from dinner about four o'clock in better spirits than she appeared to have been in for some time; soon after which she was seen in one of her usual fits, and expired in it in less than two minutes, without uttering a word, a groan, or scarce a sigh.

John (Jack) Parke Custis, as a lad.

"This sudden and unexpected blow, I scarce need add, has almost reduced my poor wife to the lowest ebb of misery, which is increased by the absence of her son (whom I have just fixed at the college in New York, from whence I returned on the 8th inst.) and want of the balmy consolations of her relations; which leads me more than ever to wish she could see them, and that I was master of arguments powerful enough to prevail upon Mrs. Dandridge (Mrs. Washington's step-

mother) to make this place her entire and absolute home. I should think, as she lives a lonesome life, Betsey being married, it might suit her well, and be agreeable both to herself and my wife—to me most assuredly it would.

"I do not propose to add more at present, the end of my writing being only to inform you of this unhappy change." [1]

Following his return to Mount Vernon, with its Arcadian surroundings, its air of well-bred leisureliness and its opportunities for personal freedom, Jack Custis's love affair with charming Eleanor Calvert took still deeper root; and early in the next year—on the third of February, 1774—the two were married.

Washington, with his usual philosophy, made the best of the situation, although his views remained unchanged; but there is more than a suggestion of heartache in the exquisite letter which Martha Washington penned to her son's youthful bride:

"My dear Nelly:

"God took from me a daughter when June roses were blooming. He has now given me another daughter about her age when winter winds are blowing, to warm my heart again. I am as happy as one so afflicted and so blessed can be.

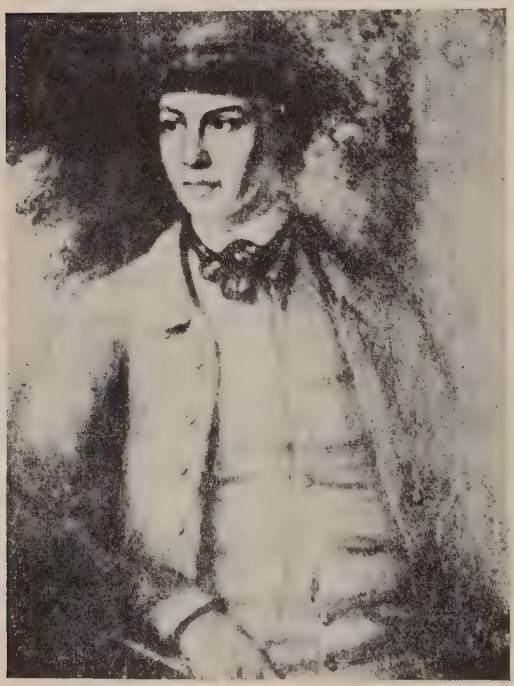
"Pray receive my benediction, and the wish that you may long live the loving wife of my happy son and a loving daughter of your affectionate mother,

"M. Washington."

Her grief was still too recent and too deep to allow her to be present at the wedding; but, though torn between sorrow for the dead and tenderness for the living, neither selfishness nor resentment could be construed from her ab-

[1] Patsy, who loved Washington devotedly, left her entire fortune to him.

sence. Indeed, no clearer light could be thrown upon the character of Martha Washington than is revealed in this letter to her son's wife—and in that other letter, written by her husband eight months earlier—after fifteen years of married life.[1]



Eleanor, daughter of Benedict and Elizabeth Calvert and wife of John Parke Custis. (*Reproduction of portrait in riding habit. Painted by King.*)

A year or more after their marriage, John Parke Custis and his girl wife left Mt. Vernon and "set up housekeeping" at Abingdon, a valuable farm property which the bridegroom had inherited from his father, Daniel Parke Custis. Adjoining it were the 1100 acres of land which Jack bought in the following year (December 25, 1775) for a pound an acre—£1100—and which were thereafter known as Arlington.[2]

Abingdon House, however, remained the Custis homestead throughout Jack's too short life;[3] and here his four children were born, being named (in the order of their birth)

[1] See preceding page.
[2] Now the site of the nation's most revered cemetery. (See Note H, Appendix.)
[3] See page 249.

Elizabeth (Betsey), Martha, Eleanor (Nellie) and George Washington. Of these children—and especially of Nellie Parke Custis and her brother, George Washington Parke Custis, both of whom were adopted by the Washingtons after Jack's death—more will appear in later pages.

Both George Washington and his wife were staunch Episcopalians, and churchly duties were part of their regular routine of life. After his marriage, Washington served for a considerable time as vestryman in Truro parish, and later in

Abingdon House near Arlington, home of John Parke Custis, where his children were born.

the same capacity in Fairfax parish. His boyhood friend, George William Fairfax, was a member of the Truro vestry at the same time as Washington; and these two are also recorded as having been on the Building Committees of Falls Church and Pohick Church,[1] the latter edifice being built from plans drawn by Washington—who was also on the Building Committee of Payne's Church; all of these

[1] The Reverend Lee Massey, rector of Pohick Church (Truro) before the Revolution, was an intimate and revered friend of Washington. The double pew occupied by the Washingtons in his church was of the same order as the Washington pews shown to the visitor of today in Christ Church, Alexandria, St. Paul's, New York, and the two churches in Philadelphia, Christ Church and St. Peter's.

churches being, apparently, in the parish of Truro. It is evident, therefore, that Washington was a fairly busy man for a country squire, even outside of his own extensive and well-ordered domain.

Everyone, however, was expected in those days to be

1. John Parke Custis.
2. His son, George Washington Parke Custis.
3. Elizabeth Parke Custis.
4. Martha Parke Custis.
5. Eleanor (Nellie) Parke Custis.

willing to work for the common weal; and the most successful and sought-after public man seems to have been he who was sufficiently versatile to be called upon in an emergency. Even the clergy were not exempt from the general rule.

It would appear, for example, that the Reverend Charles Green, of Truro parish, ministered to the physical as well as the spiritual needs of his flock, since we find Washington sending for him to treat Mrs. Washington for measles. At another time the reverend cleric subdued his conscience sufficiently to capture two run-away slaves for the same influential parishioner—although it is, perhaps, open to question if his conscience entered into the matter at all, slave-holding being the established rule in the South at the time.[1]

It is related that George Washington drew the plans for a new church to be erected in Truro parish, with a view to establishing a family pew therein; but when the church had been built the vestry vetoed all family pews. The inevitable church quarrel ensued; and in the midst of it Washington, thoroughly indignant, withdrew in 1773 from the Truro vestry and purchased a pew in Christ Church, Alexandria,[2] in the parish of Fairfax. For this he paid, it is said, the largest sum ever paid for a pew in that church up to that time: but he paid it in tobacco, not in specie—as was customary among the planters, in the Virginia of that day.

[1] For Washington's personal attitude toward slavery—although he was himself the owner of many slaves—refer to page 126.

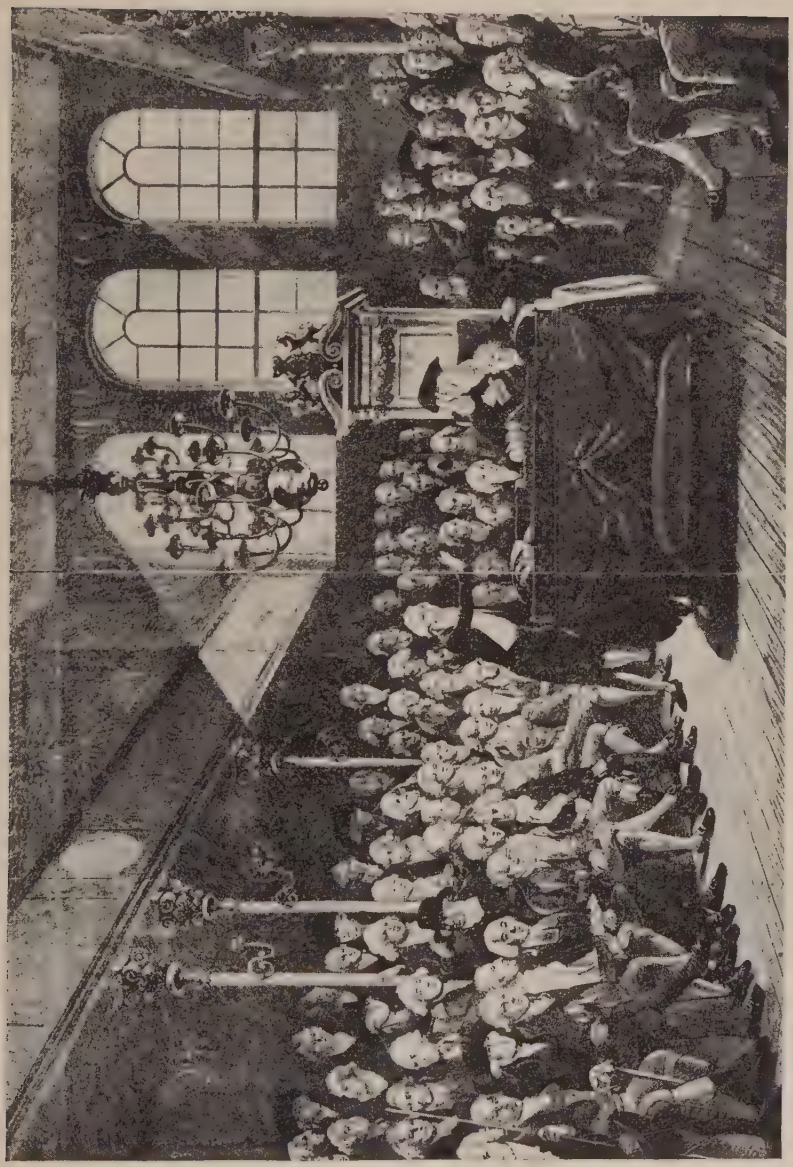
[2] Illustrations of this church will be found on page 239. At the time Christ Church was built, one hundred and fifty-three years ago, all pews were in box form.

CHAPTER XV

DISTANT RUMBLINGS HERALD APPROACHING STORM. BRADDOCK'S TAXATION SEEDLING COMES TO FRUITION. THE ABOMINABLE STAMP ACT AND ITS EFFECT UPON THE COLONISTS. PATRICK HENRY'S SPEECH AT WILLIAMSBURG. THE STAMP CONGRESS

For the sake of coherence we have sketched the home life of the Mount Vernon family as it was during a period of nearly twenty years following the marriage of George Washington to Martha Custis. But it is not to be supposed that during this period Washington had held himself aloof from participation in public affairs. On the contrary, he was as vitally interested as he had ever been in matters pertaining to the Colonial government; faithfully performed the duties devolving upon him as a member of the House of Burgesses; kept himself advised of Parliamentary matters in England; and in every turn of the political wheel stood revealed as an able and well-balanced man of affairs, thoroughly capable of handling with wisdom and discretion any matter that demanded his attention. George Washington was not a busybody; he did not inject himself into matters that did not concern him; but when the time came for action, he was ready.

In the year 1765 the first distant rumblings of what was eventually to develop into the most tremendous and epoch-marking storm of many centuries rolled across the sea. It was in that year that the vicious seed sown by General Braddock in 1755 came to maturity and bore its first crop of fruit in the iniquitous Stamp Act, enacted by Parliament on the twenty-second of March. George, Lord Grenville, who

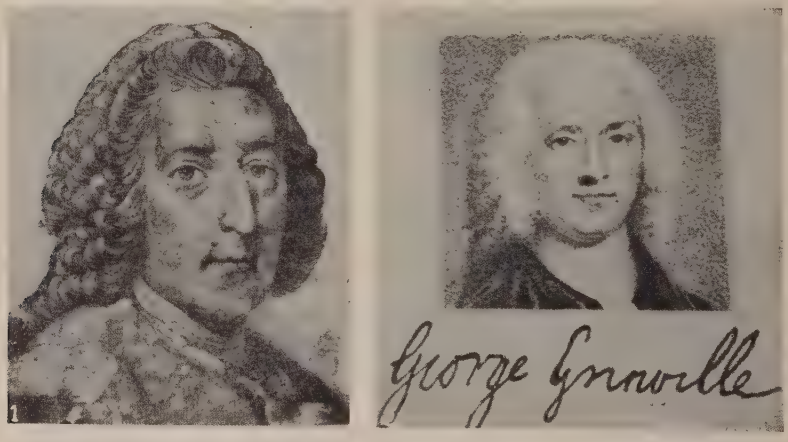


William Pitt the Younger before Parliament. *Henkel.*

had succeeded Lord Bute[1] as Prime Minister in 1763, fathered the Act and bitterly fought William Pitt on this drastic issue with the Colonies.[2] Pitt thus arraigned his fellow-Parliamentarians on the Act:

> "With the enemy at their back, and British bayonets at their breasts, in the day of their distress perhaps Americans may submit to the imposition."

Later, when Colonial America had signified her growing indignation at the imposition and her decision not to submit

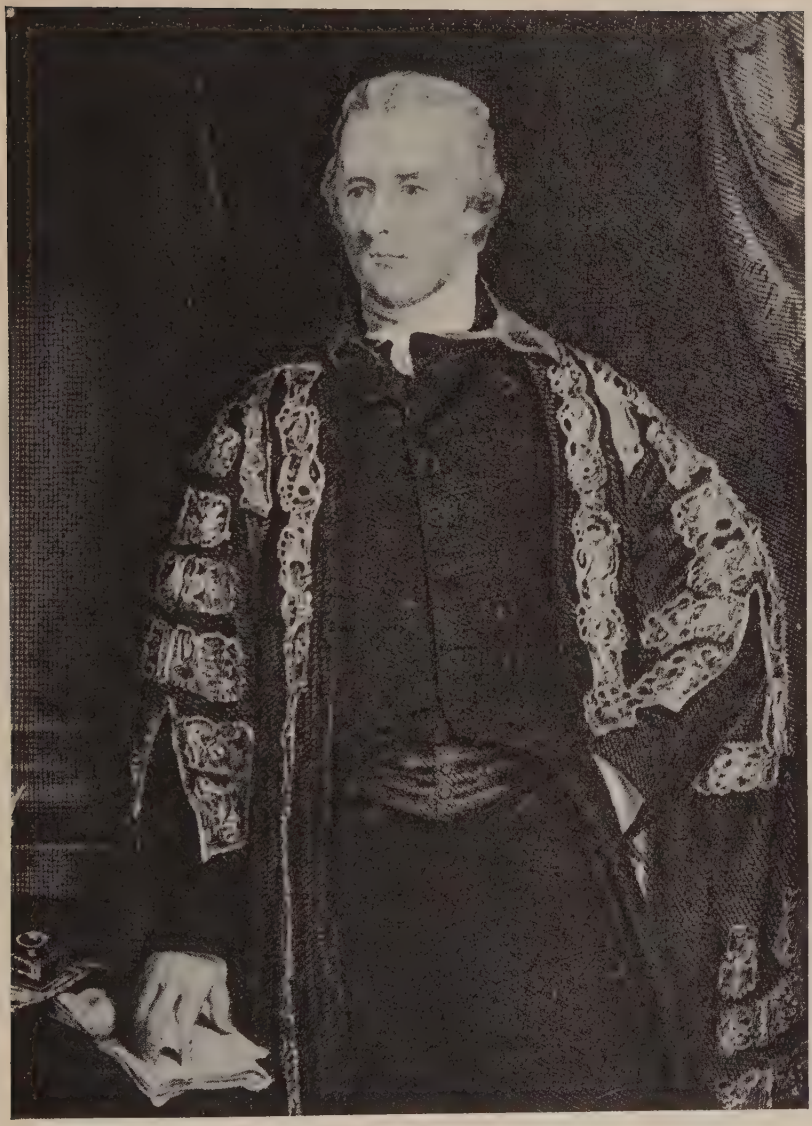


Two Parliamentary antagonists:
1. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. 2. Lord Grenville.

to it, Pitt—still opposing Lord Grenville—put into trenchant phrase the thoughts of Englishmen who believed the Act to be unjust, and of Americans who knew it to be so. America

[1] Lord Bute outrivalled Grenville in fostering the Stamp Act; for which the Bostonians hanged him in effigy on the Liberty Tree—which proved to be something more than an ornament on many occasions during the Revolution.

[2] Lord Grenville resigned the Premiership in the same year—1765—and was succeeded by the Marquis of Rockingham. Grenville died in 1770, before the beginning of the great War that was to blot out arrogant injustice with eight years of bloodshed.



William Pitt the Younger.

had many friends across the water who agreed with Pitt when he said:

> "You have no right to tax America. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of our fellow subjects so lost to every sense of virtue as tamely to give up their liberties would be fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. The Stamp Act ought to be repealed absolutely, totally and immediately."

This William Pitt, Earl of Chatham,—America's foremost champion in England during the struggle that followed the passage of the Stamp Act,—was called by George III "that trumpet of sedition." Nevertheless, he continued to fight steadfastly for America's right to fair treatment, until, in his final plea in Parliament on her behalf, he scored the King's policy in these words:

> "His Majesty succeeded to an empire as great in extent as its reputation was unsullied. Seventeen years ago this people was the terror of the world. . . ." [1]

The speech was never finished; for at this point Pitt collapsed and was carried from the House. He died a month later—May 11, 1778—at his country seat in Kent.

But with Chatham's last scathing utterance the curbing of England's monarchical power began. There can be no doubt that the stern lesson the mother country learned in the War of the American Revolution led to the development of a vastly improved form of government, while the autocratic privileges of the King, as outlined by James I, were in course of time largely replaced by the voice of the people.

[1] This ringing speech was delivered on the seventh of April, 1778.

It was the statesmanshp of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, that paved the way to securing Canada and India for England. He transferred his mantle of power to William Pitt the Younger, who—as Prime Minister—kept Napoleon out of England.

Coming of the Revolution.

Parliamentarians who stood in the front rank for and against the Stamp Act. (1) Lord Shelburne, (2) Isaac Barry, (3) Edmund Burke, (4) Lord Mansfield, (5) C. J. Fox, (6) Lord Bute, (7) Lord North.

History has written a vivid sequel to William Pitt's defiance of that august body which ruled England and her Colonies.[1]

Yet George the Third—the King who went down to defeat and insanity after the loss of the American Colonies—had but endeavored to obey the injunction of his Queen-mother, at the time of his ascension to the throne:

"Be a *King*, George!"

And the Queen, in her turn, had but held up for her son's emulation the example of King James the First—that first of the Stuarts to occupy the throne of England; who, upon his accession, had boldly declared:

> "The state of monarchy is the supremest thing upon earth, for Kings are not only God's lieutenants upon earth, and sit upon God's throne, but even by God Himself they are called gods. For, if you will consider the attributes of God, you shall see how they agree in the person of a King. God hath power to create or destroy, make or unmake, at His pleasure; to give life, or to send death; to judge all, and to be judged nor accountable to none. And the like power hath Kings. They have the power of raising and casting down, and yet are accountable to God only."

The author of this astounding statement was the same king who had signed the charter for the New World Puritan settlements in Virginia and Pilgrim or Separatist settlement on Cape Cod. Strange as it seems today, echoes of this antiquated belief still reverberated in the minds of some ultra-loyal Colonists, who, even as late as 1775, subscribed to the "divinity of Kings" dogma promulgated by Archbishop Laud.

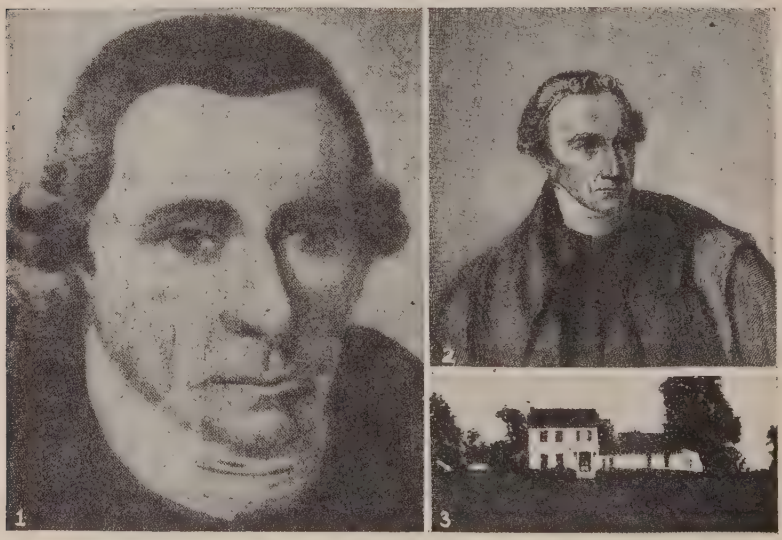
For centuries after the fall of feudalism and the rise of modern statesmanship, British and European rulers generally

[1] Refer to Note I, Appendix.

Tomb of the Earl of Chatham, Westminster Abbey.

had carefully built up the system known as "the balance of power." Under that system nearly all of Europe has broken down. On this side of the broad Atlantic, a test of a century and a half—in these United States—has proven beyond the shadow of a doubt the superiority of a more liberal ideal.

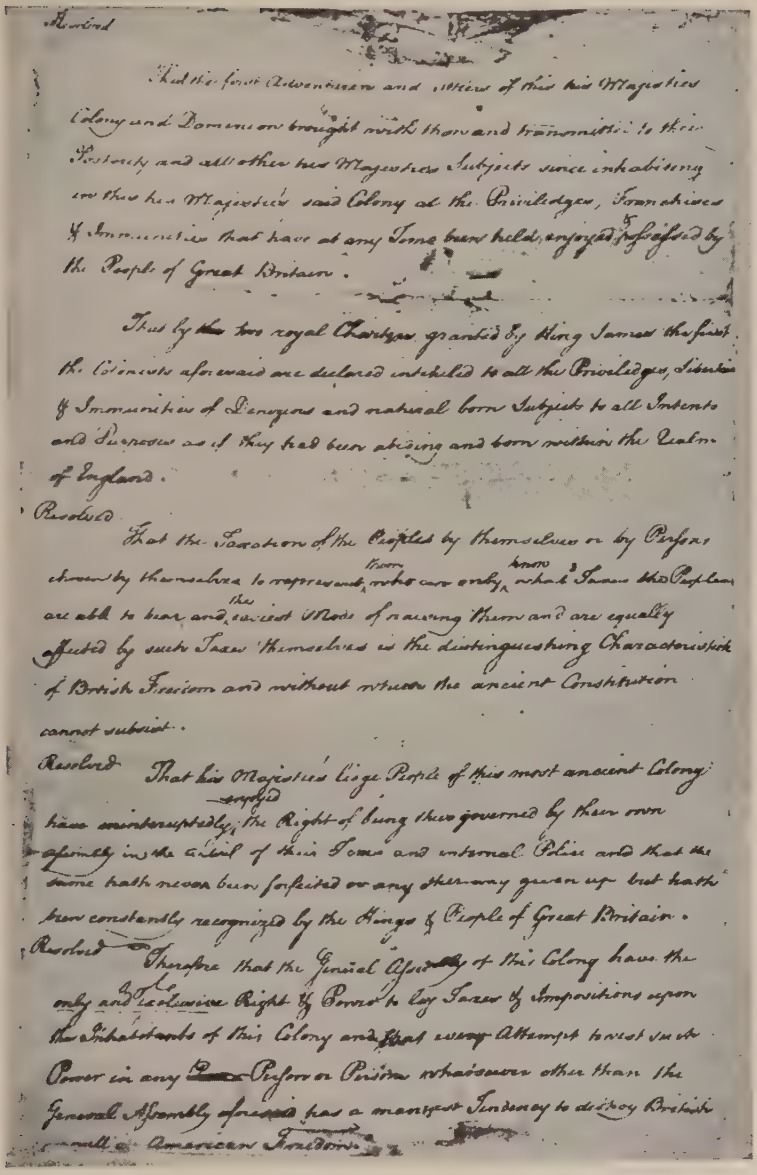
In the spring of 1765 the tidings of Parliament's passage of the Stamp Act arrived in America. On the twenty-ninth



1. Only portrait of Patrick Henry from life.
2. Sully portrait.
3. "Red Hill," Charlotte County, Patrick Henry's residence.

of May the gifted young Virginia lawyer, Patrick Henry, rose from his seat in the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg to thrill his fellow-Burgesses with his vehement denunciation of the new Act, so plainly aimed at the life and freedom of the Colonies. Inspired by patriotic zeal, he presented his arguments with logical precision but terrific power.[1]

[1] It was Henry's maiden speech in the House of Burgesses; but in 1761 he had delivered a forceful speech—actually his maiden effort—in the Hanover Court House, Virginia, in defence of the people against the clergy.



Resolved

That the first Adventurers and Settlers of this his Majesties Colony and Dominion brought with them and transmitted to their Posterity and all other his Majesties Subjects since inhabiting in this his Majesties said Colony all the Privileges, Franchises & Immunities that have at any Time been held, enjoyed & possessed by the People of Great Britain.

Thus by the two royal Charters granted by King James the first the Colonists aforesaid are declared intitled to all the Privileges, Liberties & Immunities of Denizens and natural born Subjects to all Intents and Purposes as if they had been abiding and born within the Realm of England.

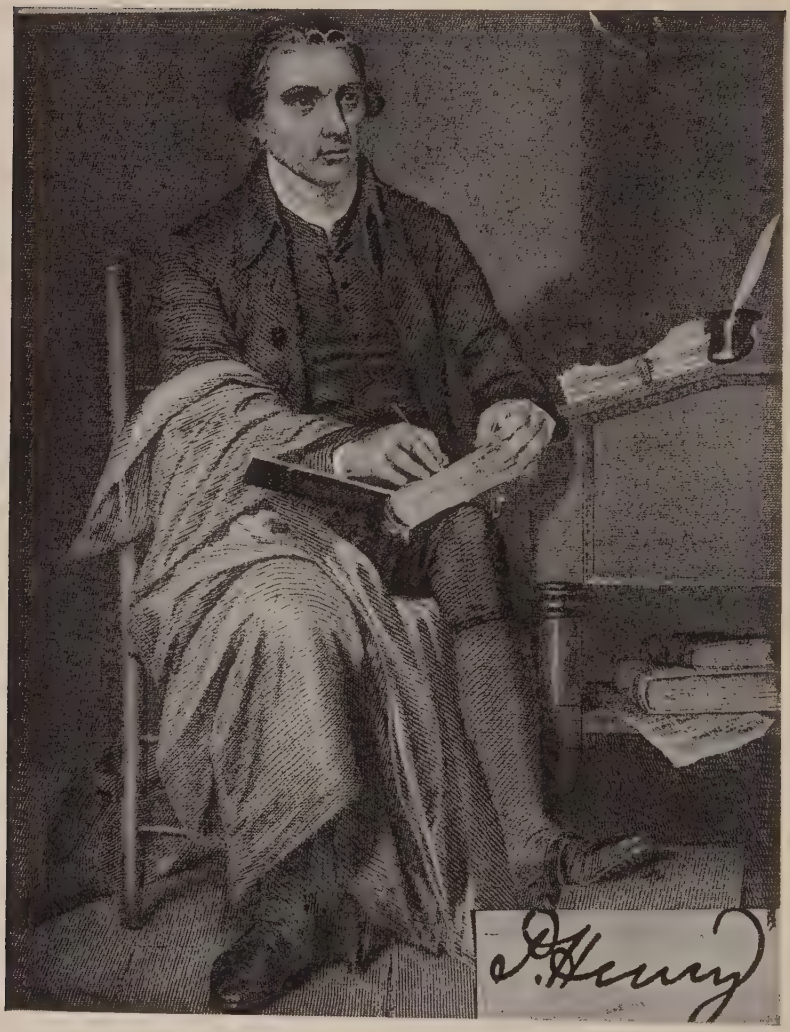
Resolved

That the Taxation of the People by themselves or by Persons chosen by themselves to represent them who can only know what Taxes the People can bear and the easiest Mode of raising them and are equally affected by such Taxes themselves is the distinguishing Characteristick of British Freedom and without which the ancient Constitution cannot subsist.

Resolved That his Majesties liege People of this most ancient Colony have uninterruptedly enjoyed the Right of being thus governed by their own Assembly in the Article of their Taxes and internal Police and that the same hath never been forfeited or any other way given up but hath been constantly recognized by the Kings & People of Great Britain.

Resolved Therefore that the General Assembly of this Colony have the only and exclusive Right & Power to lay Taxes & Impositions upon the Inhabitants of this Colony and that every Attempt to vest such Power in any Person or Persons whatsoever other than the General Assembly aforesaid has a manifest Tendency to destroy British as well as American Freedom.

Original manuscript of Patrick Henry's 1765 speech, found after his death.



Patrick Henry writing his famous speech on the back of an old law book in the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1765. *Chappel.*

Thomas Jefferson has left for posterity a vivid description of the unparallelled scene in the House of Burgesses which followed Henry's speech. These are his impressions:

"Mr. Henry took the lead out of the hands of those who had heretofore guided the proceedings of the House. He had never before had a subject which entirely matched his genius; his talents never failed to rise with the occasion and in proportion with the resistance he had to encounter. He had not only to fight hand-to-hand the powerful party who were in possession, but at the same instant to cheer and animate the timid band of followers that were trembling, fainting, and drawing back below him. The cords of argument with which his adversaries frequently flattered themselves they had bound him fast became pack threads in his hand. He burst them with as much ease as the unshorn Samson did the bands of the Philistines. He seized the pillars of the temple, shook them terribly, and seemed to threaten his opponents with ruin. It was an incessant storm of lightning and thunder, which struck them aghast. The fainthearted gathered courage from his countenance, and cowards became heroes while they gazed upon his exploits.

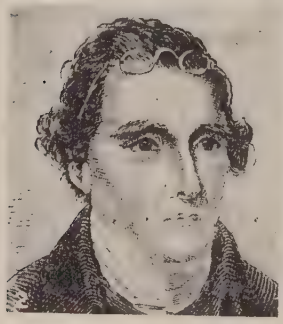
"It was in the midst of this magnificent debate, while he was descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious Act, that he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder and with the look of a god,

" 'Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III——'

" 'Treason!' cried the Speaker.

" 'Treason! Treason!' echoed from every part of the House.

"It was one of those trying moments decisive of character. Henry faltered not an instant, but, rising to loftier heights, and fixing on the Speaker an eye of the most determined fire, finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis——



1. Patrick Henry astounding the Virginia Assembly, as the scene is generally pictured. *By Rothermel.*
2. Portrait of Patrick Henry. *By Sully.*
3. House of Burgesses, Williamsburg, Va.

"—may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!" [1]

Henry's own briefly written account of this historic incident—which, as subsequent events proved, was destined to have mighty and far-reaching effects—is of especial interest:

"All the Colonies had remained silent. I had been for the first time elected a Burgess a few days before, was young, inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the House and the members that composed it. No person was likely to step forth, and alone, unadvised and unassisted, on the blank leaf of an old law book I wrote the within.

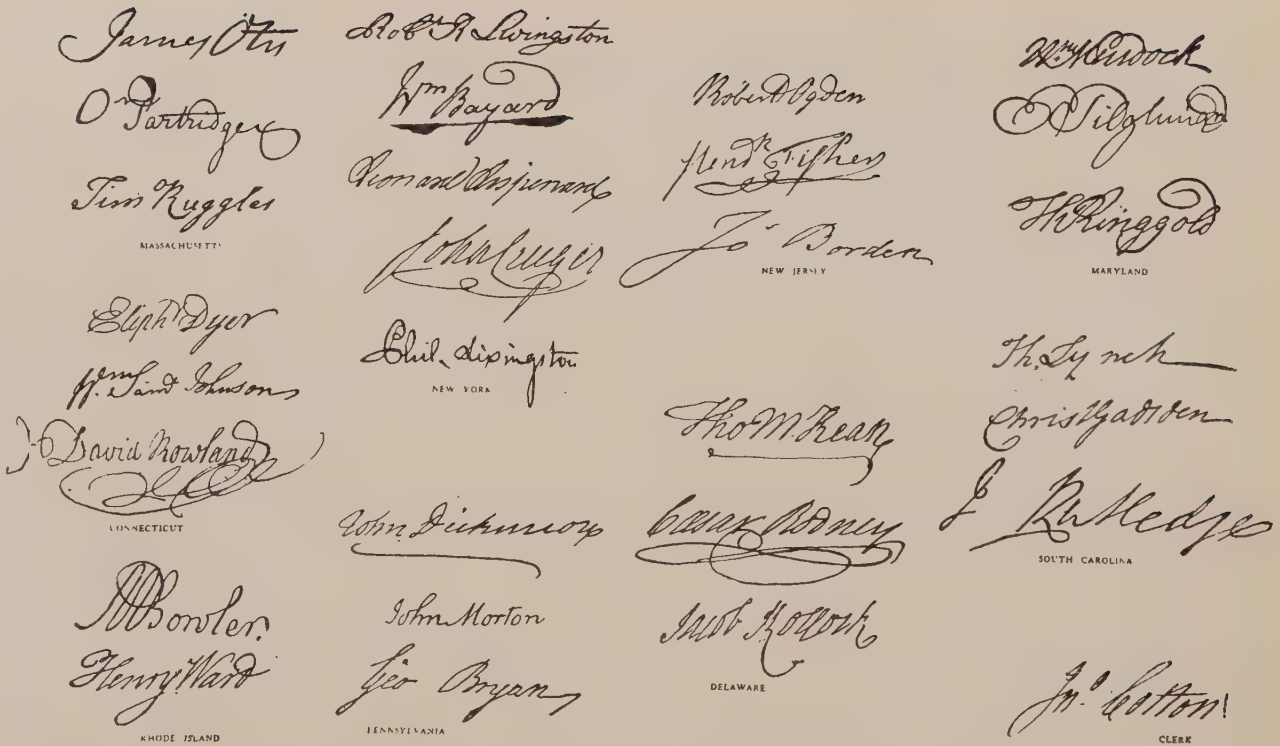
"Upon offering them to the House, violent debates ensued; threats were uttered, and abuse cast upon me by the party for submission. It passed by only one or two majority." [2]

George Washington was among the Burgesses present in the Assembly during this dramatic episode; and even as John Adams—afterwards second President of the United States—had been stirred to the depths of his being by young Otis' impassioned speech in Boston's Old State House in February, 1761, so George Washington must have been stirred by Patrick Henry's speech on that May 29, 1765. The twenty-five per cent of Toryism that doubtless still lingered in his mental equipment must then have been sadly shattered. It was a devastating experience for all those

[1] The penalty for treason was death.

[2] This remarkable document, in Henry's own handwriting, was found after his death by his executors, who, in examining his papers, discovered it in a sealed packet which also contained the original script (to which he refers) of his speech, written on a fly-leaf torn from an old law book and marked: "Resolutions Against the Stamp Act; presented to the House of Burgesses sitting in Williamsburg, Virginia, May 29, 1765." Patrick Henry's home was at Red Hill, Charlotte County, Va.

A fellow-Virginian described Henry as "In religious matters a saint, but the very devil in politics; a son of thunder."



Autographs of the twenty-eight delegates to the Stamp Congress that met in City Hall, Wall Street, New York City, October 7, 1765.

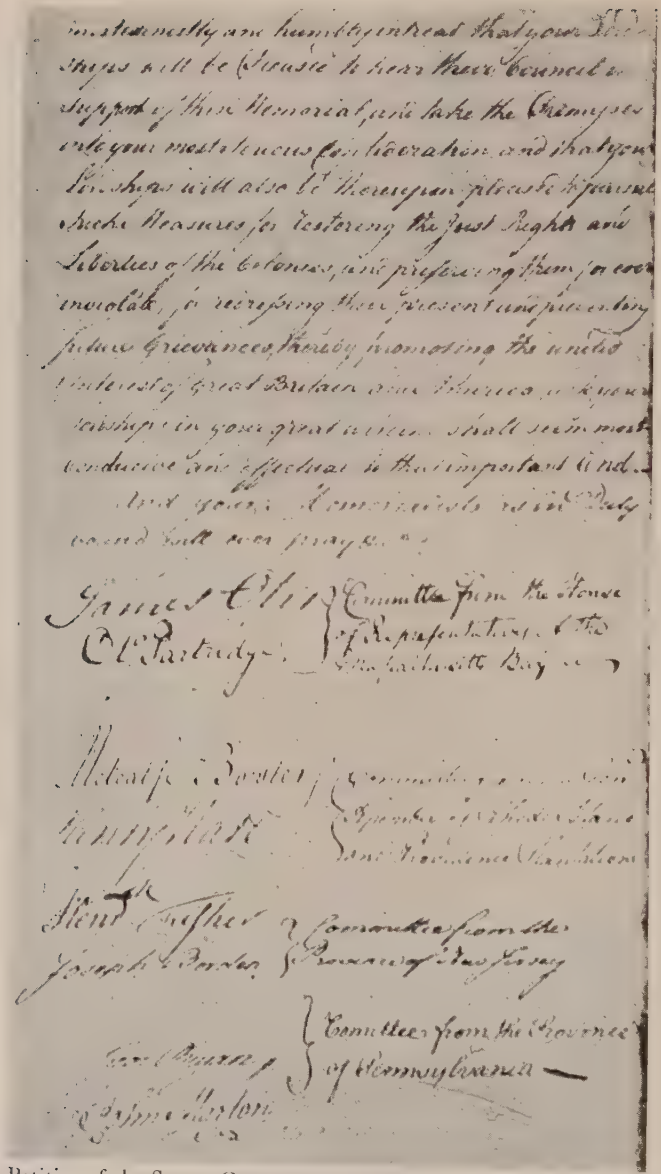
Virginians who, however deeply they may have resented England's often-demonstrated discrimination against the American Colonies, had, nevertheless, until that hour revered the land of their forefathers and yielded to its Sovereign their unswerving loyalty.

This fiery speech of the young Virginian, which shook the Colonies to their very foundations, resulted in the dissolution of the Virginia Assembly by Governor Fauquier, who, thoroughly alarmed by the insurrectional spirit displayed in the House, took action immediately after the passage of the Resolution.[1] He thereupon issued writs for a new election; but this course proved only to be fruitless opposition to the popular will. The American mind had, indeed, undergone a complete transformation—a fact which Great Britain failed to realize until too late—and Virginia, foregoing her late fealty to the British Crown and her long-cherished pride in her title of "the Old Dominion," valiantly joined the other Colonies in their firm stand against tyranny and oppression.

A scant five months later, on the seventh of October, 1765, the Stamp Act Congress convened in Federal Hall, Wall Street, New York City, at the invitation of that "hotbed of rebellion," the Colony of Massachusetts. Nine of the Thirteen Colonies sent delegates, these being New York, Rhode Island, Delaware, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and South Carolina; and the remainder—Virginia, New Hampshire, Georgia and North Carolina—pledged themselves to agree to whatever action might be taken by the Stamp Congress.

The session lasted fourteen days. John Cruger, delegate from New York, wrote a Declaration of Rights; Robert R. Livingston, also of New York, prepared a petition to the King; and James Otis, of Massachusetts, framed a memorial

[1] George Johnston, attorney of Truro parish, moved the adoption of Patrick Henry's Resolution against the Stamp Act.



Petition of the Stamp Congress to the King was only signed by the eight members above.

to the Houses of Parliament. It was this last-named delegate's ringing eloquence on the platform that, in a measure, directed the course ultimately decided upon by the vacillating Stamp Congress; but only eight of the twenty-eight delegates had the courage to sign the petitions to the King and Parliament. Timothy Ruggles, of Massachusetts, president of the Congress and a soldier of wide repute, refused to sign, and later lived up to his convictions—or his lack of patriotism—by joining the King's forces.

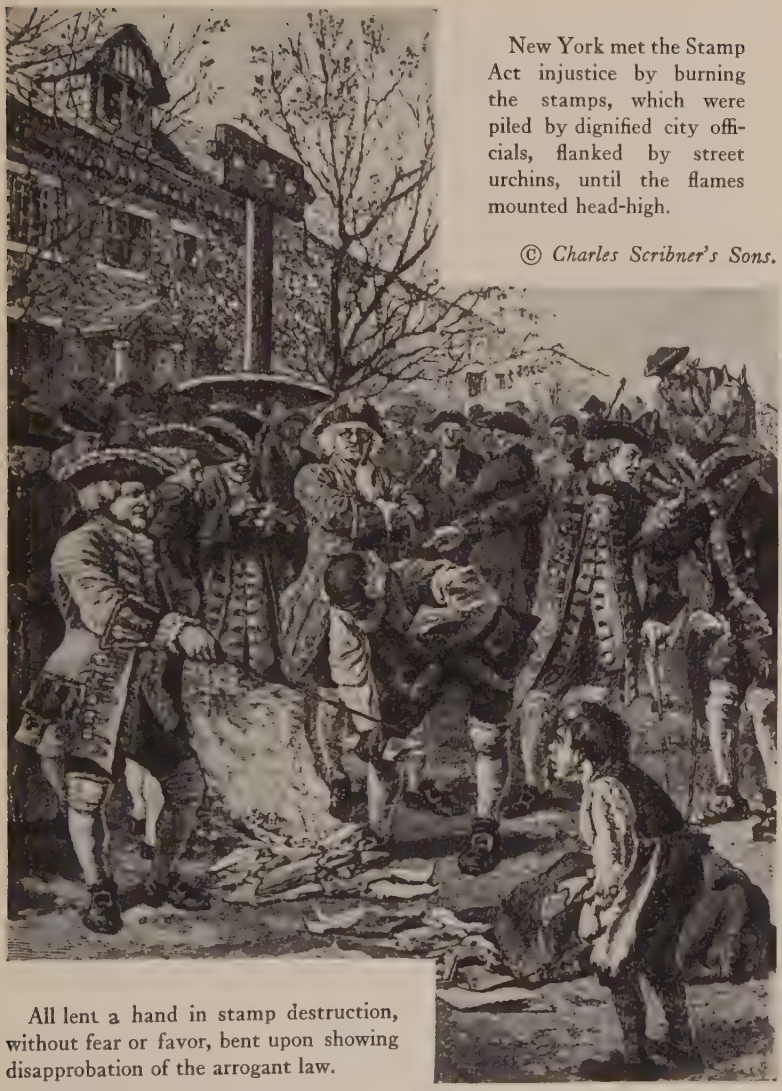
CHAPTER XVI

BURNING THE STAMPS. DESTRUCTION OF GEORGE III STATUE. STAMP ACT REPEALED. THE BOSTON MASSACRE. TEA EMBARGO. THE PORT BILL. MEETING OF VIRGINIA FREEHOLDERS. UNITY OF COLONIES. THE GEORGE WILLIAM FAIRFAXES SAIL FOR ENGLAND

THE CROMWELLIAN insurrection kindled by the passage of the Stamp Act spread with astonishing rapidity throughout colonized America, which was fairly aflame with righteous indignation by the end of the year 1765. In November of that year, following the conclusion of the Stamp Congress, Washington wrote to his wife's uncle, Francis Dandridge, who resided in London:

> "The Stamp Act engrosses the conversation of the speculative part of the colonies, who look upon this unconstitutional method of taxation as a direful attack upon their liberties, and loudly exclaim against the violation. . . .
>
> "I may venture to affirm that the advantage accruing to the mother country will fall greatly short of the expectations of the ministry, for certain it is that our whole substance already in a manner goes to Great Britain, and that whatsoever contributes to lessen our importations must be hurtful to her manufactures."

Washington was in frequent correspondence with his own uncle, Joseph Ball, at this time; for the iniquity of the Stamp Act, while it incensed the Americans, aroused the sympathetic indignation of their kinsfolk across the ocean. From that time until the Revolutionary cyclone burst, the



New York met the Stamp Act injustice by burning the stamps, which were piled by dignified city officials, flanked by street urchins, until the flames mounted head-high.

© *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

All lent a hand in stamp destruction, without fear or favor, bent upon showing disapprobation of the arrogant law.

That first raising of the Liberty Pole in New York City.

leading families of the Colonies were in frequent communication with their relatives in England.

America had, in fact, uncounted English sympathizers, other than relatives and personal friends. The majority of the common people, uninfluenced by the political considerations that swayed the Government, believed then—as a majority of Englishmen believe now—that the whole scheme of "taxation without representation" was a blow at those inalienable rights for the definition and preservation of which Magna Charta had been framed; while even in army, navy and other official circles there were many expressions of sympathy for the Colonies and of hope that they would win their cause.[1]

George III.

New York had signified its detestation of the Stamp Act by making a public bonfire of the stamps, its citizens uniting with a will in the destruction of these hated symbols of overseas tyranny. But when the Colonists' determined resistance, supplemented by the wise administration of the new Prime Minister (the Marquis of Rockingham, a progressive and friendly Whig), had resulted in the repeal of the Act, the citizens of New York erected, at the

[1] During the Colonies' long and sanguinary struggle for liberty feeling ran high among the English, few of whom loved the Hanoverian Georges. A prominent man who appeared one day clad in deep mourning, when asked, "Whom have you lost?" replied, "Many an American brother." A Tory seeking re-election to Parliament found his hopes frustrated by a placard informing the public that "He subscribed five hundred pounds to cut the American throat, and lost the American Colony to Great Britain." In fact, "He lost our American Colonies" was a popular slogan that blasted the budding aspirations of many a Britisher in search of political honors.

1. Cutting down the Liberty Pole in New York City.
2. Clash over resetting the pole.

Bowling Green, an equestrian statue of George III, in grateful recognition of the British Government's concession to Colonial rights.[1] The peaceful outlook, however, was not destined to permanency. Other measures, equally obnoxious, were already in the drafting; and the loyal subjects of the King in New York might better have waited awhile before putting their appreciation into tangible form.

It has been said of George Washington that he was averse to taking arms against the mother country; even that the idea of war—or of independence—had not occurred

New Yorkers rejoicing over replacement of the Liberty Pole.
© *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

to him until it was communicated to him by certain of his contemporaries; but as early as the fifth of April, 1769, we find him writing to his friend, George Mason, of Gunston Hall, Virginia, this illuminating letter:

"Dear Sir:

"Herewith you will see the letter and sundry papers containing resolves of the merchants of Philadelphia respecting the non-importation of articles of British manufacture, which were forwarded to me a day or two

[1] The statue, by Wilton, of London, was erected in 1770; but was destroyed by the angry populace, after hearing the Declaration of Independence read, on the ninth of July, 1776. (See page 413.)

ago by Dr. Ross of Bladensburg. I transmit them with a greater pleasure, as my own desire of knowing your sentiments on a matter of this importance exactly coincides with the doctor's information.

"At a time when our lordly masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than a declaration of American freedom, it seems highly necessary that something should be done to avert the stroke, and maintain the liberty which we have derived from our ancestors. . . . No man should scruple or hesitate a moment to use arms n defense of so valuable a blessing, it is clearly my opinion. Yet arms, I would beg leave to add, should be the last resource. . . ."

This letter requires no elucidation; and its concluding lines may be accepted as fairly expressing George Washington's actual opinion at that time, reached after a careful weighing of the entire matter—as was his invariable custom in all the serious affairs of life.

The old Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg, heretofore the scene of many amicable gatherings, political and otherwise, now became a favored rendezvous for the disaffected Colonists. Here long and heated discussions often took place, and here plans were formulated for definite and decisive action.

On the seventeenth of May, 1769, when Governor Botetourt dissolved the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg, the Burgesses afterward repaired to the Raleigh Tavern, and there formed the Non-Importation Association, George Washington being a member of the committee which framed the plan. He conveys no hint of it, however, in his diary entry for that day, merely stating that he "dined at the Treasurer's and was upon a Committee . . . until 10 o'clock." [1]

[1] Washington—as has already been remarked—was singularly reticent concerning important happenings in which he figured. Even on the day that he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Armies, June 15, 1775, his diary records only that he "spent the evening on a Committee."

In 1770 the Boston Massacre, ominously darkening the fifth of March, again profoundly stirred the Colonies. Sinister portents which even the most optimistic could not fail to perceive were in the very air; and one may well believe that there were many heavy hearts among the men

The Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770.

and women who thoughtfully pursued the peaceful avocations of their daily life.

Colonel Washington, at Mount Vernon, looked after his several plantations and gave his usual close attention to the prosaic details of farm management; but for him, and for other public-spirited men of his station, there were additional activities, quite dissociated from these everyday

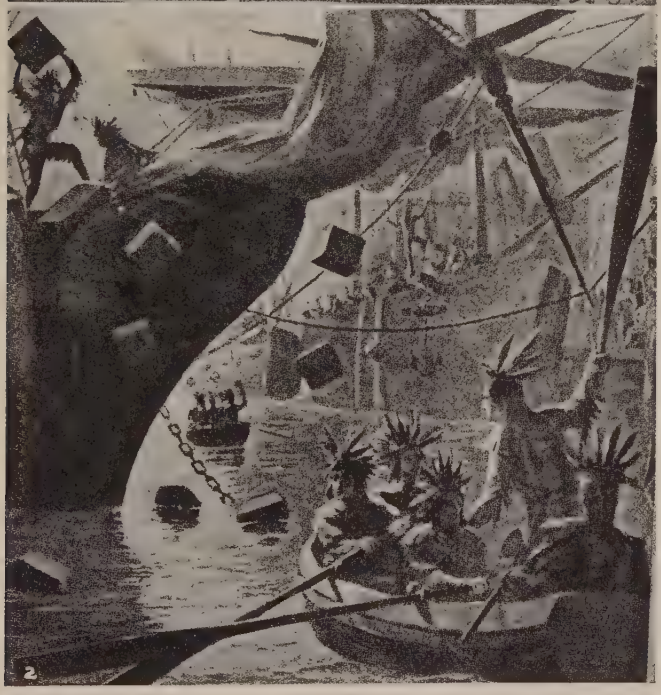
pursuits,—committee meetings to attend, plans to be discussed, protective measures to be drafted,—for no one knew when or in what guise the next blow would fall. The seat of hostility was so far away and so difficult of access that there could be no forewarning.

An interlude of travel occurred in 1772,[1] when Colonel Washington, accompanied by his friend Dr. Craik, made the westward journey, to which reference has been made in an earlier chapter,[2] for the purpose of surveying and mapping out the lands which the Government had granted to those Colonial soldiers who had taken part in the march to the Ohio and the Battle of Monongahela in 1755; and in the course of his trip encountered the Indian chieftain who had commanded the redskin allies of the French in that unforgotten tragedy.

In 1773, on the sixteenth of December, came the tea embargo, and the looting of the tea ships in Boston harbor; and forthwith the patriotic Colonists pledged themselves to forego the consolation of their favorite beverage. Washington was an inveterate tea-drinker, but he declined to gratify his taste at the expense of his conscience, denying himself not only tea, but all other taxable commodities.

Although Massachusetts had long been rebellious to the core, the English Government made a serious miscalculation when, in retaliation for the looting of the tea ships, it sprang the Port Bill on Boston in 1774, closing the harbor and blocking the trade of that flourishing seaport. The idea back of the scheme was that other American seaports, jealous of the volume of Boston's commerce, would quickly and gladly take advantage of this opportunity to increase their own importing business. But the mutual loyalty of the Thirteen Colonies brought this scheme to naught. When the proud Old Dominion saw the rights of a sister Colony ruthlessly trampled under foot, she leaped to the defence

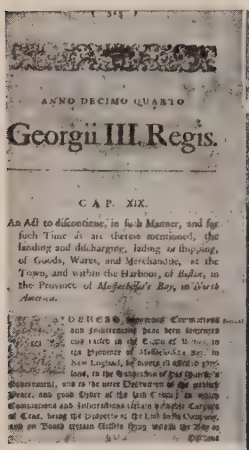
[1] George W. P. Custis gives the date both as 1770 and 1772.



1. Major Pitcairn starting the Revolution. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*

2. The tea ships that reached Boston and calamity, December 16, 1773.

as a tigress springs to protect her young. Able sympathizers of the Colonies in the Houses of Parliament, including Lord Camden in the House of Lords and William Pitt in the House of Commons, stood staunchly against the Port Bill,



ANNO DECIMO QUARTO

Georgii III. Regis.

CAP. XIX.

An Act to discontinue, in such Manner, and for such Time as are therein mentioned, the landing and discharging, lading or shipping, of Goods, Wares, and Merchandize, at the Town, and within the Harbour, of *Boston*, in the Province of *Massachusett's Bay*, in *North America*.

1 First page of Boston Port Bill.

2. Killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. *Right to use this cartoon was given by the owner, R. T. H. Halsey.*

3. Blockade of Boston Harbor by British ships.

but, with all their personal power and forensic skill, were unable to prevent its passage.

What London thought of the Port Bill may be inferred from a cartoon published at the time, caricaturing the lords gathered about a table upon which lies a goose that, already maimed beyond repair, is now about to be decapitated by one of the fiendish crew, who is shown grasping the goose

by the neck with one hand, while he wields the uplifted sword with the other. This cartoon, entitled "Killing the Goose that lays the Golden Eggs," made something of a sensation at the time.[1]

When the Port Bill was under discussion in the Assembly at Williamsburg, Colonel Washington rose and declared:

"I will raise one thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march them to the relief of Boston."

On the day that the Bill went into enforcement (June 1, 1774), British warships closing Boston harbor to all shipping, Washington attended the church and fasted throughout the day, in accordance with the resolution passed by the Virginia House of Burgesses.

The Colonies were now working co-ordinately against the opposing forces, although as yet there was no determination to take up arms, the Colonists hoping against hope that a peaceable solution of the problem might be reached. With Massachusetts' successful plan of correspondence among the counties for a model, Richard Henry Lee had proposed the inauguration of a similar system among the Thirteen Colonies. Up to that time no concerted movement had been made, beyond the Stamp Congress in 1765. With this plan in effect, the Colonies were no longer separate entities, but—Thirteen-in-One—presented a solid front to England. William Lee,[2] writing from London on the subject, said:

> "This combination of the Colonies has struck a greater panic to the Ministry than all that has taken place since the days of the Stamp Act."

Momentous events now followed each other with telling swiftness and force. It was in 1774 that the Freeholders of

[1] Reproduced on page 280, by courtesy of R. T. H. Halsey (owner of the only three original copies known to be still in existence).

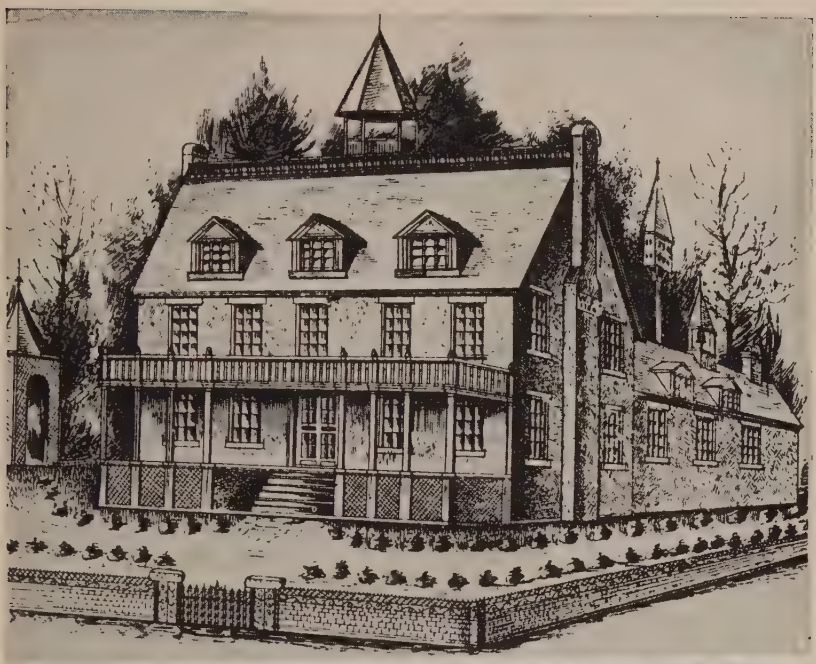
[2] William Lee came again to the fore in 1780, when he assisted in drafting a treaty which was seized, with other important documents, from Henry Laurens while on his way to Holland.

Fairfax County met at Alexandria, Colonel Washington presiding, and passed Resolutions embodying the same principles that were later immortalized in the Declaration of Independence. At Williamsburg, Governor Dunmore having dissolved the House of Burgesses, an emergency Assembly —the Virginia Convention—was formed for the government of the province; and in this, as in the Assemblies ruled by the Governor, Washington took a leading part.

In the Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern a decision was reached, and plans formulated, to raise by subscription, from the counties of Virginia, one thousand pounds to defray the expenses of seven delegates to represent the Colony of Virginia at the forthcoming General Congress (the First Continental Congress), appointed to convene in Philadelphia in September, 1774. The delegates elected were Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry,[1] George Eland, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Pendleton and George Washington.

On the eve of setting out on the toilsome journey, Colonel Washington entertained two of his fellow-delegates—Henry and Pendleton—at hospitable Mount Vernon. The mistress of the mansion—heart and soul with her husband in the cause which meant everything in the world to the Colonists, and to the support of which all were pledged—made such a deep impression upon one of her guests, Edmund Pendleton, that, after spending a night in the

[1] Patrick Henry said of Washington at this time:
"If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina is the greatest orator, but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is by far the greatest man on the floor."



Belvoir, drawn from recollection.
Site of Belvoir's former greatness.

Washingtons' home, he wrote thus enthusiastically to his wife:

"I was very much pleased with Mrs. Washington and her spirit. She seemed ready to make any sacrifice, and was cheerful, though I know she felt anxious. She talked like a Spartan mother to her son before

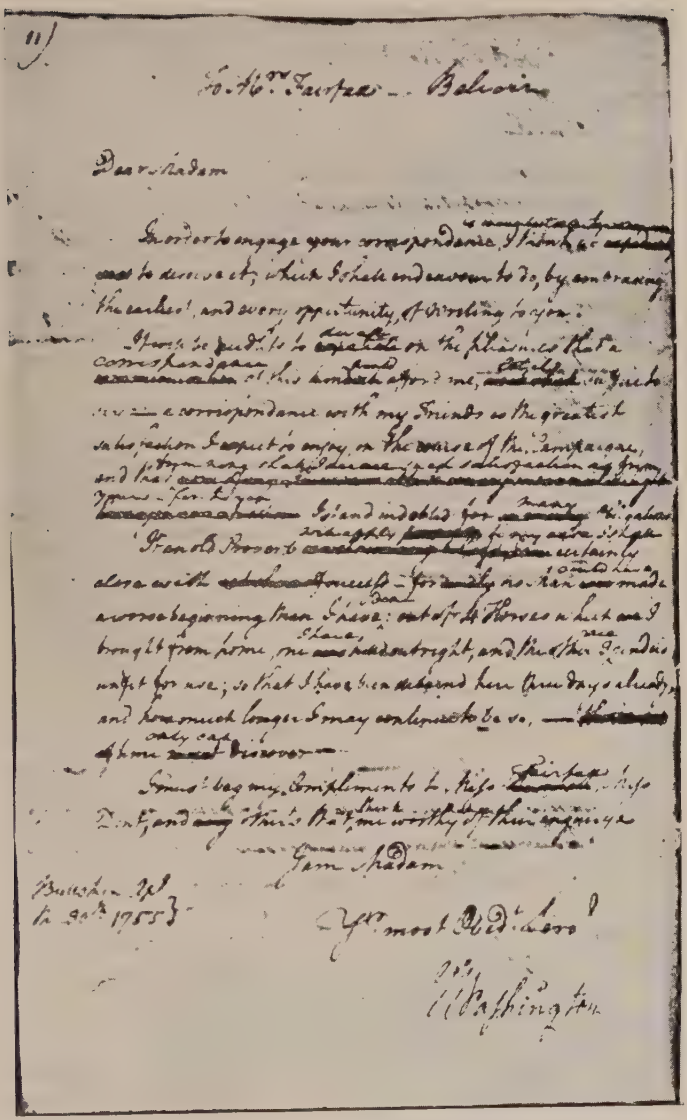
Grave of Sir William, father of George William Fairfax. His wife, Deborah, is also buried here.

going into battle: 'I hope you will all stand firm; I know George will,' she said.

"The dear little woman was busy from morning until night with domestic duties, but she gave us much time in conversation and afforded us entertainment. When we set off in the morning, she stood in the door and cheered us with the good words: 'God be with you, gentlemen!' "

An exquisite word-picture of the trust and tranquillity of the Washington household! And with what clarion clearness do her patriotic words of good cheer echo down the years:

"I hope you will all stand firm; *I know George will!*"



Letter from Washington to Mrs. George William Fairfax, corrected in later years by Washington.

About this time gaps began to appear in the social circle, when some of the Colonists, sensing the menace of more serious trouble in the near future, decided to return to the mother country. George William Fairfax, Washington's true and trusted friend in boyhood and manhood, was among them, sailing to England with his family in time to meet the tea ships headed for Boston—and disaster.

This branch of the Fairfax tree never returned to America,[1] but Washington, who was ever loyal to his friends, did not forget his old-time chum. After the Revolutionary War he wrote to him, with characteristic generosity:

> "Your house at Belvoir, I am sorry to say, is no more; but mine, enlarged since you saw it, is most sincerely and heartily at your service until you can rebuild." [2]

Still later, Washington wrote.

> "None of which events . . . have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments—the happiest in my life—which I have enjoyed in your company. . . . It is a matter of sore regret when I cast my eyes toward Belvoir, which I often do, to reflect that the former inhabitants of it, with whom we lived in such harmony and friendship, no longer reside there, and that the ruins can only be viewed as the memento of former pleasures."

[1] George William Fairfax died in 1787, and was buried in Wirthlington Church, England. His wife (born Sarah Cary, daughter of Thomas Cary, of Virginia, and sister of Mary Cary, a valued friend of Washington) lived until 1812.

Sir William Fairfax, father of George William Fairfax and cousin of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, had died in 1757. His grave, with that of his second wife (born Deborah Clark, of Salem, Massachusetts), is on his former estate of Belvoir, Virginia.

[2] Belvoir, the handsome Virginia home of Sir William Fairfax and his son, George William Fairfax, was burned in 1777, in the Revolutionary War, while under lease to a clergyman. Again, in the War of 1812, the foundations were shelled by the British fleet, thus unwittingly completing the destruction of a loyal Briton's home.

CHAPTER XVII

THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS. A NEW AMERICA IS BORN. MISTAKES OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT. PATRICK HENRY'S SPEECH AT RICHMOND. "GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!" THE SHOT IS FIRED "THAT ECHOED 'ROUND THE WORLD"

THE First Continental Congress, to which all of the Thirteen Colonies—with Canada making a fourteenth—sent delegates, was a significant step forward in the history of America. John Adams wrote of this first gathering of the Fathers of Freedom:

> "It is such an assembly as never before came together on a sudden in any part of the world."

It was held in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, Peyton Randolph (of Virginia) being elected president, and Charles Thomson (of Pennsylvania), secretary. Following a prayer offered by the Reverend Jacob Duché,[1] the Psalter for the fifth day of the month was read at the opening session. It contains these words—so full of solemn meaning:

> "Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me; fight against them that fight against me, and stand up for my help. Draw out also the spear, and stop the way of them that persecute me."

A brief, impressive silence followed the reading of the psalm. Suddenly Patrick Henry, the fiery Virginian, sprang to his feet, and in ringing tones declared:

[1] Bishop White is responsible for the statement that George Washington was the only member of the Congress who knelt during the prayer. John Adams was greatly impressed by the prayer of the Reverend Jacob Duché, who later joined the ranks of the enemy.

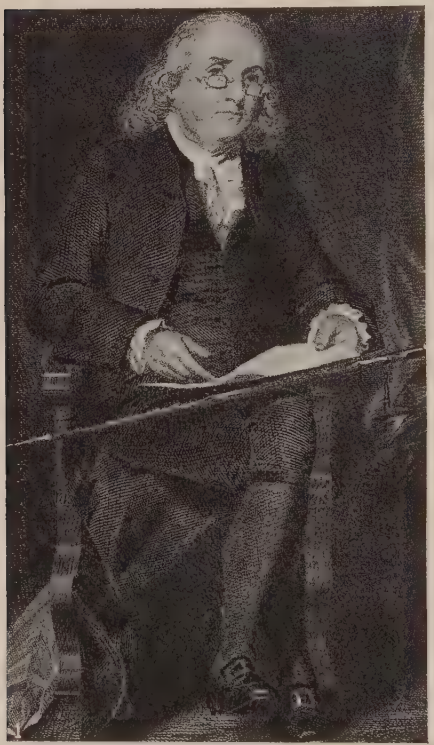
"British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several Colonies. The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian—I am an American!"

Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., where the First Continental Congress met September 5, 1774. Canada was represented.

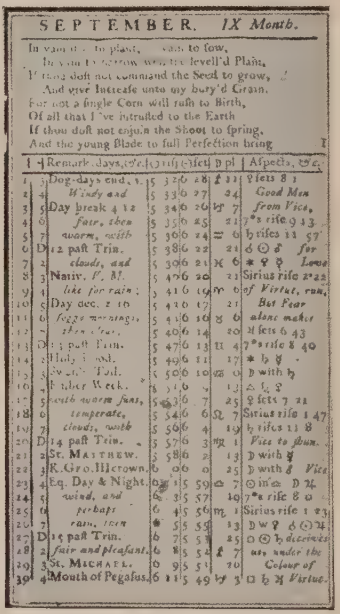
A new America was, indeed, born during that momentous conference of 1774, which, opening September 5, continued until October 26. All of the questions that had so long been troubling the Colonies came up for discussion, and were

First Continental Congress of forty-four delegates in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., September 5, 1774. Opened by prayer of Rev. Jacob Duché.

more or less painfully threshed out. The majority of the delegates, although strongly insistent upon the rights of the Colonies, favored pacific measures. Separation was not seriously considered. It was generally hoped at



Benjamin Franklin. *Chappel.*



SEPTEMBER. *IX Month.*

In vain [illegible] to plant, [illegible] vain to sow,
In vain to harrow [illegible] levell'd Plain,
If thou dost not command the Seed to grow,
And give Increase unto my bury'd Grain.
For not a single Corn will rush to Birth,
Of all that I've intrusted to the Earth
If thou dost not enjoin the Shoot to spring,
And the young Blade to full Perfection bring

		Remark. days, &c.	☉ rise	☉ set	☽ pl	Aspects, &c.
1	3	Dog-days end, s.	5 32	6 28	♐ 11	♀ sets 8 1
2	4	*Windy and*	5 33	6 27	24	*Good Men*
3	5	Day break 4 12	5 34	6 26	♑ 7	*from Vice,*
4	6	*fair, then*	5 35	6 25	21	7*s rise 9 13
5	7	*warm, with*	5 36	6 24	♒ 6	♄ rises 11 57
6	D	12 past Trin.	5 38	6 22	21	☌ ☉ ♂ *for*
7	2	*clouds, and*	5 39	6 21	♓ 6	✱ ♀ ☿ *Love*
8	3	Nativ. *V. M.*	5 40	6 20	21	Sirius rise 2 22
9	4	*like for rain;*	5 41	6 19	♈ 6	*of Virtue, run,*
10	5	Day dec. 2 16	5 42	6 17	21	*But Fear*
11	6	*foggy mornings,*	5 43	6 16	♉ 6	*alone makes*
12	7	*then clear,*	5 46	6 14	20	♃ sets 6 43
13	D	13 past Trin.	5 47	6 13	♊ 4	7*s rise 8 40
14	2	Holy Cross.	5 49	6 11	17	✱ ♄ ☿
15	3	Swath Toil.	5 50	6 10	♋ 0	☽ with ♄
16	4	Fisher Week.	5 51	6 9	13	△ ♄ ♀
17	5	*with warm suns,*	5 53	6 7	25	♀ sets 7 21
18	6	*temperate,*	5 54	6 6	♌ 7	Sirius rise 1 47
19	7	*clouds, with*	5 56	6 4	19	♄ rises 11 8
20	D	14 past Trin.	5 57	6 3	♍ 1	*Vice to shun.*
21	2	St. MATTHEW.	5 58	6 2	13	☽ with ☿
22	3	K. GEO. III crown.	6 0	6 0	25	☽ with ♂ *Vice*
23	4	Eq. Day & Night.	6 1	5 59	♎ 7	☉ in ♎ ☽ ♃
24	5	*wind, and*	6 3	5 57	19	7*s rise 8 0
25	6	*perhaps*	6 4	5 56	♏ 1	Sirius rise 1 23
26	7	*rain, then*	6 5	5 55	13	☽ w ♀ ☌ ☉ ♃
27	D	15 past Trin.	6 7	5 53	25	□ ☉ ♄ *deceives*
28	2	*fair and pleasant.*	6 8	5 52	♐ 7	*us, under the*
29	3	St. MICHAEL.	6 9	5 51	20	*Colour of*
30	4	Mouth of Pegasus.	6 11	5 49	♑ 3	□ ♄ ♃ *Virtue.*

This leaf from "Poor Richard's Almanac" has been religiously studied by rising and risen generations for close to a century.

this time that the British Government could be brought to adopt a more reasonable attitude toward the Colonies.

Benjamin Franklin, whose pronounced personality, unquestioned honesty of purpose and broadly applicable philosophy have written his name indelibly on the roll of famous men the world over, was chosen by his compatriots to go to England to see what could be done toward arriving at an

honorable peace. During that visit to England—he sailed in 1774—he met a young Englishman, Thomas Paine, who had already displayed marked talent as a writer.

Franklin, his analytical mind working in unison with the eye of the trained newspaper man for creative ability, was impressed by Paine's manifest genius, and decided that there was a promising field for this young man in Americe. Paine was ready for the adventure, and in 1775 sailed with letters of introduction from Franklin to prominent persons in Philadelphia. Englishman though he was, this young man proved to be one of America's staunchest champions. Becoming editor of the Pennsylvania Magazine, we find him—less than a year after his arrival in the New World—directing the thought of the Colonists, by the written as well as the spoken word, toward complete separation from the mother country. But of that, more will be said later.[1]

Even in 1775 it was acknowledged by many leading British statesmen (as it is by most, if not all, of their successors of the present day) that England's injudicious Parliamentary policy was the chief factor in forcing the American Revolution. And mainly responsible for that policy were false theories of political economy—theories based on mistaken premises—and a total inability to see more than one side of the question at issue, and that one, the side of the aggressor.

From the days of the earliest settlement in the Colonies, British merchants had regarded them as an El Dorado expressly designed by a beneficent Providence for the consumption of English merchandise; and with this idea always in view, legislation to bar all manufacturing in America seemed, to the mind of the average trader, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." The greed and jealousy of a small clique in high places, catering "for revenue only" to the uncurbed ambition of a stupid and stubborn monarch—whose

[1] See page 345.

greatest ambition was to ape the splendid arrogance of Louis XIV of France—capitalized this idea to the ultimate degree, sowing seeds of discord in fruitful ground and nurturing them to maturity.

Not a few of the royalty-appointed governors had come to the American Colonies for their own personal advantage, rather than to be of service to their country.[1] Most of them were Tories,—there was, in fact, but one Whig governor,—and a majority of these were little better than tools of a subsidized Parliament. The fairer-minded Parliamentarians, led by William Pitt and men of like sterling character, never ceased to protest against the unjust treatment of wealth-producing Colonies whose loyalty had never been questioned.[2] Had Parliament been less dictatorial, had the King been less opinionated or more judiciously advised, the chasm between England and the Colonies might have been bridged, and the war cloud dissipated. But this, it appeared, was not to be.

That year of 1775, destined to be the most fateful year which had yet dawned upon the New World, was not three months old when startling events began to happen. On Monday, March 10, the Virginia Convention assembled in old St. John's Church, Richmond. Many in this assemblage of earnest men still hoped for reconciliation with the mother country; a few even believed that the House should humble itself to the powers across the sea; and in this spirit they expressed their thanks to the Assembly of Jamaica (West Indies) for having interceded with Parliament on behalf of her sister Colonies.

[1] One of the perquisites of the Colonial Governorship of Virginia was the privilege of remaining in England, receiving the official stipend, and enjoying the dignity, while a deputy executive was sent to the Colony to perform the Governor's duties.

[2] Leading men of other countries—notably the Netherlands—wrote vigorously, from time to time, in support of the American cause. In the Athenæum Library, Boston, Massachusetts, there are more than forty pamphlets from Holland, printed during the period of 1770–1785, all of them favorable to America.

1. St. John's Church, Richmond, Va.
2. Patrick Henry's grave.
3. Interior of St. John's Church.
4. Washington's headquarters in Richmond. *Courtesy of H. P. Cook, Richmond, Va.*

1. Patrick Henry's speech in St. John's Church, Richmond, March 10, 1775; "Give me Liberty, or give me Death!" © *Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*
2. Chappel's illustration of the above.

This was more than Patrick Henry's proud spirit could brook. With wrath in his eye and scorn in his voice, he rose and said:

"This fawning is gall and wormwood to me!"—a sentiment in which the majority of the House fully concurred.

Without further comment Henry wrote and presented to the Convention the following Resolution:

> "*Resolved*: That a well-regulated militia composed of gentlemen and yeomen is the natural strength and only security of a free government; that such a militia in this Colony would forever render it unnecessary for the mother country to keep among us for the purpose of our defence any standing army of mercenary soldiers, always subversive of the quiet, and dangerous to the liberties of the people, and would remove the pretext of taxing us for their support. . .
>
> "*Resolved*, therefore, that this Colony immediately be put in a state of defence, and that . . . be a Committee to prepare a plan for embodying, arming and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose."

The reading of this Resolution plunged the Richmond Convention into an uproar. "How could a nation without arms, without soldiers, without a general, and without money, dare to throw down the gauntlet to invincible Great Britain?" was asked. Observing that this was no time for ceremony nor for courteous apologies, Henry sprang again to his feet and—with all the fire and fervor that had colored his famous Stamp Act speech of nearly ten years before—launched upon the tense ears of his confrères that flaming speech whose immortal "Give me Liberty or give me Death!" will never cease to thrill the heart of the true patriot and find a responsive echo therein.

"Sir," exclaimed Henry, addressing the Speaker, "we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have

Richmond, Va., at the time Patrick Henry stirred the Colonies.

been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional slights and insults; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

. . . . . .

"The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave; besides, sir, we have no election; if we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston.

The war is inevitable. Let it come—I repeat, sir, let it come!

. . . . . .

"The war has actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, *give me Liberty, or give me Death!*" [1]

This thrilling peroration was followed by profound silence. There was no applause. Then the spirit of enthusiastic endorsement swept like wildfire through the assembly.

Salem Bridge, Mass., where the first blood in New England was shed in the American Revolution.

Once more Patrick Henry's eloquence had started a conflagration; this time, one that was not to be quenched.

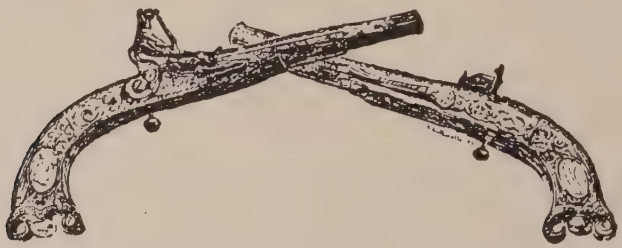
An eventful year, indeed! At Salem Bridge, Massachusetts, on February 25, 1775, the first blood in New England

[1] "Give me Liberty or give me Death!" was the slogan of the Southern soldiers in the Revolutionary War, and was often embroidered by the skilful fingers of feminine patriots on the shirt fronts of the men who went forth to fight for home and country.

was shed in the American Revolution. On the nineteenth of April[1] the first shot was fired at Lexington, Massachusetts, —"the shot that echoed 'round the world,"—when Major Pitcairn, of the British Army, fired his pistol at the American yeomen militia drilling on Lexington Common, shouting:

"Disperse, ye rebels!"[2]

On the same day the battle of Concord was fought—the first actual battle in the War; and the conflict was on.[3]



Major Pitcairn's pistols. Presented to General Putnam. From the muzzle of one of these pistols was fired the shot that started the American Revolution. *Courtesy Ernest Peixotto.*

Meanwhile, in Virginia, Patrick Henry was again to the fore; publicly accusing Governor Dunmore of abstracting powder from the magazine at Williamsburg and conveying it

[1] The story of the midnight ride of Paul Revere—who spurred his horse from Charlestown to Lexington on the night of the eighteenth of April, 1775, to warn the Colonists of the approach of the British—told in poetry and prose—has stirred the blood of patriots, young and old, during the past one hundred and fifty years.

[2] The first Britisher to call a free-born American a rebel to his face! That Major Pitcairn actually did fire the opening shot of the War at Lexington was proved by Captain Parker's description of the encounter, and substantiated by the Reverend Jonas Clark in his sermon in the church at Lexington on the first anniversary of the skirmish which inaugurated the Revolutionary War.

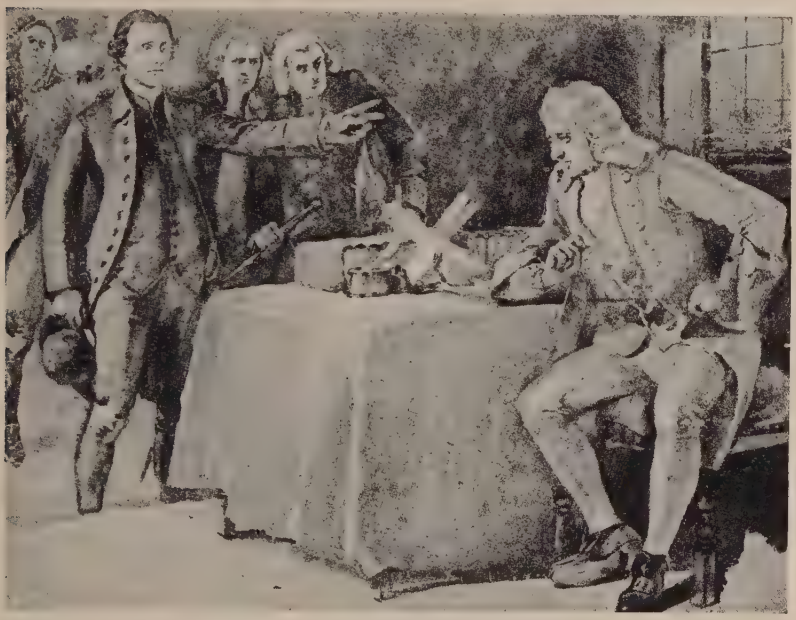
[3] Colonel Washington is said to have been dining with his old English friend, Lord Fairfax, at Greenway Court when the tidings came that Massachusetts had struck the first telling blow against the mother country. Washington was American to the finger-tips, while Lord Fairfax, now an old man, stood loyally by the land of his birth; yet, like the noble-hearted men they were, they remained friends to the end.

The old lord, to whom America had been home for many years, did not return to England. He bore up sturdily enough until, on the seventeenth of October,

1. Greenway court and grounds.
2. Ruins of Greenway court.

1. View of Kenmore.
2–3. Views of Kenmore grounds.

to the British men-of-war. The Governor, alarmed at the tumult he had aroused, at first attempted to placate the people by paying the value of the powder; but afterward, his anger growing as he recalled his humiliation, threatened to arm the slaves and turn them against their masters—a



Patrick Henry's accusation against Governor Dunmore.

threat which he later essayed to carry out. It was an unfortunate move for Dunmore, for it turned the Virginians more violently against him. In fear for his life, he fled to the war vessels to which he had already sent the Colony's ammunition—thus adding cowardice to his other enormities.

1781, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. Then the old nobleman, stricken with grief and hard on ninety-two years of age, said to his negro body-servant:

"Come, Joe—carry me to my bed. It is high time for me to die."

The Reverend Bryan Fairfax, of Mount Eagle, rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, and a cousin of the old lord, succeeded to the title. He died in 1802.

When the news of the Governor's action reached Fredericksburg, six hundred men met in assembly on the twentieth of April, 1775, and, led by Hugh Mercer and George Weedon, appointed delegates to go to Williamsburg and learn the actual facts. On the twenty-ninth of the same month there was a meeting of Fredericksburgers in the reception room of Kenmore, at which were passed Resolutions having the unmistakable "Freedom" ring.[1]

It is probable that George Washington was present at this meeting, held in the home of his sister, Betty; for his farseeing mind had visioned inevitable war with the mother country long before Congress awakened to its grim reality. One can well believe that it was with a saddened heart that he wrote to his friend, George William Fairfax, in far-off England:

> "Unhappy it is to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America are either to be drenched in blood or inhabited by slaves. Bad alternative;—but can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?"

[1] Freedom was in the air in 1775. On the fourteenth of April the first Anti-Slavery Society was founded in Philadelphia by the Society of Friends (Quakers).

CHAPTER XVIII

STIRRING TIMES IN FREDERICKSBURG. MARY WASHINGTON'S HOME. FIELDING LEWIS MAKES THE FIRST GUNS. SENTRY BOX FARM. SECOND CONTINENTAL CONGRESS. FEDERATION OF THE COLONIES. WASHINGTON MADE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY

When war, so long anticipated, became an actual certainty, Washington's first care was his mother's safety. Firmly he insisted upon her immediate removal from the isolated and exposed Ferry Farm, on the east bank of the Rappahannock, to the friendly protection of the city across the river, where lived her daughter, Betty Lewis— Washington's only surviving sister. Here he bought a home for her—the house which present-day visitors to Fredericksburg may find at the corner of Charles and Lewis Streets. It was at one time a portion of the Kenmore estate, the home of Betty and her husband, Colonel Fielding Lewis. Betty was thus close enough at hand to offer companionship to her now aging mother, and to be herself under the vigilant eye of that somewhat unusual lady, who frequently "crossed lots" to visit her.[1]

The house which Mary Ball Washington occupied is well located; a comfortable, fairly commodious residence which— as one may say of a charming matron—does not look its age. When Washington bought it for his mother, he remodelled it, building an addition of two rooms at the right of the present front door and changing the form of entrance. The brick-floored kitchen is in a separate building, after the southern manner, a dozen feet from the back door. The spacious

[1] See page 127.

F. Luis Mora
"WE DRANK THE KING'S HEALTH IN CHAMPAGNE AND FIRED A VOLLEY,
THE PRINCE'S HEALTH IN BURGUNDY AND FIRED A VOLLEY,
AND ALL THE REST OF THE ROYAL FAMILY IN CLARET AND A VOLLEY"
FROM THE JOURNAL OF MR FONTAINE-OF THE PARTY

Governor Spotswood in the centre of this group of merrymakers, the "Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe." *F. Luis Mora.*

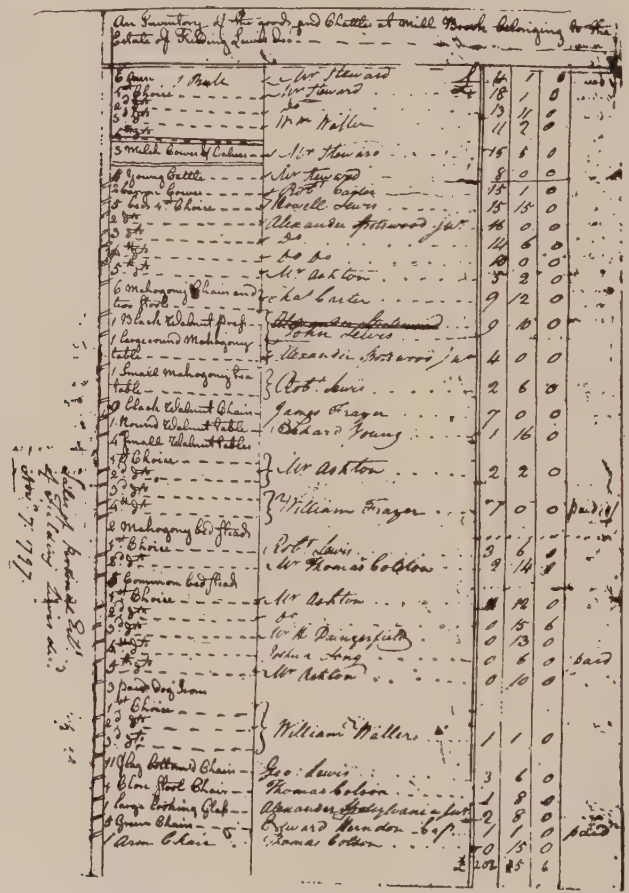
garden, with its walk and sundial, its flowers and shrubbery, made an attractive environment for the still vigorous and alert mother of the Master of Mount Vernon; and many happy and busy hours she must have spent in it—planting, weeding and watering her flowers, and, between whiles, chatting with a visitor. Here, too, she frequently conferred with her son George, and here she met the gallant Lafayette, who came from France to put himself, his sword and his men, at her son George's disposal.[1]

Colonel Fielding Lewis, Betty Washington's husband, who owned several properties in Fredericksburg, was not only a devoted son-in-law to his wife's mother, but a helpful brother-in-law to George Washington in those crucial times. Selected by the Virginia Convention to occupy the newly created office of Chief Commissioner for the manufacture of small arms, he built a factory in Fredericksburg which was called The Gunnery, and within the year had it running under full headway. The newly established government was able to furnish only $20,000 of the funds required to equip the factory and finance the enterprise, but Colonel Lewis unflinchingly carried on the stupendous task, personally advancing large sums when he could ill spare them. These monetary advances to the government were never repaid; and, as with many other patriots, such generous giving so

The Gunnery Spring that flowed on the grounds.

[1] The present grounds of the Mary Ball Washington house in Fredericksburg have seventy-five feet frontage on Charles Street and one hundred and sixty feet on Lewis Street. In the garden, still flourishing, are huge boxwood shrubs which have been growing there for one hundred and fifty years—possibly even longer. A few of these ancient Kenmore boxwoods still remain in yards of modern dwellings that encroach on the former Kenmore.

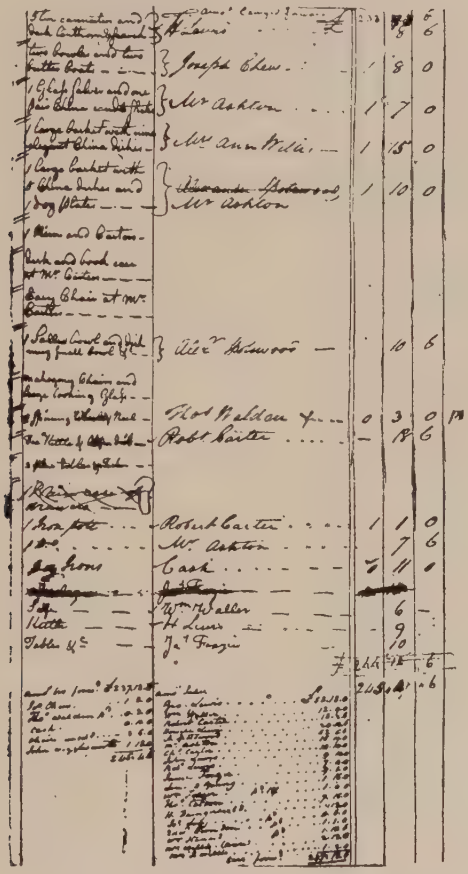
encroached upon Colonel Lewis' estate that after his death it was necessary to sell the property in order to liquidate the debts.[1]



List of Fielding Lewis' chattels, sold at auction at Mill Brook, the former name of Kenmore.

[1] Colonel Lewis died in Fredericksburg on the nineteenth of October, 1781, the day of Cornwallis' formal surrender. The Continentals used, at victorious Yorktown, muskets manufactured at The Gunnery, and a son of Colonel Lewis fought in the battle. On pages 306–309 are facsimiles of the auction of his slaves and chattels.

From Colonel Lewis' Fredericksburg Gunnery[1] were turned out, for use in the Continental Army, the first muskets ever manufactured in America,[2] the iron being obtained from

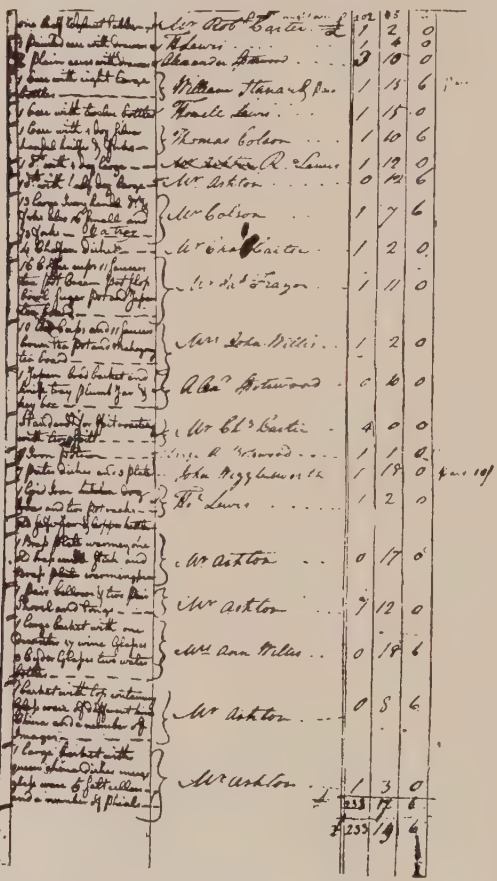


Second folio, sale at Mill Brook.

[1] In what was once a busy Gunnery yard—now a deserted pasture lot, though within the city limits—is a spring of crystal-clear water, which tradition endows with untold virtues, flowing from the hillside through a musket barrel.

[2] Muskets were made also in the factory at Valley Forge, destroyed by General Howe in the autumn of 1777, some two months prior to General Washington's encampment in that place.

the near-by iron mines developed long before by Governor Spotswood of Virginia, who had proved a veritable Tubal Cain in the New World.[1] Many of the firearms made in the



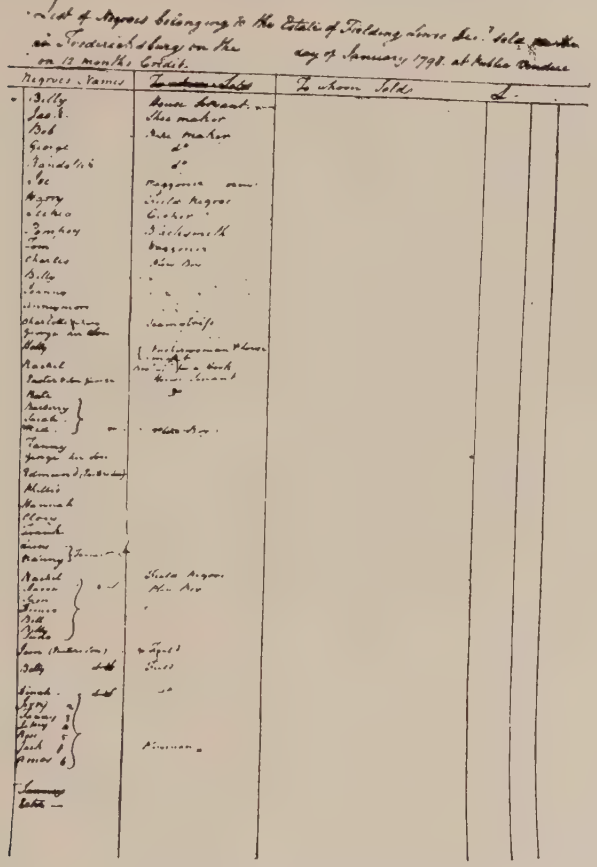
Third folio, sale at Mill Brook.

Gunnery were temporarily stored on the Sentry Box Farm, near the Rappahannock River, owned later by General

[1] Refer to page 218, footnote 1.

Hugh Mercer's youngest son, Virginia's "Child of the Republic."[1]

When the Second Continental Congress met, on the tenth of May, 1775, it was under far different auspices than

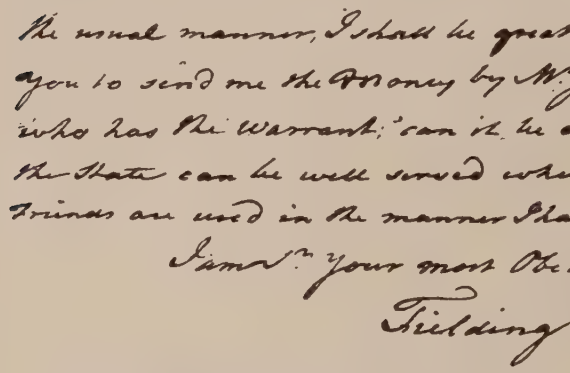


List of negroes belonging to Fielding Lewis, offered at auction.

[1] Sentry Box Farm was so named because, during the Revolution, it was used as a lookout for an approaching enemy on the Rappahannock, again serving a similar purpose during the War of 1812. In the yard of this homestead of the Mercer family is a square, brick-lined well some fifteen feet wide and forty feet deep. As water backs into this excavation when the river is at flood, it may

those of the First Congress of the preceding year. Then, there had been menace in the air; now it had crystallized into actual warfare. The assembled legislators were now "facing a condition, not a theory."

The Second Congress, like the First, met in Philadelphia; but in the State House (later called Independence Hall), on Chestnut Street—a thoroughfare which, at that time, appears to have been lined with stately trees. Peyton Randolph of Virginia was again elected president of the Congress; but, being in ill health, and having already been elected Speaker



the usual manner, I shall be greatly obliged to
you to send me the Attorney by Mr. James Maury
who has the Warrant; can it be expected that
the State can be well served when its best
friends are used in the manner I have been treated
I am Sr. your most Obed. Servant
Fielding Lewis.

Fielding Lewis' reminder to the Government about a long overdue account.

of the Virginia Convention, he declined the honor, returning to Williamsburg to take up his duties there.[1] John Hancock was thereupon elected president. (Canada was not represented in this Congress.)

From rumors that filtered to the outer world during that memorable Congress, it would appear that few of its mem-

be assumed that a subterranean passage connects with the river bank. The intention may have been to store and conceal muskets in the excavation, carrying them through the tunnel to the river at low tide. The builder of the Sentry Box Farm may have borrowed from Westover House the idea of a brick-lined, underground way of escape to the river. Such passages were not infrequently built by the Virginians after the Opechancanough Massacre of March 22, 1622, which had never been forgotten.

[1] He died shortly afterward.

bers hesitated to speak their minds, at times not very judiciously. Samuel Adams, Thomas Cushing and Robert Treat Paine were heralded on their arrival as "desperate adventurers, political privateers and Colonial cut-throats; delegates from that hotbed of rebellion, Massachusetts." The fact was ignored, by certain sober-minded Quakers and hot-tempered Southerners alike, that the old Bay State

Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

had ever stood as ready to resist trespass on the rights of her sister Colonies as on her own.

The Articles of Confederation that were to bind the Thirteen Colonies indissolubly together had been agreed upon and other important matters settled,—including the equipment of an army,—when John Adams of Massachusetts, colleague of John Hancock, rose to nominate Colonel George Washington, of Virginia, for the post of "General and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United Colonies."[1]

[1] Twenty-three years later, in 1798, John Adams—then President of the United States—signed Washington's commission as Commander-in-Chief of the

It was a dramatic moment. Half a dozen experienced Northern generals stood ready and eager for the appointment. It was the dominating ambition of John Hancock himself. Greatly to John Adams'[1] credit was his Spartan ability to thrust aside the aspirations of his Northern friends with his own pronounced prejudice against Southern leadership; and in doing so to place his selecting finger upon the one man above all others who possessed the qualifications needed to see the War successfully through.

It was reported that Hancock's disappointment was so marked that it plainly revealed itself in his embarrassment and change of color.[2] Washington modestly left the hall when he perceived the trend of affairs.

This unanimous election[3] by the Second Continental Congress of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army was based on Washington's established record for courage, leadership and resourcefulness in emergencies; qualities that had already manifested themselves when, as a young man, he had fought with General Braddock at Monongahela. The appointment was made over the heads of men who had seen longer service.

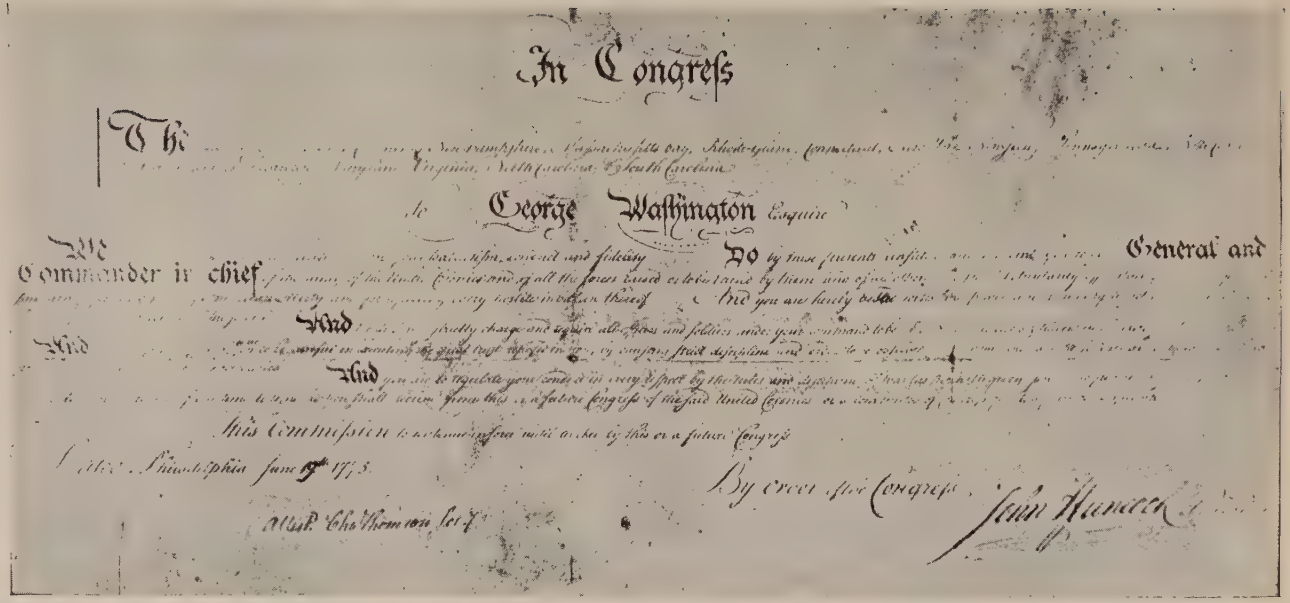
Washington's attitude on accepting the appointment is characteristic of the man:

American forces lined up against France. It was a remarkable coincidence that Washington's military career began with war against France in 1754, and ended in another war against the same nation forty-four years afterward.

[1] John Adams was not only conversant with Washington's ability in the field but had met and seen him in Congressional debate and well knew his pronounced ability to select and handle men.

[2] To be Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and in a position to humiliate the nation that had set a price on the heads of John Hancock and Samuel Adams, was an ambition that would not down with the austere Bostonian (nicknamed "King Hancock" by his fellow townsmen) until the great Virginian had proved himself a master at the tremendous task set before him—a task whose real magnitude none but Washington could ever know.

[3] Although Samuel Adams seconded John Adams' nomination of George Washington, it was only after strenuous argument that he yielded his candidate, General Artemas Ward, in favor of the Virginia colonel. Ward was a Harvard graduate and a "favorite son" of New England.



In Congress

The [illegible] Rhode-Island, Connecticut, [illegible] Virginia, North Carolina

to George Washington Esquire

We [illegible] Do by these presents [illegible] General and Commander in chief [illegible] And you are hereby [illegible]

And [illegible] strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command to be [illegible]

And [illegible] by the rules and [illegible]

And [illegible] from this or a future Congress of the said United Colonies [illegible]

This Commission [illegible] by this or a future Congress

[illegible] Philadelphia June 19th 1775.

By Order of the Congress

John Hancock [illegible]

Attest. Chas Thomson Sec'y

That rare document, Washington's commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army.

"Mr. President," he said, addressing the president of Congress, John Hancock, "though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me in this appointment, yet I feel great distress from a consciousness that my abilities . . . may not be equal to the . . . trust. . . . As to pay, sir, as no pecuniary consideration could have prompted me to accept this . . . . I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses . . . and that is all I desire."

At the same historic session, John Adams sponsored the adoption by Congress of the New England forces,[1] with Morgan's riflemen (already assembled at Cambridge) as the nucleus of the Continental Army. Chronologically, riflemen from the central region, where rifles were in use, were the oldest commissioned part of the regular army of the United States.

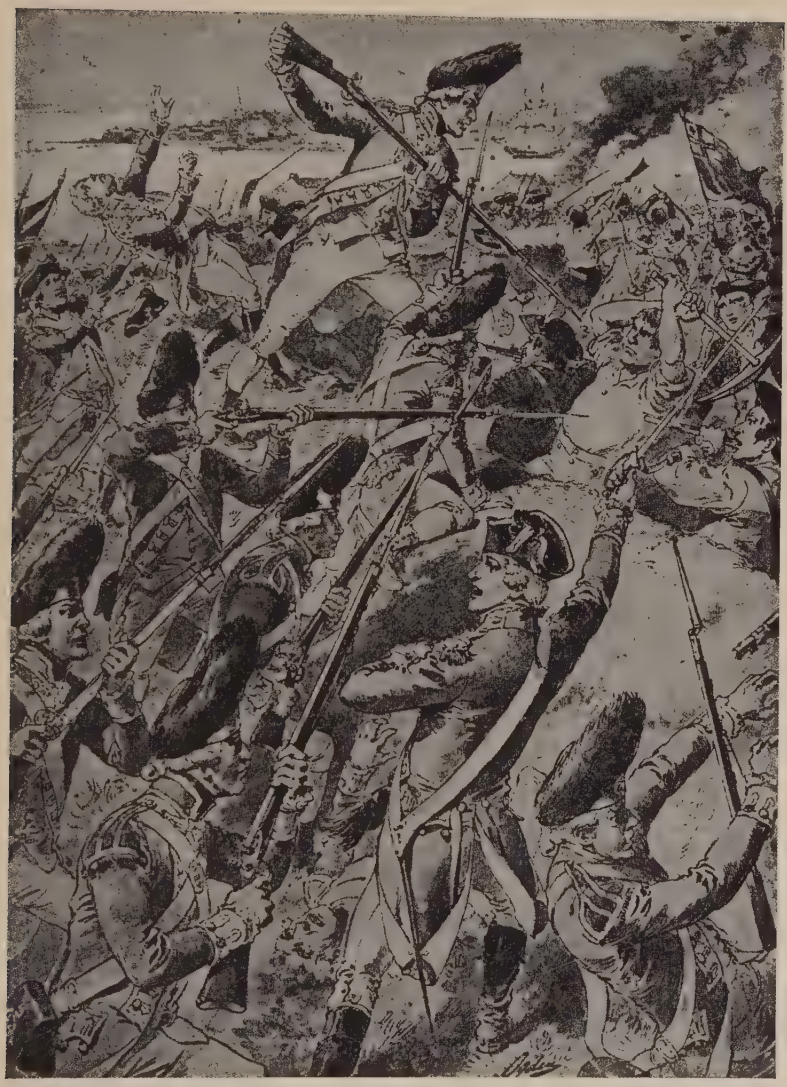
It is a significant fact that Hancock did not sign the commission that placed Washington actually in command of the Continental Army[2] until June 19, 1775,—four days after Congress had made the appointment as shown by Hancock's erasure. In the meantime,—on June 17,—the battle of Bunker Hill [3] had been fought, the British winning a nominal victory which cost them 226 officers and men killed, and 828 wounded. The Continentals' losses were 145 killed and 304 wounded; but exhausted ammunition forced them to relinquish the redoubt and retreat.

It was the third and final charge, led by the Royal Marines—fresh reinforcements brought to relieve the Tenth

[1] John Adams, unflinching patriot that he was, declared in Congress: "Gentlemen, if this Congress will not adopt this army before ten moons have set, New England will adopt it, and she will undertake the struggle alone; yes, with a strong arm and a clear conscience she will front the foe single-handed."

[2] With the exception of the Mayflower Compact and the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, this was the most important document ever signed in America.

[3] The author's great-grandfather fought in this battle of Bunker Hill.



Bayonet charge at Bunker Hill, where the Tenth Foot later gave way to the Royal Marines. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*

Foot[1]—that won the day for the British in this conflict; but some historians have ventured the opinion that two or three such costly victories would have ended the war in the first year.[2] The British soldiery who took part in the battle made a striking contrast, in their smart red coats, white trousers and black leggings, to the unkempt and often ragged Continentals and homespun-clad farmer lads—commanded by a colonel garbed in a linen duster. This was Colonel William Prescott, who supervised the building of the redoubt laid out by Colonel Richard Gridley and, leading the battle, gave that historic order:

"Do not fire until you can see the whites of their eyes."

Before the battle, which was planned by General Artemas Ward, Commander-in-Chief of the Cambridge Army and an exceptionally competent soldier, President Langdon of Harvard College, kneeling in the College Yard, prayed that "the King's loyal subjects and His Majesty would soon be reconciled; and with that prayer ringing in their ears the New England militia marched under cover of night, built a dirt redoubt, and entrenched themselves against the invaders.[3] Throughout the engagement the Continentals showed magnificent courage.

Washington's letters at this time breathe a deep sense of the great responsibility which had been thrust upon him. Especially touching is this letter to his wife written on the eve of his departure for Cambridge:

[1] Regimental feuds linger long in the British Army. To this day the military order given at Bunker Hill lives among the Marines in a familiar and oft-repeated slogan: "Let the Tenth give way to the Royal Marines!"

[2] Washington himself was probably the first to voice this opinion. On the thirtieth of July, 1775, he wrote to his brother Samuel, with reference to the British success at Bunker Hill, "A few more such victories will destroy their army."

[3] In the early years of the struggle prayers for the King were as frequent as bullets for his soldiers.

"Philadelphia,
June 18, 1775.

"My Dearest:

"I am now set down to write to you on the subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you.

"It has been determined in Congress that the whole Army raised for defense of the American cause shall be put under my care, and it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take command of it. . . .

"As life is uncertain, I have got Col. Pendleton to draft a will for me, which I will now enclose. . . .

"I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy,

"Yours affectionately,
"G. W."[1]

Under date of June 19,—the day on which John Hancock signed his commission,—Washington wrote to his stepson, Jack Custis, a letter which serves well to illustrate the frank confidence existing between the two:

"Dear Jack:

"The Congress (for I am at liberty to say as much) are about to strike two million of dollars as a Continental currency for support of the War, as Great Britain seems determined to force us into; and there will be at least fifteen thousand raised as a Continental Army.

"As I am exceedingly hurried, I can add no more than that I am, etc."

To a comrade-in-arms he wrote, on the same day that the letter to Jack Custis was written:

"Dear Sir:

"I am now embarked on a tempestuous ocean, from whence, perhaps, no friendly harbor is to be found."

[1] This letter, and the one written before his marriage (see page 206) are, presumably, the only two of Washington's letters to his wife that are now in existence. It is assumed that Mrs. Washington herself destroyed all others.

COMMISSION AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

In Congress.

The *delegates of the United Colonies of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New-York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New Castle, Kent & Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina*

To **George Washington** *Esquire*

We *reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, conduct and fidelity* DO *by these presents constitute and appoint you to be* **General and Commander in Chief** *of the Army of the United Colonies and of all the forces raised or to be raised by them and of all others who shall voluntary offer their service and join the said army for the defence of American Liberty and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof.* AND *you are hereby vested with full power and authority to act as you shall think for the good and welfare of the service.*

And *we do hereby strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command to be obedient to your orders & diligent in the exercise of their several duties.*

And *we do also enjoin and require you to be careful in executing the great trust reposed in you, by causing strict discipline and order to be observed in the army and that the soldiers are duly exercised and provided with all convenient necessaries.*

And *you are to regulate your conduct in every respect by the rules and discipline of war (as herewith given you) and punctually to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the said United Colonies or a committee of Congress for that purpose appointed.*

THIS COMMISSION *to continue in force until revoked by this or a future Congress*

By order of the Congress

Dated, Philadelphia June 19th 1775

JOHN HANCOCK *President*

Attest CHAS. THOMSON *Secr*

[See note on opposite page.]

NOTE.—The Commission and instructions were drawn up by the same committee of Congress, consisting of Richard Henry Lee, Edward Rutledge and John Adams, and appointed 16 June, 1775. The instructions are as follows:—

"This Congress having appointed you to be General and Commander-in-chief of the army of the United Colonies, of all the forces raised or to be raised by them, and of all others who shall voluntarily offer their service, and join the said army for the defence of American liberty, and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof, you are to repair with all expedition to the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and take charge of the army of the United Colonies. For your better direction;—

"1. You are to make a return to us as soon as possible of all forces, which you shall have under your command, together with their military stores and provisions; and also as exact an account as you can obtain of the forces which compose the British army in America.

"2. You are not to disband any of the men you find raised until further direction from this Congress; and if you shall think their numbers not adequate to the purpose of security, you may recruit them to a number you shall think sufficient, not exceeding double that of the enemy.

"3. In all cases of vacancy occasioned by the death or removal of a colonel, or other inferior officer, you are by brevet, or warrant under your seal, to appoint another person to fill up such vacancy, until it shall otherwise be ordered by the Provincial Convention, or the Assembly of the colony, from whence are the troops in which such vacancy happens, shall direct otherwise.

"4. You are to victual, at the Continental expense, all such volunteers as have joined or shall join the united army.

"5. You shall take every method in your power, consistent with prudence, to destroy or make prisoners of all persons who now are, or who hereafter shall appear in arms against the good people of the United Colonies.

"6. And whereas all particulars cannot be foreseen, nor positive instructions for such emergencies so beforehand given, but that many things must be left to your prudent and discreet management, as occurrences may arise upon the place, or from time to time fall out, you are, therefore, upon all such accidents, or any occasions that may happen, to use your best circumspection; and, advising with your council of war, to order and dispose of the said army under your command as may be most advantageous for the obtaining of the end for which these forces have been raised, making it your especial care, in discharge of the great trust committed unto you, that the liberties of America receive no detriment."

Instructions given Washington by Congress with his commission as Commander-in-Chief, June 15–19, 1775.

The entire trend of Washington's correspondence with relatives and intimate friends, at that time, bore the same serious cast of thought.

Spurred on by the Herculean task before him, but with every reason for first visiting his home, he immediately took horse for Cambridge and the front. He displayed the same promptness years afterward when he bade his mother good-by, and was on the way to New York *two days* after receiving notice of his election to the Presidency.

CHAPTER XIX

ON TO CAMBRIDGE. THE CONTINENTAL ARMY IN THE MAKING. SHORTAGE OF SUPPLIES. GENERAL WASHINGTON IN COMMAND. DEATH OF THE CAMBRIDGE ELM. FORT WASHINGTON ON THE CHARLES. BURNING OF DEFENCELESS TOWNS

WHEN Congress delivered to Washington his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army,[1] together with an official Note of Instructions, his attendance in the halls of Congress automatically ceased. He was no longer a member of the legislative body; henceforward his work was to be the generalship of an army of defence—an army which was, as yet, but in process of formation, and which it was to be his task to build up, to organize, to train and to equip; and from its heterogeneous elements to construct in the midst of frequent enlistment expirations a co-ordinate body which should present a solid, impenetrable front against a common enemy.

Some of these weighty matters Washington must have turned over in his mind during that long journey to Cambridge to take command; for, seasoned soldier that he was, he knew well enough that the task he had undertaken would prove no sinecure.

The journey itself was somewhat in the nature of a royal progress. From Philadelphia to New Rochelle (New York) General Washington had for military escort the

[1] The only personal request that Washington ever made of Congress was that this commission (which, according to custom, he returned to that body at the termination of the war) be given to him for a memento. Charles Thomson, Secretary to Congress, informed him, in reply, that its return to him, in a gold box, was already being considered; but the promise—like many others—was never fulfilled, and the great American whom all the world delights to honor went to his grave with his one request ungranted.

Washington on his way to Boston as Commander-in-Chief of the army. *Chappel.*

Philadelphia City Troop—then, as now, the Quaker City's "crack" company—riding under its flag of thirteen stripes.[1] All along the road excited townsfolk and villagefolk alike gathered in crowds to greet the famous Washington on his way to the firing line—to save America. The slogan of the hour

"On to Cambridge, and save the Nation!"

was frequently coupled with a fervent "God bless you!" from youth and maiden, mother and child, grandsire and granddame.

The news of the battle at Bunker Hill on June 15 greeted Washington as he approached Trenton. His first question betrayed the trend of his thought.

"Did the militia stand the fire of the regulars?"

Being answered in the affirmative, he rejoined:

"The liberties of the country are safe." [2]

Even Washington's courageous spirit might well have quailed at the colossal task which confronted him upon his arrival at Cambridge. True, the men whom he was to command were patriots, enthusiasts, and ardently eager to fight; but most of them were, at the same time, untutored in war, undisciplined, and unaccustomed to the privations inseparable from a soldier's life in the field. Supplies of all kinds were attenuated to the last degree—in the matter of ammunition, even to the vanishing point. The scarcity of arms is revealed in the General Order issued to recruits:

> "That each man who shall not have arms shall bring with him a shovel, spade, pickaxe or scythe, straightened and fixed on a pole."

[1] This revered flag is still in existence, treasured under glass.

[2] In asking this question—brief, but full of meaning—Washington put his finger directly on the sore spot in the Revolutionary War and in subsequent wars. While the militia stood fire at Bunker Hill "because of the leg protection afforded by breastworks," as Putnam aptly put it, the Commander-in-Chief was grievously disappointed at Kip's Bay and in other vital emergencies of the war when he relied upon the militia, especially when they attacked or were attacked in the open. (See also Note J, Appendix.)

General Sullivan states that when General Washington discovered the powder supply to be but one half-pound to each man, he did not speak for half an hour. When Governor Gage of Massachussett was told of this shortage by a renegade Continental, he considered it so incredible that he judged his informant to be a spy, sent purposely to deceive him.

General Washington, in assuming command, superseded General Artemas Ward, who, as Commander-in-Chief of the Cambridge Army, had been in charge at the battle of Bunker Hill. Ward accepted the situation gracefully; but some of the older generals, including Gates and Putnam, at first were inclined to resent being under the leadership of the Virginia Colonel—who had been a great soldier at thirty, and now, at forty-three, was highest in command. Even "Old Put"—as Washington familiarly and jocularly called the stout Connecticut farmer-general—was not entirely proof against the insidious "green monster"; once, at least, yielding to jealousy almost to the point of treason.[1]

Washington was not unused to such manifestations; he had encountered them in his earlier successes, and was to encounter them again, many times. But eventually his personality, tact, indomitable courage and pertinacity in accomplishment won on all sides the loyalty that was his due; and thereafter envy thrived only among the baser sort, who were naturally prone to pettiness and discontent.

Tradition has asserted that it was under the outspreading branches of the Cambridge Elm, famed in song and story, that General Washington took official command of the Continental Army on the third of July, 1775[2]—an assertion

[1] Henry B. Dawson is authority for this amazing statement, which, in view of General Putnam's continued unblemished loyalty, should be laid to momentary anger, and forgotten.

[2] When the wires flashed the news throughout the country, on the fifteenth of August, 1923, that the Cambridge Elm had been declared officially dead, a cherished link with Revolutionary times was abruptly severed. According to

which has frequently been challenged within recent years. But in the judgment of many historians, the testimony of families in which the story of that inspiring spectacle has been handed down as fact, through the intermediate generations, from actual eyewitnesses, is far more convincing evidence of its accuracy than is to be obtained from musty

View of the Elm one hundred years ago.

old records of historical dates, which rarely refer to associated circumstances.

Washington Irving, who was sixteen years old when Washington's life ended, did not hesitate to accord due honor to the Cambridge Elm in his life of our First President; and his corroboration should go far toward dispelling

Dr. L. S. Sargent, of the Arnold Arboretum, that historic tree must have been all of three centuries old; for it was already a well-grown tree in 1775, when Washington took command of his army under shelter of its friendly branches. As a tree surgeon (Senator Martin L. Davey, of Ohio) saved the horse chestnut planted by Washington at Kenmore, possibly the Cambridge Elm might have been saved.

1. Washington taking command of the army under the Cambridge Elm. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*

2. The Cambridge Elm the day before it fell.

3. The Cambridge Elm thirty years ago.

scepticism on the subject. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was born in 1809—thirty-four years after the event—and doubtless heard his New England progenitors speak of it with authority, wrote, in 1875:

"Under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land is free."

Within a mile and a half of Cambridge Common, on the bank of the Charles River bordered by Reardon, Talbot, and

Fort Washington, Charles River, Cambridge, Mass., one of the rarest personal memorials of Washington.

Waverly Streets, reached by way of Allston Street, and in plain view of the British sentries pacing Beacon Hill, Washington built the breastworks known as Fort Washington, digging the first shovelful of earth with his own hands. These entrenchments with mounted cannon look today

much as they looked one hundred and fifty years ago, except that they are now scantily protected by an elaborately constructed but more or less neglected iron fence.

The absence of military discipline in the hastily enrolled army gave Washington no little trouble and uneasiness; but he was at all times—in the field as well as on his farm—a rigid disciplinarian, and lost no time in bringing order out of chaos. "A mixed people" was his own conservative description of the Cambridge militia—which, under actual count, diminished from an estimated twenty thousand to about fourteen thousand. On one side there was the cold, calculating New England Nonconformist; on the other, the High Church Cavalier, who hated the Roundheads as his ancestors had hated them a century or more before, but with far less vindictiveness. It was not religious difference only that formed a line of demarcation between these two naturally antagonistic elements; there was also the difference between well-disciplined, well-uniformed troops from the South, and the raw militia and farmer lads of the North, clad as their individual circumstances permitted and armed only with unbayoneted fowling-pieces.[1]

New England neighbors and schoolmates, unfamiliar with military usage, made poor officers and poorer soldiers. There is, perhaps, no better illustration of the lack of discipline among the Northern troops than the reply to a command given by neighbor Bill's captain:

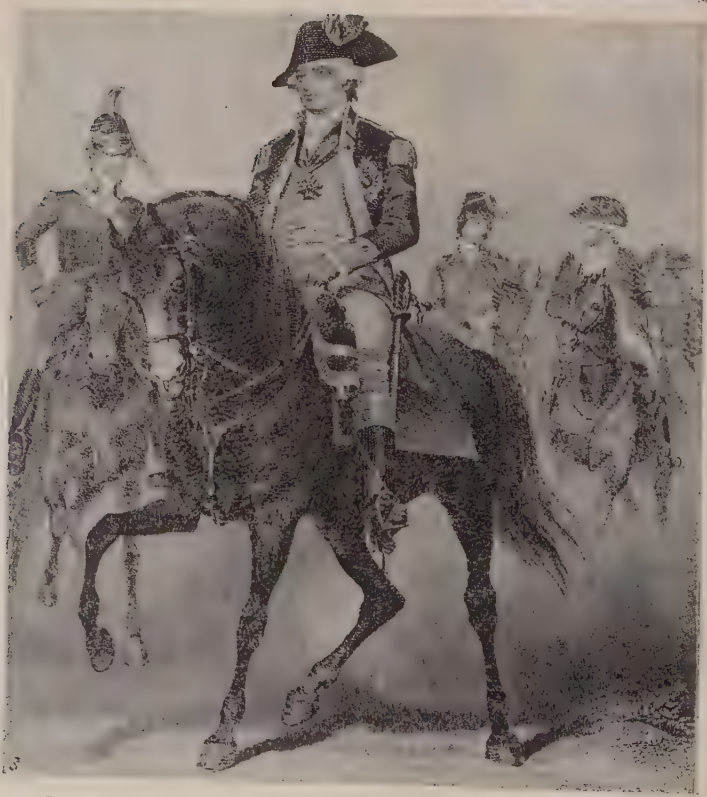
"Get another pail of water."

"It's your turn, John," was Bill's retort; "get it yourself."

This was the insubordination of ignorance, which it was Washington's task to curb with an iron hand.[2] He dealt

[1] At this time few Continental soldiers from any section had bayonets. New England coast towns such as Salem and Marblehead through their privateers supplied not only bayonets but many other war essentials.

[2] He accomplished miracles in this direction; but it was not until the Prussian General, von Steuben, came across the ocean and drilled the Continentals at



1. Snuffbox presented to Baron von Steuben, by the City of New York.
2. Baron von Steuben.
3. Baron von Steuben on horseback. *Chappel.*

with it sternly enough, reducing a colonel and two captains who had shown the white feather at Bunker Hill. It was at this time that he wrote:

> "I have one colonel, one major, a captain and two subalterns under arrest for trial. In short, I spare none, yet fear it will not all do, as these people seem to be too attentive to everything but their own interests."

In his first military order, given to the Cambridge troops after he assumed command, Washington expressed the hope that all distinctions between Colonies would be laid aside.[1] It did not strengthen his lukewarm affection for New England to be obliged to dash between Marblehead fishermen and Morgan's riflemen, at loggerheads in the Cambridge camp; indiscriminately wrenching angry men aside with the strength of a giant in order to avert bloodshed.[2]

The New England troops were bitterly jealous of Morgan's riflemen—and not entirely without reason; for the Virginia sharpshooters, when they reached Cambridge and showed the Massachusetts musket-armed farmers the rifle that, in their own skilful hands, would kill a running squirrel at three hundred yards, had leaped immediately to the front rank as invincible soldiers. They were well accoutred, superbly trained, many with conscious pride wore Patrick Henry's immortal slogan "Liberty or Death!" blazoned on their shirt-fronts. Jealousy of these superior advantages—including the embroidered slogan—burned fiercely within

Valley Forge in 1778 that Washington had a real army. After that, his men were never beaten by an equal British force.

[1] The more readily to abolish provincial distinctions, and deceive the enemy, Washington at one time ordered ten thousand hunting shirts for the army; thus adopting the uniform of the riflemen from the Midland Colonies, the usefulness of which he had often proved in his experience in the forest and on the frontier.

[2] At forty years of age Washington could hurl an iron bar further than any competitor.

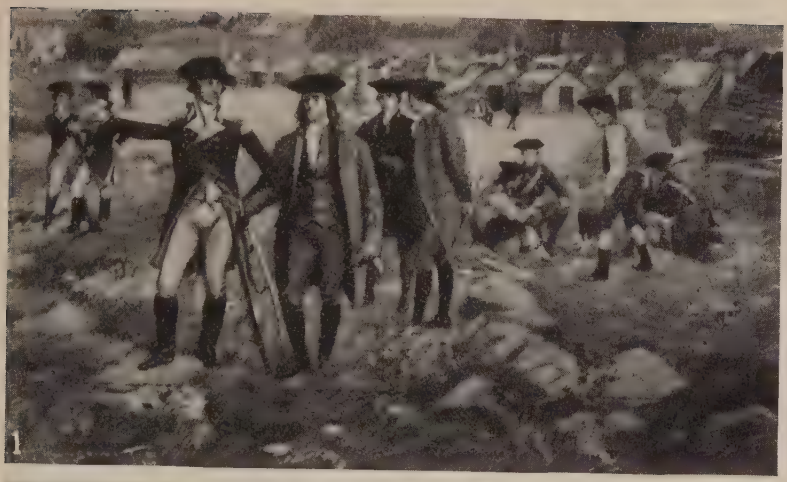
the breasts of some New Englanders, resulting in occasional conflicts.[1]

One of the first appointments made by Washington after receiving his commission was that of Colonel Joseph Reed, of Pennsylvania, to the post of military secretary, with the rank of adjutant-general. The etiquette of the Continental Army—a compromise between the democracy of New England and the aristocracy of the South—was largely settled by Colonel Reed, who also served as the General's personal secretary, attending to his voluminous correspondence and keeping the official record of events—both of these details demanding infinite care in preparation, composition and duplication. Washington entertained feelings of sincere friendship for Reed, who, like his Chief, served without pay.[2]

While General Washington was bending every effort to the organization of his army, system actuated every move of the patriots. We find the Committee of Safety sending gunsmiths through the Colonies to list available weapons and repair all that were out of order, thus enabling minute men to be really minute men when the exigency arose. It is interesting to learn that in 1775 Congress agreed to buy, at a fixed price, all the saltpetre obtainable; but later, when an inventive countryman demonstrated that he could manufacture three-quarters of a pound of saltpetre from a bushel of calcareous earth at a nominal cost, the market value of saltpetre appreciably dropped, and Congress cancelled its contract.

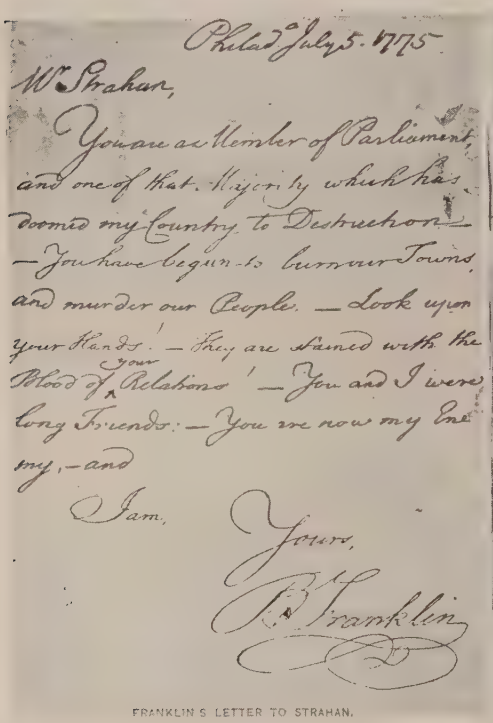
[1] Upon one occasion General Glover sent word to Washington that a thousand men were squabbling on Cambridge Common. Washington immediately vaulted into the saddle and, with the fox-hunter's skill, guided his mount over the bars enclosing the College Yard, clearing them and Pompey, who essayed to aid, at a leap without waiting for the gate to be opened. Arriving at the scene of disturbance, he gripped the two ringleaders by the throat, one in each hand, instantly quelling the riot. The men learned to have a wholesome respect for the General's ready hands.

[2] Later, through an unhappy combination of circumstances, a coolness arose, after which Reed never quite regained Washington's regard.



1. Congressional Committee, composed of Franklin, Lynch, and Harrison, visiting the Cambridge camp. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*
2. Washington separating the brawlers.

In the meantime, the numerical strength of the army was constantly increasing.[1] To this, the ruthless policy of the British in destroying defenceless towns from the sea was a contributing factor. Many a half-hearted Colonial


Philad.a July 5. 1775

W.m Strahan,

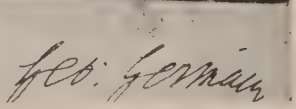
You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction. — You have begun to burn our Towns, and murder our People. — Look upon your Hands! — They are stained with the Blood of your Relations! — You and I were long Friends: — You are now my Enemy, — and

I am,

Yours,

B.n Franklin

FRANKLIN'S LETTER TO STRAHAN.


Gen.l Germain

1. Facsimile of Franklin's letter to Strahan.
2. Franklin's grave.
3. George Germain.

was completely won over to the patriots' cause during the first year and a half of the War, when his inner consciousness fully awakened to the fact that it was now, indeed, a ques-

[1] The first full regiment of Continental cavalry was raised in Connecticut by Colonel Elias Sheldon. Incidentally, it is claimed by that State that, in proportion to its population, it furnished more soldiers to the Revolutionary War than any other Colony. Yet the State had a fair proportion of Tories.

tion of "Liberty or Death." On the seventeenth of October, 1775, Falmouth (now Portland, Maine) was thus deliberately destroyed by Captain Mowatt, all its churches and public buildings, with one hundred and fifty houses, being burned to the ground. The despicable Dunmore, former Governor of Virginia, burned Norfolk, Va., in a similar manner.

This barbarous behavior on the part of the enemy settled for many otherwise peace-loving patriots, for all time, the question of fighting the war to a finish. Many there were who stood by their Tory principles, (John Adams claims one-third). It was a divided land, but the voice of the majority was a cry for freedom.

Benjamin Franklin, who had been a staunch protagonist for peace, underwent a radical change of opinion, once hostilities had begun. Something less than three months after the battles of Lexington and Concord, we find him writing a brief but trenchant letter to Strahan, the London publisher, who had hitherto been his esteemed friend; a letter which has been aptly described as expressing startling truths in impeccable English with unsurpassed brevity.

"Philada., July 5, 1775.

"Mr. Strahan:

"You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction.

"You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands!—they are stained with the blood of your relations!

"You and I were long friends. You are now my enemy—and

"I am

"Yours,

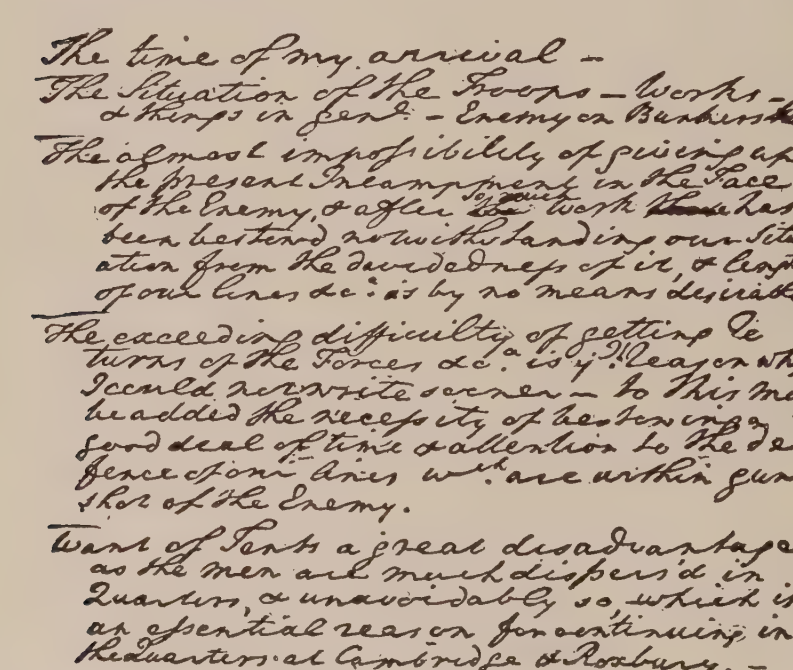
"B. Franklin."

The same emotion gripped every patriot. Rich and poor, learned and illiterate, white and black,—all, whatever their

minor differences might be, here met on common ground. On the thirtieth of December, 1775, Washington wrote in his Orderly Book:

> "As the General is informed that numbers of free negroes are desirous of enlisting, he gives leave to the recruiting officers to entertain them, and promises to lay the matter before the Congress, who, he doubts not, will approve of it."

The assumption is that Congress did approve of it, and that the negro, for the first time in America, was enrolled among soldiers of the Caucasian race in the War of the American Revolution.[1]



The time of my arrival –
The Situation of the Troops – Works – & things in gen.l – Enemy on Bunkers &c.
The almost impossibility of giving up the present Incampment in the Face of the Enemy, & after so much work has been bestowd notwithstanding our Situation from the dividedness of it, & length of our lines &c.a is by no means desirable
The exceeding difficulty of getting Returns of the Forces &c.a is y.e Reason why I could not write sooner – to this may be added the necessity of bestowing a good deal of time & attention to the defence of our lines w.ch are within gun shot of the Enemy.
Want of Tents a great disadvantage as the men are much dispers'd in Quarters, & unavoidably so, which is an essential reason for continuing in the Quarters at Cambridge & Roxbury. –

Facsimile of Washington's report on conditions in Cambridge, July 10, 1775.

[1] Later in Varnum's brigade was also a negro regiment, organized with Washington's approval. These slaves were freed on condition that they enlisted.

CHAPTER XX

THE EVOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN FLAG. FLAGS OF THE REVOLUTION. BETSEY ROSS. CAPTAIN PAUL JONES AND OTHER HEROES OF THE YOUNG AMERICAN NAVY. THE "RANGER"—THE "SERAPIS"—THE "BON HOMME RICHARD"

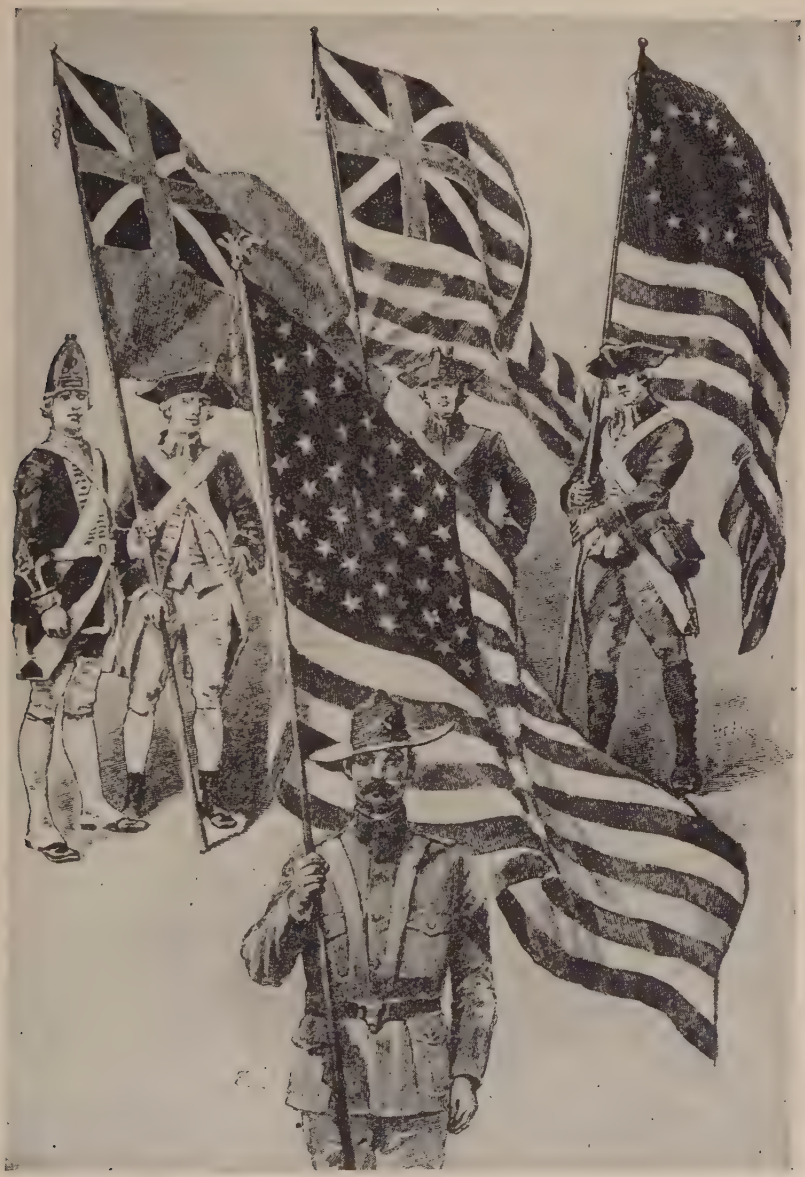
THE HISTORY of the American flag is the history of the United States told in bunting.

Up to the outbreak of the Revolution the British Union Jack had floated over the centres of government in the American Colonies, barring the attempt of Governor Endecott in 1634 to cut out the cross, since the hauling down of the Dutch colors in New York in 1664 and the hoisting of the English flag in their stead. The Colonies, however, designed flags of their own in the early days of the struggle for independence. The Pine Tree flag of Massachusetts was one of the oldest of these;[1] the Rattlesnake flag of South Carolina with the motto "Don't tread on me" was our first naval flag, and the Dutch Beggar flag of 1572, with a half-moon and the word "Liberty" in silver letters on a blue field, was often seen in conflicts between the patriots and the British. At White Plains the flag read "Liberty or Death."

Early in the Revolutionary War General Washington recognized the dire necessity for one united flag; a rally standard which could be easily recognized, which should fittingly represent the federated Colonies, and under which the heterogeneous mass of full- and half-blown patriots that he was called upon to lead might be assembled on a common footing, all individual and social prejudices being submerged in the one dominant idea of Liberty. Among these men

[1] The Pine Tree flag was carried at Bunker Hill.

1. Baxter and Hubbard clashing with the Dutch at Gravesend over their flags.
© *Charles Scribner's Sons.*
2. Lowering the Dutch and raising the English flag.
3. Lowering the English and raising the American flag.



The American flag in process of development from early Colonial days.

The Flag Memorial Monument, Somerville, Massachusetts, where the Union or Cambridge flag was first raised.

were patriots who would face a bayonet charge without flinching; who, like Jasper at Fort Moultrie, would recklessly take their lives in their hands to rescue a fallen banner; who, stepping to heroic heights on the shreds of their former faint-heartedness, would transform a Princeton defeat into a Princeton victory and a Monmouth fiasco into a glorious conquest.

Hezekiah Holmes defying the British fleet.

Before the dawning of the Year of Destiny, 1776, the first rally flag of the United Colonies had been evolved, and on the first of January of that year it was flung to the breeze on Prospect Hill, Somerville, Massachusetts. The design consisted of thirteen stripes, red and white alternating;[1] with the red cross of St. George and the white cross of St. Andrew on a blue field. This flag was called by Washington the "Union Flag," but was generally known as the "Cambridge Flag." The Commander-in-Chief wrote thus of the flag-raising to the president of Congress:

> "We hoisted the Union flag in compliment to the United Colonies. Raised on Prospect Hill. Lord Howe, hearing the tremendous shouting, interpreted it as a demonstration of joy over the king's speech, which they had promptly burned." [2]

[1] The stripes in the Colonial flag were copied from the flag of the old Dutch Federal Republic of 1581, Colonel Reed, General Washington's secretary, suggesting their use.

[2] When first seen from Beacon Hill by the British soldiers, this flag was thought to indicate surrender, for the Union flag still resembled that of the British Union Jack. The mistake, though a natural one, was quickly corrected by subsequent stirring events.

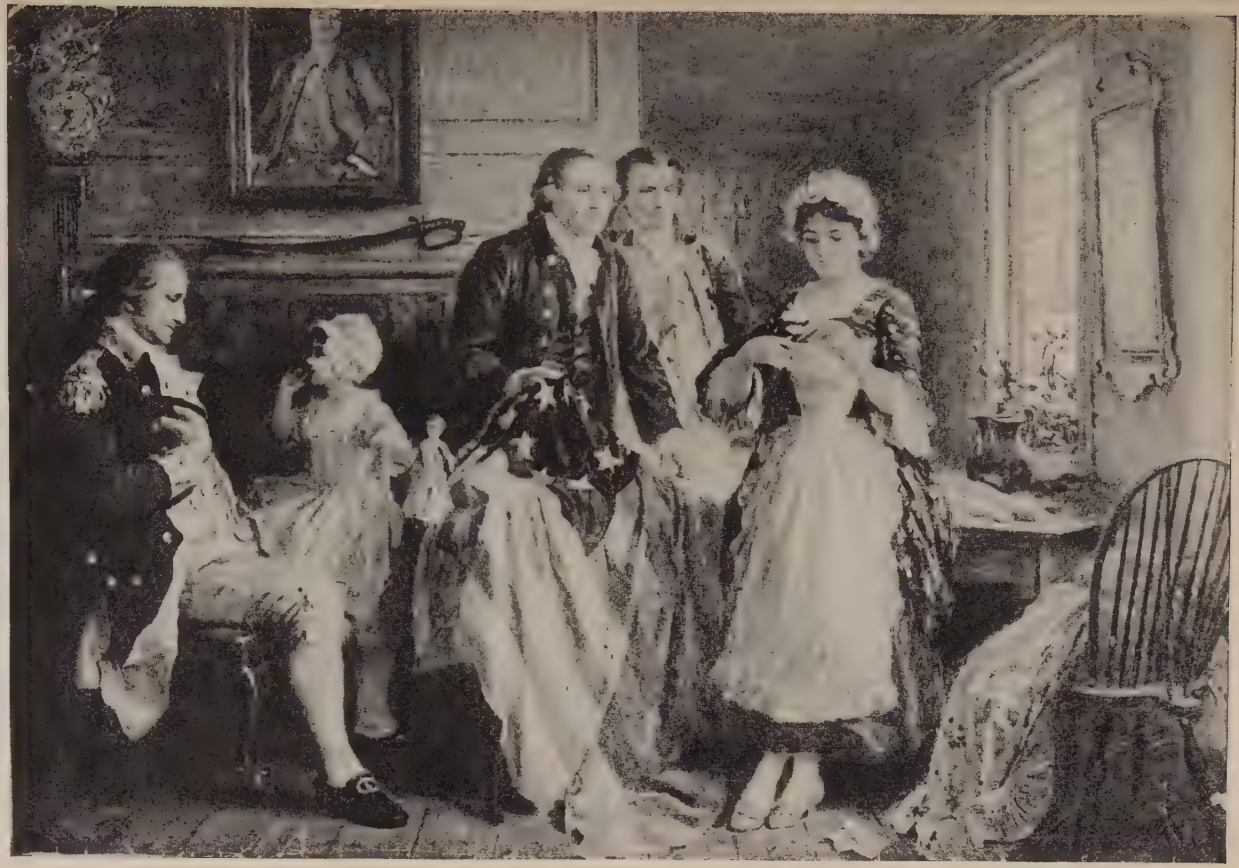
This flag—the flag of the United Colonies—was in use until June 14, 1777. It received its first foreign salute November 16, 1776, at St. Eustatius, in the West Indies,—the depot and entrepot for most of the Revolutionary supplies.[1]

The ideal rally standard, however, was created when the humble factors of cotton fabric, stout sewing thread, and woman's skilful stitchery brought together the white of purity, the blue of loyalty, and the mystic star of India, Persia, Egypt and Palestine—ancient symbol of sovereignty—and wrought them into visible form as the Star-Spangled Banner—the flag which, through all the subsequent changes brought about by the addition of other States to the Union, up to the present day has been the focus of a nation's homage, and has won the respect—if not the affection—of the entire world. Wherever its gallant combination of red, white and blue is seen, in our own land or in lands across the seas, it is universally recognized as the symbol of light and law in peace, of courage and justice in war. One has only to recall the sobbing cry that burst from the throats of thousands of French women and children when the American troops passed through the saddened cities and desolated villages on their way to the front during the Great War—"Les amis! Les amis!"[2]—to realize what the coming of the American Army meant to France.

The legend of Betsey Ross and the making of the American flag is too firmly entrenched in the affections of the American people to be lightly thrust aside as a pretty fable, even though its foundation in fact be open to question. One story runs that Betsey Ross was a widow, a maker of flags and banners; another has it that she was the wife of George

[1] This island, then belonging to Holland, was seized in 1780 by Admiral Rodney of the British fleet, who also seized twenty-four American vessels—mostly privateers—which were anchored there, and two men-of-war.

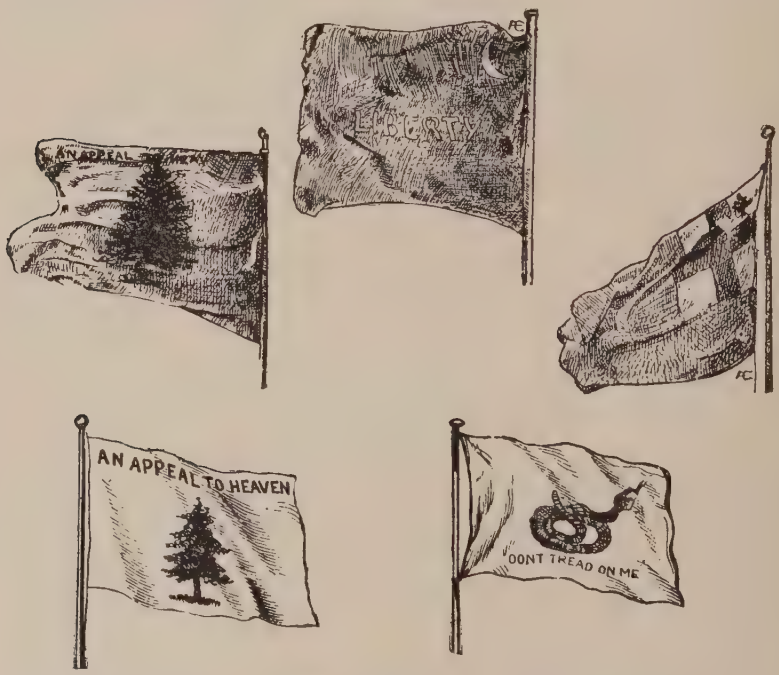
[2] Mistaken for "Sammy" by some doughboys who did not understand French; wherefore "Sammy" came to be the accepted term for a "doughboy" in France.



The making of the flag by Betsey Ross. © *J. L. G. Ferris.*

Ross, a well-known patriot and a colonel in the Continental Army, who stood high in the Masonic ranks and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

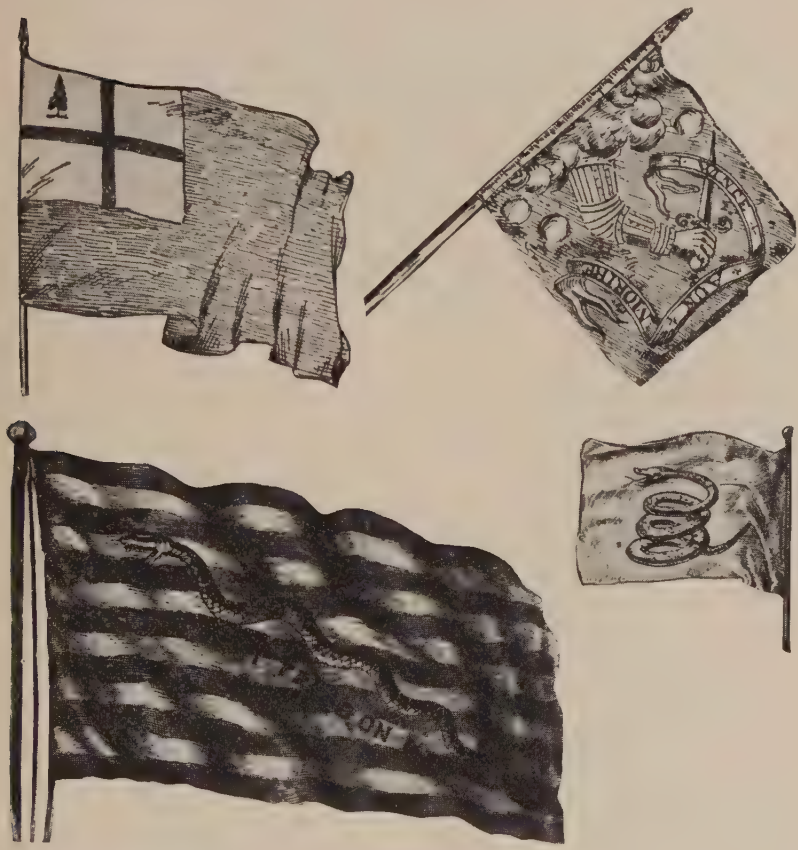
However this may be, there is a record to the effect that in May, 1776, General Washington was summoned to Phila-



The Pine Tree flag, used in Massachusetts at the beginning of the Revolution.
The Dutch silver-crescent "Beggar Flag," used in the South.
Ensign carried by New England ships.
Rattlesnake flag of South Carolina.

delphia to confer with Congress, and while in that city met Benjamin Franklin. In the course of the conference Congress appointed General Washington, Colonel George Ross and Robert Morris as a Flag Committee, to consider and decide upon an appropriate flag of original design to represent the United Colonies. It was this Committee which is

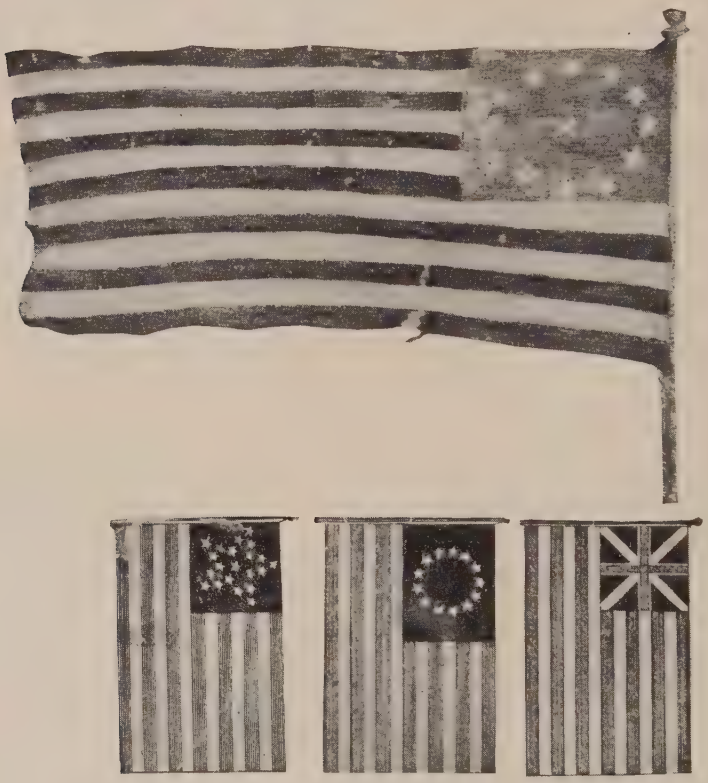
said to have called upon Betsey Ross, the interview resulting in the Colonial Stars and Stripes. The Ross home still stands on Arch Street, Philadelphia, and there the visitor



The Pine Tree flag of Massachusetts.
Historic banner borne by the Bedford minutemen.
Flags used at Bunker Hill.

is shown the room in which, it is said, General Washington planned, criticized, and finally accepted the flag. Whether Betsey Ross was the wife of George Ross or merely a family connection, she is known to have been an expert needle-

woman; and if she was related to George Ross, it is very probable that Washington, who was well acquainted with Ross, may also have been acquainted with her. The evidence



1. Flag of the Third Maryland Regiment, the only national ensign existing today that went through the Revolution. It is now at Annapolis.
2. The Grand Union flag hoisted at Cambridge, January 1, 1776; The Star-Circled flag; the Star flag.

in either direction is about equally conclusive—or inconclusive, as one may choose to look at it.

Whether the Washington coat-of-arms entered into the design of the American flag or not is another disputed point.[1]

[1] This matter came up for discussion even before Washington's death.

It has been claimed that it did. The early arms of the Washingtons, to which reference has already been made,[1] showed three star-shaped spur-rowels and two heraldic bars; in Washington's own coat-of-arms the spur-rowels had become stars, the original perforations being omitted. It is not unreasonable to assume that, the bars already being in use on the Colonial flag,—although increased in number to thirteen,—the stars may have suggested themselves to Washington's poetic mind[2] as an appropriate symbol for the sovereignty of the United Colonies. That stars appeared on his own family arms mattered nothing, even though they may have suggested the idea. The star had been similarly used long before. It was, at least, radically different from the design of the British flag; and that difference was what the new America most earnestly desired. It must, however, be admitted that, legends apart, Washington actually had little to do with the construction of the flag, so far as is definitely known. He left no written or oral word concerning it, Thomas Paine being almost the only landsman who wrote upon the subject.

Flag of the *Bon Homme Richard.*

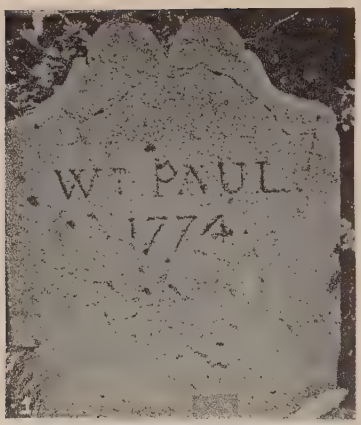
It is worthy of note that when Congress adopted the Stars and Stripes for the American flag, June, 14, 1777,[3] the appointment of Captain Paul Jones to command the American ship *Ranger* was embodied in the same Resolution.[4] The flag hoisted to the masthead of this ship bore the

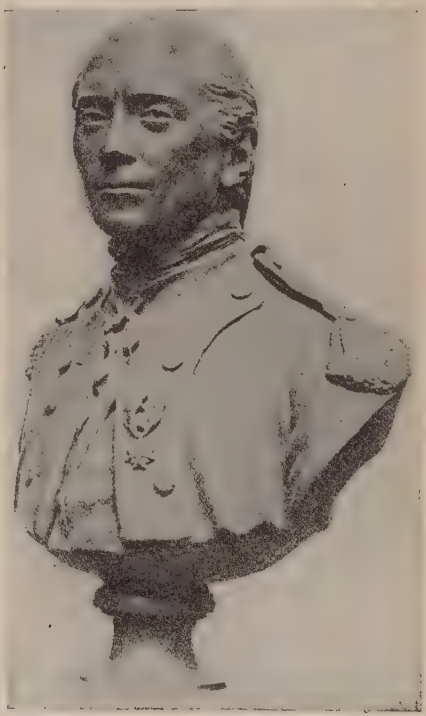
[1] See page 9.

[2] It has already been shown that the trend of his thought was often imaginative and frequently poetic.

[3] The adoption of the new flag was not made generally public until September, 1777. At sea, however, the flag was put at once into commission.

[4] Paul Jones had been commissioned as a captain in the United States Navy, October 10, 1776 (see page 348). He first served under Esek Hopkins as a gun lieutenant and brought valuable prizes into Providence harbor.





1. Grave of William Paul at Fredericksburg
2. Where Paul Jones lived in Fredericksburg.
3. Captain Paul Jones.
4. Burning of the *Gaspée* in Providence harbor.
5. The Houdon statue of Paul Jones. © *Detroit Publishing Co. The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.*

Stars and Stripes design, and is said to have been made by the ladies of Portsmouth from their own silk dresses.[1] This flag received its first foreign salute at Brest Roads February 14, 1778—a historic salute, marking the beginning of a new era in America's relations with foreign countries.

The "letter of reciprocity" written by the French naval commander at this time throws an interesting side-light upon France's recognition of America as an independent

Gold medal given to Paul Jones by Congress.

power, on sea as well as on land.[2] Judged by later events, its patronizing tone is somewhat amusing:

> "If the frigate 'Ranger' and the brig 'Independence' salute the Royal Ensign (flag) with thirteen guns, in case they be commanded by officers duly appointed by Congress, I will return nine guns. They are, moreover, at perfect liberty not to salute at all.

[1] It is a tribute to Paul Jones' patriotic sentiment to recount that when the *Ranger* was sunk in action, her commander allowed the flag to remain flying, at the masthead. When the ship went down it was still there, bravely standing guard over the warrior dead. When the donors of the flag were apprised of its fate, they warmly approved of the commander's action.

[2] This recognition may have been the direct and immediate result of the treaty which Benjamin Franklin had successfully negotiated with France on the sixth of February, 1778.

"I have the honor to assure you of the respectful sentiments with which I am, Sir,

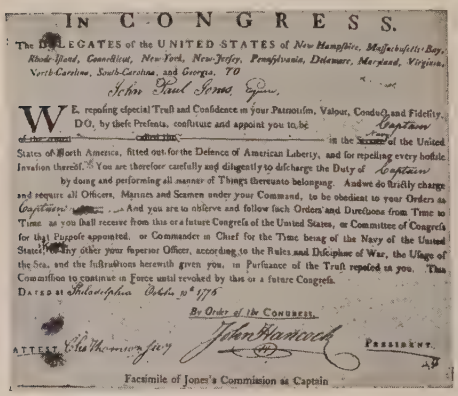
"Your very humble and
very obedient servant,
"La Motte Piquet.

"February 13, 1778."

The history of John Paul Jones is closely interwoven with that of the American flag, of which he said:

"The flag and I are twins. Born the same hour, from the same womb of destiny, we cannot be parted in life nor in death."

John Paul Jones, whose name was originally John Paul, was of humble origin, but proved great in achievement. The son of a Scottish gardener, he became a sailor boy at twelve, was an officer at seventeen, and at twenty a captain in the British merchant service.



IN CONGRESS.

The DELEGATES of the UNITED STATES of *New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, TO*

John Paul Jones, Esqr.

WE, reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Patriotism, Valour, Conduct, and Fidelity, DO, by these Presents, constitute and appoint you to be *Captain* in the Navy of the United States of North America, fitted out for the Defence of American Liberty, and for repelling every hostile Invasion thereof. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of *Captain* by doing and performing all manner of Things thereunto belonging. And we do strictly charge and require all Officers, Marines and Seamen under your Command, to be obedient to your Orders as *Captain*. And you are to observe and follow such Orders and Directions from Time to Time as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the United States, or Committee of Congress for that Purpose appointed, or Commander in Chief for the Time being of the Navy of the United States, or any other your superior Officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, the Usage of the Sea, and the Instructions herewith given you, in Pursuance of the Trust reposed in you. This Commission to continue in Force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

DATED at *Philadelphia October 10th 1776*

By Order of the CONGRESS.

ATTEST *Chas Thomson Secy* *John Hancock* PRESIDENT.

Facsimile of Jones's Commission as Captain

Paul Jones's commission as captain.

John Paul came to America to settle the estate of his brother, a tailor who had located in Fredericksburg, Virginia. At the time of his arrival in this country, the rising tide of patriotism was sweeping everything before it; and Paul, fired with the martial spirit, decided to cast his lot with the patriots. General Jones of South Carolina procured for the young Scotchman—then twenty-eight years old—a commission from Congress as naval lieutenant, and the young man, as a mark of gratitude and

The *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis* in their death struggle.
© *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

esteem, adopted the name of his benefactor, thereafter being known as John Paul Jones.

It was under this name—often abbreviated to Paul Jones—that this brilliant sea-fighter and sea-victor achieved his many splendid successes; captured for his adopted country a recognized place in the annals of naval warfare; and won for himself the admiring plaudits of France as well as of America. Napoleon Bonaparte is said to have remarked:

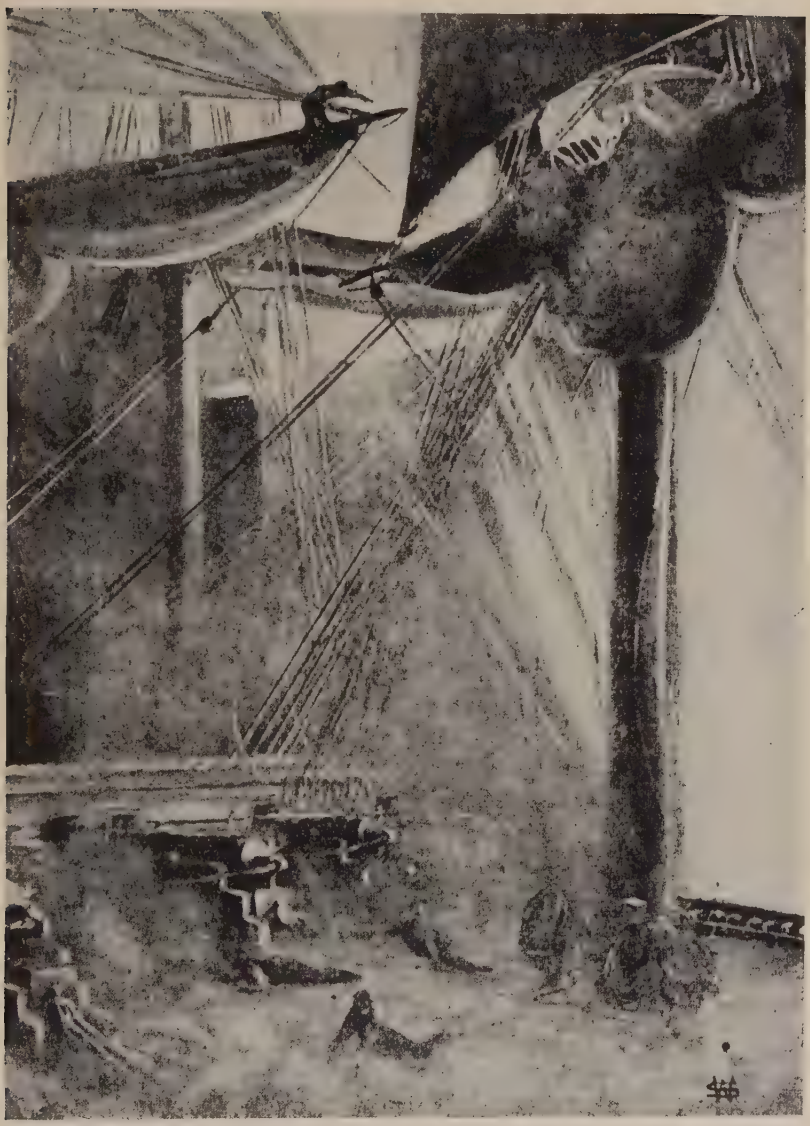
> "If Paul Jones had lived, France would have had a real admiral." [1]

Under the captaincy of the heroic Paul Jones the American flag was bravely flaunted in the eyes of British sea-craft even in the days when British commanders put it in the same class with the "Jolly Roger" of the pirate ships. Triumphantly it floated over that bitterly fought sea conflict in which the *Bon Homme Richard* captured the *Serapis*. This was a tremendous victory for the American commander and his ship; but it was dearly bought—for, largely due to the treachery or stupidity of Captain Landais of the *Alliance*, an American ship, the conquering *Bon Homme Richard* shared the fate of the conquered *Serapis*.

When Captain Paul Jones revisited America in 1787, four years after the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, Congress voted him a gold medal, and the cities of the new Republic vied with each other in extending homage to the sea hero. He was welcomed at the Constitutional Convention by George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, by the élite of the Quaker City, and by admirers from afar.[2] Paul Jones died

[1] Paul Jones has sometimes been spoken of as "Admiral" Paul Jones. This is an error, the rank of Admiral being unknown in the American Navy up to the year 1862. The Navy Department in Washington wrote the author, in 1923, that there have been but three recipients of the honor,—Porter, Farragut and Dewey,—which in each instance was conferred for distinguished service.

[2] See illustration on page 352.



Throwing the bomb that exploded the *Serapis* magazine. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Paul Jones at the Constitutional Convention. © *J. L. G. Ferris.*

in Paris on the eighteenth of July, 1792, lamented equally by France and America.[1]

The infant navy of the young Republic rendered a good account of itself from the beginning, dauntless courage ever standing shoulder to shoulder with the sea-fighters who took up arms in the defence of their country's freedom. As early as June 9, 1772, Abraham Whipple even forced the admiration of the British when, accompanied by eighty volunteers in rowboats,—fishermen from the Rhode Island shore,—he boarded the British revenue ship Gaspée, grounded off Narragansett, and arrested Lieutenant Pennington and his men, afterward burning the ship within sight and range of her sister ships in the harbor.

Abraham Whipple is credited with the first shot of the Revolution to be fired at sea. He also performed signal service in 1778 when, eluding the British fleet by clever strategy, he carried important despatches to Franklin and Adams in Paris on his vessel, the *Providence*—despatches that with the assistance of Lafayette led France to espouse our cause. Later, patrolling the coast with the same ship, he was ordered by General Washington to intercept a supply fleet bound for the West Indies. This feat, also, he accomplished by the keenest strategy, sweeping in and out among the vessels at night until he had finally seized ten ships loaded with food and other supplies, valued at a million dollars, which he successfully convoyed into Boston harbor. A brave man, Abraham Whipple, a daring fighter, and of enormous aid to the struggling Colonies. On the twelfth of May, 1775, Captain Jeremiah O'Brien distinguished him-

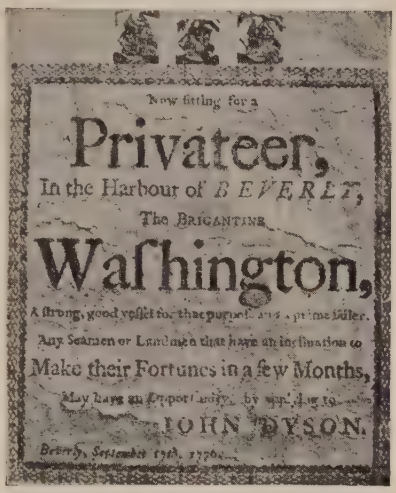
[1] More than a century later, after a search which had lasted several years, Captain Paul Jones' body was discovered by General Horace Porter, buried in a small, disused cemetery in Paris which had become a dump-heap. Identification was not difficult, the body being in a remarkable state of preservation, having been hermetically sealed in a leaden coffin filled with alcohol. The remains of America's sea-hero were brought back to the land he loved so well, and re-interred, with appropriate ceremonies, among the nation's sailor-dead at Annapolis.

self by capturing the British armed tender, *Margaretta*, off Machias, on the Maine coast, and hauling down the British flag. In November of that same year Captain Manly, of Boston, with his schooner, *Lee*, made that record capture of munitions of war—so sorely needed by the Continentals, who lacked practically everything. It consisted of two thousand muskets, one hundred thousand flints, and a brass mortar weighing three thousand pounds—which General Putnam humorously christened "Congress," and which proved a valuable auxiliary in the siege of Boston. General Washington considered this capture so important that he congratulated Congress on having such a patriot as Captain John Manly in the service. Few of Boston's North Enders could compete with the Captain in popularity. Esek Hopkins, commanding two ships, two brigs, and two sloops, in February, 1776, captured supplies worth three hundred thousand pounds, and brought them into Providence.

But to enumerate the valorous deeds of those early sea-fighters—and do even scant justice to all—would tax the capacity of a volume, and is manifestly impossible within circumscribed limits. Let it suffice to say that, from that first exploit of the doughty Abraham Whipple to the heroic records of our own time, the American sailor has always been where the fire was hottest and the danger greatest, and has always acquitted himself with lasting honor to his country and his flag.

Washington's farsightedness had early informed him that the requisitions for his growing army could not be filled altogether from available sources on land; nor could they be forthcoming from elsewhere for many months, not even from the West Indies—and then only at risk of loss from seizure by the enemy. At once, therefore, he set about creating an emergency navy, for the procuring of food, clothing, ammunition and other necessary supplies for a host, by the commissioning of a fleet of privateers. In

order to legalize the fitting out of such a fleet—vessels of marque and reprisal—and to establish a court for the trial and condemnation of enemy vessels seized by American ships, it was necessary to pass a law covering all such procedures. The Council and House of Representatives of the Province of Massachusetts passed the first Colonial law to meet these requirements, and on the eleventh of November, 1775, General Washington forwarded the statute to the president of Congress.


Now fitting for a
Privateer,
In the Harbour of BEVERLY,
The BRIGANTINE
Washington,
A strong, good veſſel for that purpoſe, and a prime ſailer.
Any Seamen or Landmen that have an inclination to
Make their Fortunes in a few Months,
may have an Opportunity by applying to
JOHN DYSON.
Beverly, September 19th, 1776.

The Beverly privateer named *Washington.*

Previous to the building of the thirteen frigates at Philadelphia, — named by John Adams for the Thirteen Colonies, one for each Colony,—a swarm of ready-made merchant ships sailed out from New England seaports, under letters of marque,[1] to prey on British commerce and the fleets of transports bringing soldiers and supplies to the royal army in America. Yankee sailors with letters of marque were so successful in their enterprises that much material aid intended for the British forces in America found its way instead to the arsenals and commissariat of the Continentals. Later, when the British army moved south to New York and the Midland Colonies,—and even when they occupied Philadelphia,—supplies were floated down the Susquehanna from the great interior timber-lands of Pennsylvania to Port Deposit, after which the rafts were broken up.

[1] General Washington owned stock in several of these cormorants of the sea, including one called the *Washington.*

The "Baltimore clipper"—a new style of square-rigged, fast-sailing vessel—became to the British the terror of the seas, easily running past the heavy ships with which they blockaded the mouth of the Chesapeake. The little Yankee ships, on the other hand, were more likely to attack the enemy—like a falcon bringing down big game. The Baltimore and Southern privateers and the navies of the Colonies —particularly those of Pennsylvania and South Carolina— were efficient in securing powder, shot and other munitions from St. Eustatius, in the West Indies, whither they carried loads of tobacco, dried fish and other Colonial products.

In 1780, when Cornwallis was sorely in need of the substantial backing of a sea force, Admiral Rodney considered it more important to sail to the West Indies and capture St. Eustatius, with the ships anchored there, than to remain in American waters—an error which he had reason bitterly to regret.[1]

[1] Refer to page 340, footnote 1. So destructive were the operations of our hastily assembled auxiliary navy during the Revolution,—our sailors even carrying their audacious operations to the coasts of Great Britain,—that some historians—both British and American—now assert that the petitions of merchant shippers and insurance companies to the Crown had more to do with securing peace in 1783 than even the allied victory at Yorktown. Research has uncovered statistics which prove that the naval results rivalled those of the army. The late Captain Mahan and other modern writers on the influence of sea power on history have shown how largely an efficient navy contributes to the stabilization of a nation—not only in winning victories, but in compelling and promoting peace.

CHAPTER XXI

WINTER IN THE CAMBRIDGE CAMP. MRS. WASHINGTON ARRIVES. THE ILL-FATED CANADIAN CAMPAIGN. DEATH OF MONTGOMERY. SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC. ETHAN ALLEN'S EXPLOIT AT TICONDEROGA. BRITISH CANNON BROUGHT OVER THE GREEN MOUNTAINS TO BOSTON

THE FIRST few months of Washington's command were busy ones indeed. The General knew that a long and bitter struggle lay before his little army; and even though it may have made up in patriotism for what it lacked in numbers and experience, its Commander-in-Chief must have given many anxious days and wakeful nights to the planning of ways and means: for obtaining necessary supplies, especially arms, ammunition and military equipment generally; for fortifying the camp against the rigors of a New England winter as well as against possible attacks of the enemy; for maintaining good health and good spirits among the encamped soldiers; and—most important of all—for the dispersal of the British fleet and the re-opening of Boston harbor to domestic and foreign shipping.

Let it be imagined what a vast undertaking was this upon which George Washington was now embarked! The various modern inventions with which army officers of the present day may conduct their military manœuvres were as yet undreamed of. There were but two available avenues of communication between distant points—overland travel, on horseback or by coach, for individuals, or by wagon—drawn by horses or ox-teams—for equipment; and water travel, by barge or sloop on the inland waterways, and by larger and sturdier craft on the sea. There was no other way

of obtaining either news or supplies from any source whatever; no means of communication with the world outside the camp except by aide-de-camp or courier on horseback, or by messenger on foot. To send a message to or receive one from Congress—whose sanction was required in matters of moment and at times inconsequential affairs—involved at least a week of hard riding; and in the meantime anything might happen.

The lack of tents for his men occasioned Washington much disquietude. Among his earlier memoranda as Commander-in-Chief is a letter-head dated July 10, 1775, on which he made this note:

> "Want of tents a great disadvantage, as the men are much dispersed in quarters, and unavoidably so; which is an essential reason for continuing in the quarters at Cambridge and Roxbury."

At this time the Wadsworth house in Cambridge, which had been selected for General Army Headquarters, was occupied by General Washington and his immediate staff.[1] General Artemas Ward occupied branch headquarters at Roxbury, while other generals and officers of rank were distributed at various points within easy distance of the Cambridge encampment. On the twenty-first of July, 1775, Harvard College was vacated, on military order, by the entire body of students, the latter being transferred *en bloc* to Concord; whereupon Continental troops took possession of the College buildings for immediate occupation as Army barracks.[2]

[1] This fine old Colonial residence, built in 1726, still graces the dignified vicinity of Harvard Square. It was for years occupied by successive presidents of Harvard College. As Washington's Headquarters, it was the rendezvous of the brightest stars in the military and official firmaments; and over it the first Flag of the United Colonies—the Union Flag—fluttered proudly in the breeze. It is today in perfect preservation—a monument to the enduring qualities of New England material and workmanship two hundred years ago.

[2] On page 390 will be found the facsimile of a document petitioning for repair of the College Buildings, damaged during the occupation of the troops.

Wadsworth House, Cambridge, Massachusetts, home of Harvard College presidents for years. Used as official headquarters by Washington.

Some five months after Washington's arrival in Cambridge, Mrs. Washington and her son, John Parke Custis, came from Mount Vernon to make their home with the General; and thereafter the Craigie house—now more widely known as the Longfellow house, since it was for many years the home of the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow[1]—became the General's personal residence, the old Benedict Wadsworth house still being held as General Headquarters.

Once more under the same roof with his wife and his step-son, Washington's heart must have lightened somewhat; and doubtless there were, from time to time, pleasant little reunions with friends, new and old, to introduce a gleam of sunshine among the overhanging clouds. Among other interesting incidents that marked this period was the presentation of an original poem to Washington by Phyllis Wheatley, Boston's negro poetess—"daughter of the murky Senegal." The General, with the gentle courtesy that characterized his behavior toward even the lowliest of his admirers, wrote a graceful acknowledgment of the compliment:

> "If you should ever come to Cambridge or near Headquarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the Muses, and to whom Nature has been so beneficent and so liberal in her dispensations."

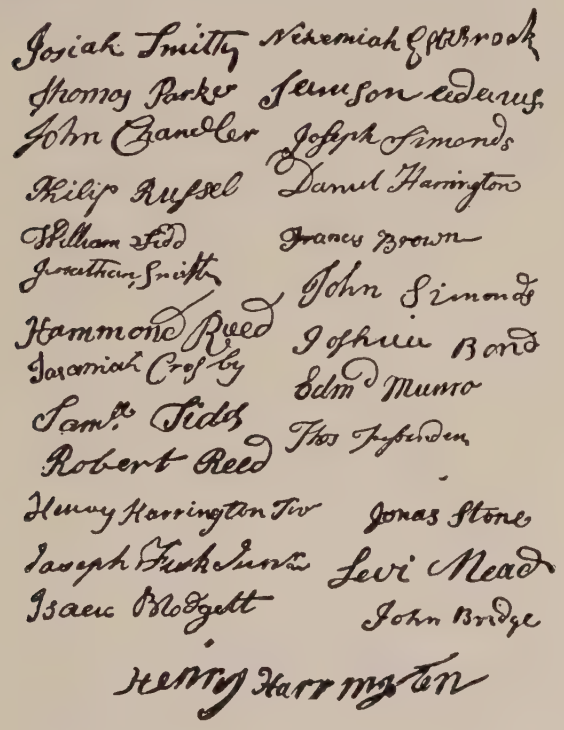
There was always a charming turn to Washington's dignified phrases; and although, at a somewhat later period, there were those who did not hesitate to attribute his graceful, happy, and frequently witty expressions of thought to the supposed influence of certain of his cultured associates, that suggestion should be accepted *cum grano salis*, if not rejected altogether. It has already been shown with sufficient clarity, from Washington's own writings, that—even from his youth—there was absolutely nothing the matter with his thought, or with his mode of expressing it.

[1] Miss Alice Longfellow, a daughter of the poet, still resides in this historic mansion.

The spirit throbbing in the breasts of the militia on Lexington Common is well shown in the following Declaration:

COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY 1776

We, the subscribers, do each of us severally for ourselves, profess, testify and declare before God and the world, that we verily believe that the war, resistance and opposition in which the United American Colonies are now engaged against the fleets and armies of Great Britain, is, on the part of the said Colonies, just and necessary. And we do here hereby severally promise, covenant, and engage to and with every person of this Colony who has or shall subscribe this declaration, or another of the same tenor and words, that we will not, during the said war, directly or indirectly, in any way aid, abet, or assist any of the naval or land forces of the king of Great Britain, or any employed by him, or supply them with any kinds of provisions, military or naval stores, or hold any correspondence with, or communicate any intelligence to any of the officers, soldiers or marines belonging to the said army or navy, or enlist or procure any others to enlist into the land or sea service of Great Britain, or take up or bear arms against this or either of the United Colonies, or undertake to pilot any of the vessels belonging to the said navy, or in any other way aid or assist them. But, on the contrary, according to our best power and abilities, will defend by arms the United American Colonies and every part thereof, against every hostile attempt of the fleets and armies in the service of Great Britain, or any of them, according to the requirements and directions of the laws of this colony, that now are, or may hereafter be provided for the regulation of the militia thereof.



It was during the autumn of 1775 and winter of 1776 that the futile and fatal attempt was made to force the annexation of Canada. Washington had always hoped that this British province (which had sent representatives to the First Continental Congress) would eventually unite with the Thirteen Colonies in the struggle for independence. He would have preferred to see fourteen stars on the Colonial Flag instead of the thirteen that, in due course, actually appeared there; but he wanted this happy issue to be brought about by amicable agreement, not by violent invasion of

Continental troops under Arnold, struggling through the forest to Canada.

territory. When, therefore, amid the unrest occasioned by the long period of inaction in the camp at Cambridge, he reluctantly consented to allow Montgomery and Arnold to lead an expedition to Canada, in a spirit of annexation rather than of conquest, it was with no great hopefulness concerning the result. In fact, he said later:

> "I saw from the beginning (that it) could never succeed. Those who were most sanguine, I fancy, now see the impracticability of it."

General Montgomery, a good soldier and one of Washington's finest and most trusted generals, led the advance by way of Ticonderoga, capturing Montreal more as friend than foe on the fifteenth of November. Arnold, in command

of another detachment, which Washington had despatched by way of the Maine forests, finally reached Quebec, to which city Montgomery had led his army. The conciliatory methods adopted at Montreal might, perhaps, have been repeated at Quebec; but the fright of the inhabitants of the

The British firing on a Continental flag of truce at Quebec. All good Britishers deplored the action of an underling that thus transgressed the rules of war and fair dealing.

latter city, fearing looting, coupled with a sudden avalanche of British troops from the fort at Montreal and the arrival of Sir Guy Carleton with three British ships and troops, turned the tide, transforming possible would-be friends into desperate fighters. General Sullivan, with three thousand men, marching via Albany, was unable to connect with Arnold at this time but later joined the defeated army and returned

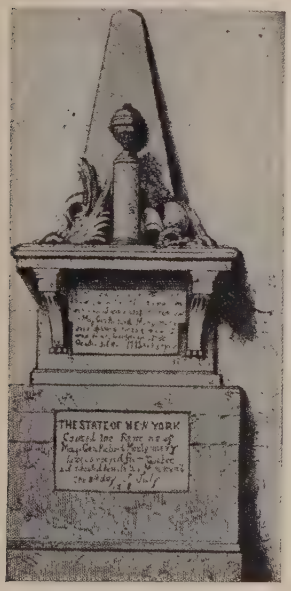
1. Death of Montgomery before Quebec, December, 1775. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Company.*
2. Quebec, the Fortress City.

with them. The discharge of a field piece by the British on the last day of December, 1775, killed General Montgomery and two of his leaders, with some brave soldiers of the rank and file. In a later assault Arnold was wounded by a bullet in the leg and lamed for life. Montgomery's last words of command were:

"Men of New York, you will not fear to follow where your General leads!"

Wolfe died September 13, 1759.[1]

Montgomery's body was brought back to New York, and buried July 8, 1818, under the church wall of old St. Paul's, on Broadway, where a commemorative monument[2] and tablet may be seen on the outer wall of the church, over the General's last resting-place. Washington was deeply grieved by the loss of one of his bravest generals, whom he could ill spare; and always regretted the break between the Colonies and Canada which resulted from the ill-starred expedition.[3] In the

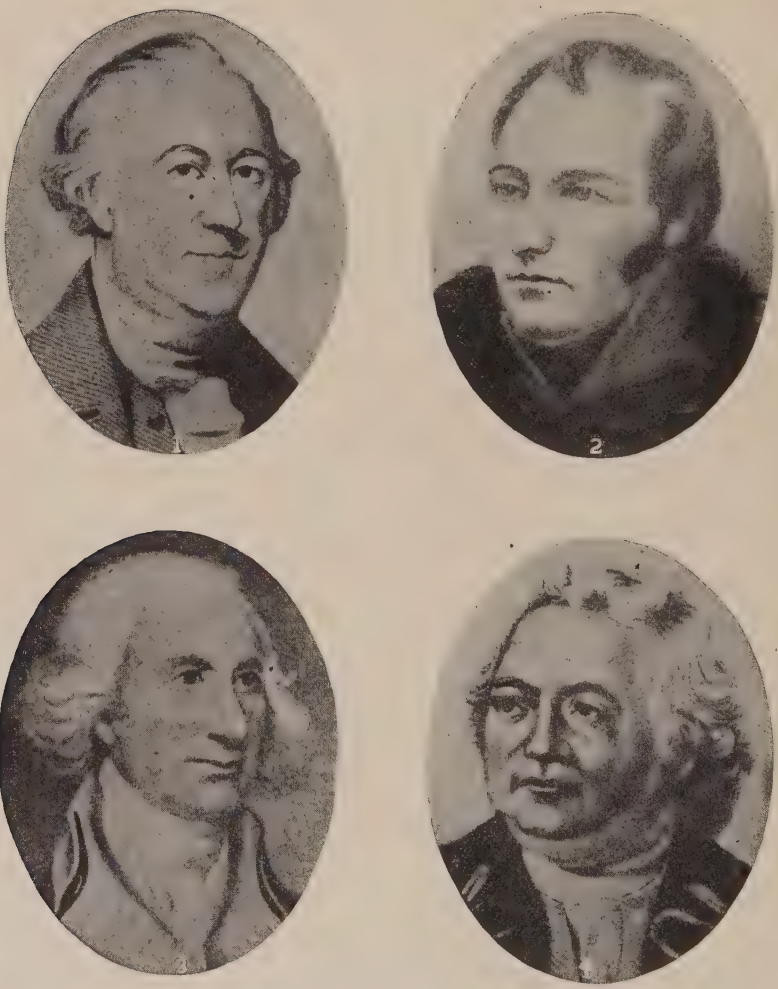


St. Paul monument and tomb for Richard Montgomery.

[1] Wolfe and Montgomery anointed the height of Quebec with their hearts' blow.

[2] This is one of the few monuments erected promptly by Congress.

[3] The Canadian campaign was a fiasco. Smallpox killed many of the soldiers, and General Thomas was later a victim. The Liberty slogan failed to arouse the French, to whom astute English statesmen had given every liberty. Only a remnant of the Continental Army was left to return. It was in the Quebec engagement that the British achieved the infamy of firing on a flag of truce. Historians agree that the annexation of Canada would have complicated relations with England and France.



Washington's first major generals.

1. Artemas Ward.
2. Charles Lee.
3. Philip Schuyler.
4. Israel Putman.

meantime the investment of Boston claimed Washington's attention.

On the eighteenth of November, 1775, he and his commanding generals met in conference at General Ward's

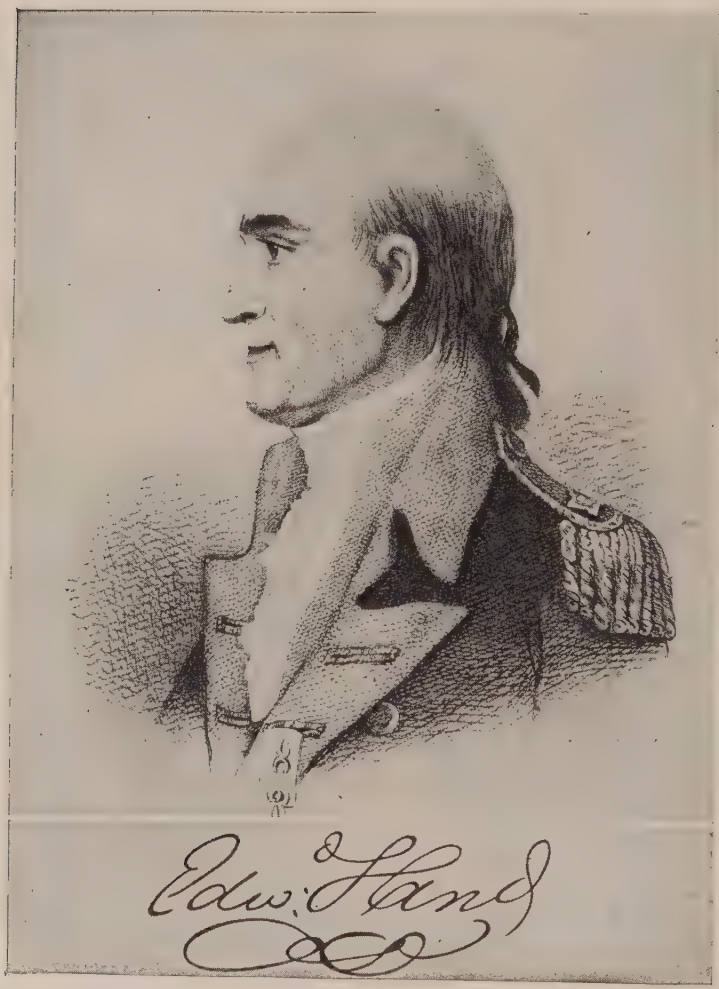
Some leading American Revolutionary generals.

1. John Sullivan. 2. Daniel Morgan. 3. Anthony Wayne.
4. Richard Montgomery. 5. Nathanael Greene. 6. Francis Marion.

Roxbury headquarters to consider plans for placing batteries to protect the Cambridge camp, realizing that General Lord Howe might seize the opportunity to attack, once the ice had formed on the river. At this meeting Washington remarked:

"I have long had upon my mind that a successful attack might be made by way of a surprise upon Castle William.

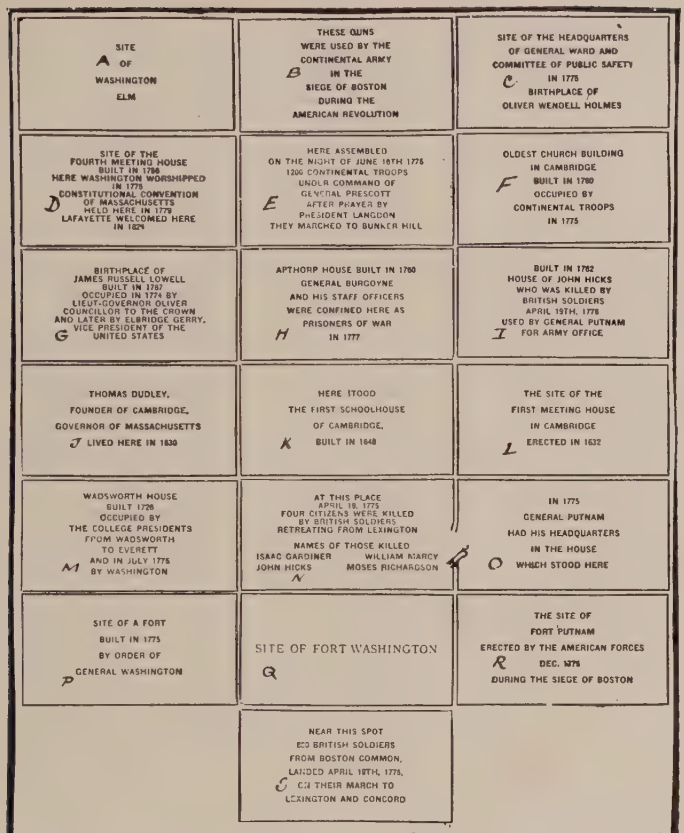
From every account, there are only three hundred men in the place, and through its capture the fleet might be taken."



Colonel (later General) Hand, young, but efficient.

The word "camouflage" had not, in Washington's time, been incorporated among the idioms of American military

WASHINGTON



A *Location*—On Garden Street at Mason Street.

B *Location*—Front of Soldier's monument on the common.

C *Location*—Northerly line of Holmes Place, on inner edge of sidewalk against the former side of the Holmes House.

D *Location*—Inner edge of sidewalk in Harvard Square, near old law school building.

E *Location*—On the small common in front of Law School, Holmes Place

F *Location*—Inner edge of sidewalk in front of Christ Church on Garden Street.

G *Location*—Inner edge of sidewalk in front of Lowell House on Elmwood Avenue.

H *Location*—Inner edge of sidewalk at side of Apthorp House on Linden Street

I *Location*—Inner edge of sidewalk at side of Hicks House on Winthrop Street corner of Dunster Street.

J *Location*—On the westerly side of Dunster Street.

K *Location*—On the westerly side of Holyoke Street.

L *Location*—In the foundation wall of the house of Mr William Wright on Dunster Street.

M *Location*—Front of Old Wadsworth House on Massachusetts Ave., near Harvard Square, opposite Holyoke Street.

N *Location*—On Massachusetts Avenue near Rindge Avenue.

O *Location*—On the westerly side of Inman Street at the head of Austin Street (Stone steps of original house are still in place)

P *Location*—Original site of fort on easterly side of Putnam Avenue, between Franklin and Kinnaird Streets on the inner edge of sidewalk.

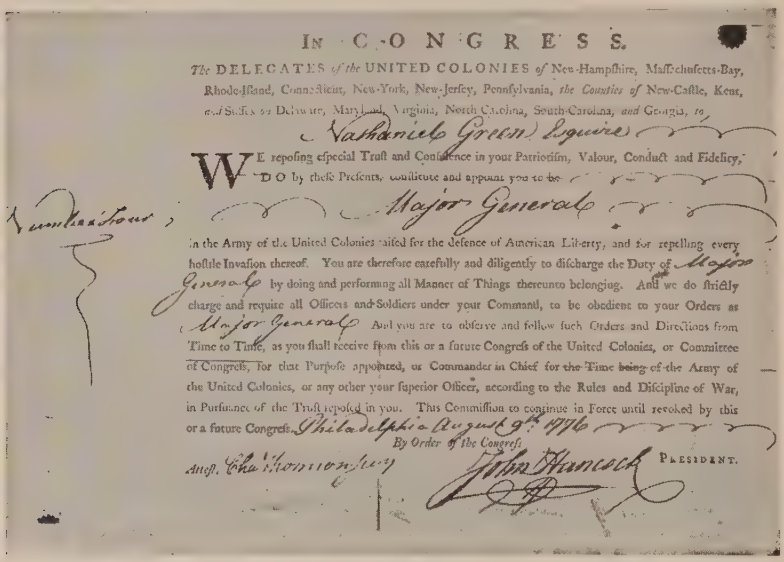
Q *Location*—Easterly side of Waverly Street, opposite Allston Street

R *Location*—In the wall of the Putnam Schoolhouse, at the corner of Otis and Fourth Streets, on the Fourth Street side.

S *Location*—Easterly side of the court house yard on the inner edge of sidewalk on Second Street, about twenty feet from the corner of Otis Street.

Historic sites in Cambridge.

speech; but there can be no manner of doubt that Washington was a past master of the subtle art which it represents. During those days of the Cambridge encampment he proved himself, many times, an arch deceiver of the enemy; building imitation forts and keeping his men constantly on the move, marching to and fro in battle array. Some of his cannon, formidable enough to look at from a distance, might, on



IN CONGRESS.

The DELEGATES of the UNITED COLONIES of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts-Bay, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Counties of New-Castle, Kent, and Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, South-Carolina, and Georgia, to

Nathaniel Greene Esquire

WE reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Patriotism, Valour, Conduct and Fidelity, DO by these Presents, constitute and appoint you to be

Major General

in the Army of the United Colonies raised for the defence of American Liberty, and for repelling every hostile Invasion thereof. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of Major General by doing and performing all Manner of Things thereunto belonging. And we do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under your Command, to be obedient to your Orders as Major General. And you are to observe and follow such Orders and Directions from Time to Time, as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the United Colonies, or Committee of Congress, for that Purpose appointed, or Commander in Chief for the Time being of the Army of the United Colonies, or any other your superior Officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, in Pursuance of the Trust reposed in you. This Commission to continue in Force until revoked by this or a future Congress. Philadelphia August 9th 1776

By Order of the Congress.

John Hancock PRESIDENT.

Attest. Chas Thomson Secry

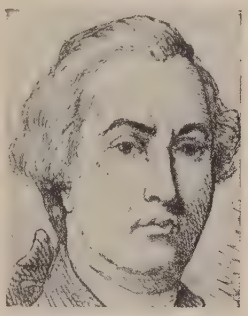
Nathaniel Greene's[1] commission as major-general. Signed by John Hancock.

closer inspection, have been indentified as tree trunks, manned by wooden soldiers; but what of it, since by such means the British were induced to believe that his army was large and powerful and his position impregnable? When —as already stated—there was but one half-pound of powder to a man, Washington had barrels filled with sand and the powder spread thinly on the top. This, for the special benefit of the Tory spies who haunted and preyed upon the Continental camp. For they were not *all* patriots in that

[1] General Greene during the war was of enormous aid to Washington.

camp, as Washington well knew. He was not often deceived in the people about him; and though it was neither politic nor possible to make his thoughts known, some of those who congratulated themselves upon having "the inside track" would have been both surprised and startled had they known exactly how their General appraised them.

Cannon were sorely needed for the fortifications that were being built around Boston under General Washington's expert direction, and the difficulties in the way of securing them seemed insurmountable. There were cannon at Ticonderoga, — good, stout British cannon, of reliable British ore and casting,—which had been captured in the spring of 1775, in that spectacular sortie of Ethan Allen, with the Green Mountain boys—the romance of which will live as long as there are American patriots to recall and recount it.



Nathaniel Greene

It was not long after the battles of Lexington and Concord that this raid on Ticonderoga had been planned. The Governor of Connecticut had supplied the money for it; Ethan Allen and two hundred and thirty Green Mountain boys of his own stripe undertook the expedition. Benedict Arnold, who carried a colonel's commission and had a force of one man, joined the party, and demanded the right of leadership by virtue of his commission. Allen, ignoring the commission, put the matter to the vote in true democratic militia style. The men stood by Allen, who thereupon accepted the fire-eating colonel as a voluntary aide.

On the night of the ninth of May, 1775, Allen and Arnold, with only eighty-three of the Green Mountaineers—the remainder being unable to find room in the boats—crossed the lake and, guided by a youngster named Nathan, made their way by a short cut to the bedroom of Captain Dela-

place, in command of the fort. Delaplace, awakened from slumber, and perceiving the boy hiding behind Allen's sturdy figure, observed, reproachfully:

"Thou, too, Nathan?"

Dragging the captain from his bed, Allen demanded the surrender of the fort "in the name of the great Jehovah and

1. Ethan Allen forcing the door of Delaplace's bedroom.
2–4. Ticonderoga.
3. Delaplace surrenders to Ethan Allen. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

the Continental Congress"—although Congress did not convene until the following day (the tenth of May). However, Captain Delaplace evinced no disposition to argue the point, but promptly surrendered, without stopping to dress.

1. General Knox.

2. "Over the mountains to Boston to drive out the invader," was the slogan of these patriots. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

3. General Thomas Gage, Governor of Massachusetts.

1. Plan of town and Fort Ticonderoga.
2. Capture of Ethan Allen before Montreal. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*

This peremptory action of Allen's secured one hundred and twenty cannon, and a large quantity of military stores, and posts which had cost Great Britain several million pounds.[1] Eventually, Ethan Allen's free-lance methods cost him his freedom. Marching northward with a small force, he aimed at joining General Montgomery; but met, instead, Major Brown, who had with him a detachment of two hundred men. Emboldened by his early success at Ticonderoga, Allen decided to capture Montreal; but, Brown failing to arrive at the appointed time, Allen and his insignificant little company drew the enemy's fire. Allen was captured and sent to England a prisoner. Thus, in the first year of the war, this daredevil fighter from the Green Mountains was cut off from all further usefulness; although he was eventually sent back to America in an exchange of prisoners.[2]

Washington's gift of reading men stood him in good stead when it became necessary to "pick the right man for the job."[3] Washington, for example, knew at a glance that in General Henry Knox, the former Boston bookseller, there was the stern stuff needed for bringing the Ticonderoga cannon over the Green Mountains to Dorchester

[1] Following this achievement, Ethan Allen's friend, Seth Warner, also a Green Mountain boy, marched north and captured Crown Point while Benedict Arnold, with fifty men, seized a schooner, armed it with cannon, and captured St. John, at the head of the lake.

For nearly two years Lake Champlain now belonged to America; but in March, 1777, the Military Governor of Canada, Sir Guy Carleton, under orders from London, sent Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne and Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger to join Lord Howe in the South, with instructions to recapture Ticonderoga and other forts on the way.

[2] Washington wrote thus of Ethan Allen in 1778:

"I have been happy in a visit from Col. Allen. His fortitude and firmness seem to have placed him beyond the reach of misfortune. There is an original something in him that commands admiration; and his long captivity and suffering have only served to increase, if possible, his enthusiastic zeal."

[3] The late Andrew Carnegie attributed his success largely to his ability to pick men who knew more than he did about the matter in hand, whatever it might be. To this ability, Washington added the power to carry personally to a successful conclusion any task that had to be performed, however arduous or intricate, should the necessity arise for his doing so.

1. On the road with the cannon.
2. Arrival at Boston.

Heights. Knox accepted the task, and made good—as Washington knew he would.[1] The fifty-nine cannon—one of which weighed five thousand pounds, while the whole aggregated fully one hundred and twenty-four thousand pounds—were hauled by oxen[2] on forty-two sleds over the Green Mountains and the Berkshire Hills, through dense forests and treacherous swamps. Often the animals plodded breast-high through drifted snow; four times the trail led across the ice-bound serpentine Hudson River. There were trees to be felled, boulders to be shoved aside, temporary bridges to be built; a hundred emergency tasks to be performed which were distinctly an engineer's "job"—and none of them could wait. Knox and his men grimly tackled each one as it came—and won out on all. The journey occupied three weeks of continuous, toilsome travel.

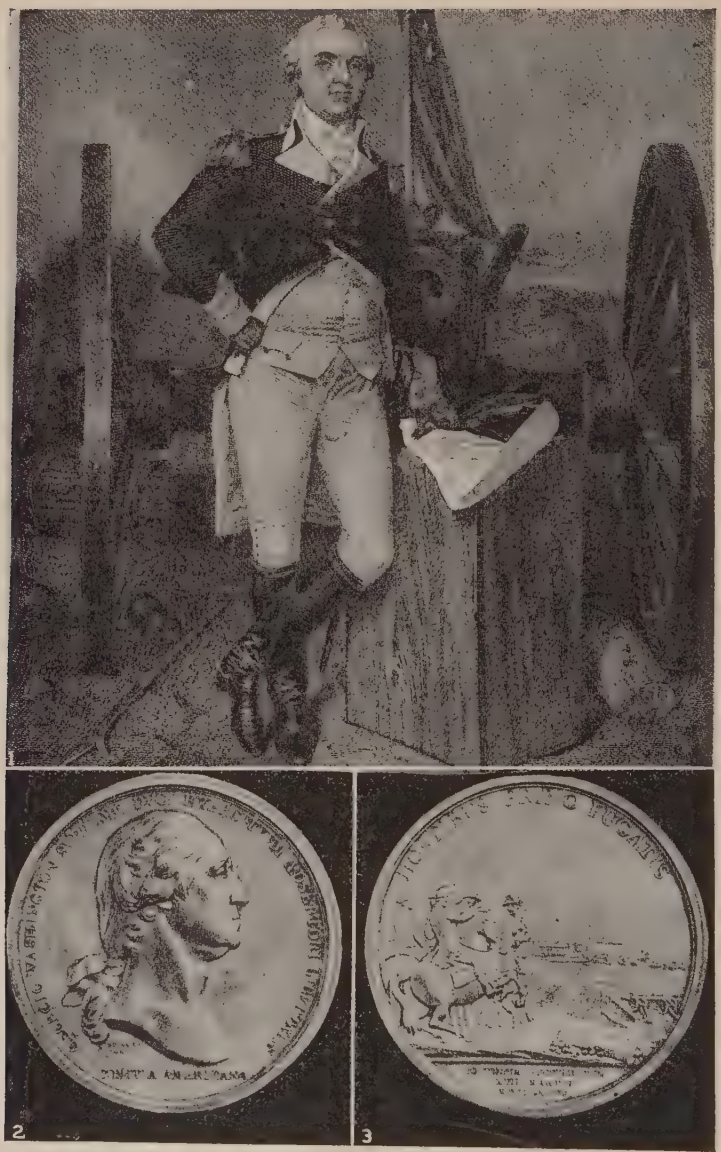
Dwellers along the road which the weird procession traversed—struggling up hill and down—must have been patriots to the core; for neither British bayonet nor British bullet arrested the slow but persistent progress of the English-built implements of war. The straggling ox-train was poorly guarded, and at any moment Tories might have swooped down upon it and made short work of its journey to the coast.

Nothing of the sort happened.[3] Knox and his men pressed patiently, tirelessly on, doubtless cheered from time to time by the waving of kerchiefs and aprons in the hands of admiring farmer women—many of them having menfolk "at the front." Those were heroic times; and the heart that beat under the homespun linen of the farm wife, left to look

[1] After the war, Henry Knox paid his English creditors in full for books destroyed by British soldiers who looted his Boston book shop.

[2] Wisely, as it developed, Knox ignored Washington's suggestion to use horses for hauling the cannon.

[3] Not so fortunate was Washington five years later, when at his Headquarters in Morristown. A plan was formed to attack the enemy on Staten Island, five hundred sleighs being ordered to cross the ice, with Lord Stirling in command. Tories in the neighborhood reported the plan, however, and it had to be abandoned.



1. General Henry Knox, who brought the Ticonderoga cannon to Boston. *Chappel.*

2–3. Gold medal presented to Washington by Congress to commemorate his driving the British from Boston.

after the children and the home alone, was every whit as gallant and brave as any that faced the British in the field.

The cavalcade—jaded but triumphant—reached its destination in good order—and just in time. The cannon were placed in position; and their effectiveness in assisting the Continentals to regain Boston for its weary, persecuted citizens must have more than repaid Henry Knox for his superhuman efforts in getting them there.

CHAPTER XXII

THE DAWN OF '76. PAINE'S PAMPHLET. SEPARATION THE ISSUE. DORCHESTER HEIGHTS FORTIFIED. SIEGE AND EVACUATION OF BOSTON. WASHINGTON'S NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS. POISON PLOT FOILED. VIRGINIA'S DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

THE YEAR 1776 was eventful from the start. George the Third's New Year's gift to the Colonists was a curtly arrogant rejection of their claims in his "speech from the Throne" to the Houses of Parliament; and simultaneously with the receipt of that piece of news General Washington ran the Union Flag up to the head of the flagpole on Prospect Hill, to the accompaniment of enthusiastic cheers from the Continental Army.[1] It was in January, too, that General Washington received the depressing intelligence of the Canadian fiasco and the gallant Montgomery's death before Quebec on the thirty-first of December, 1775.[2] The Commander-in-Chief immediately called a military conference, in which he invited John Adams to participate.

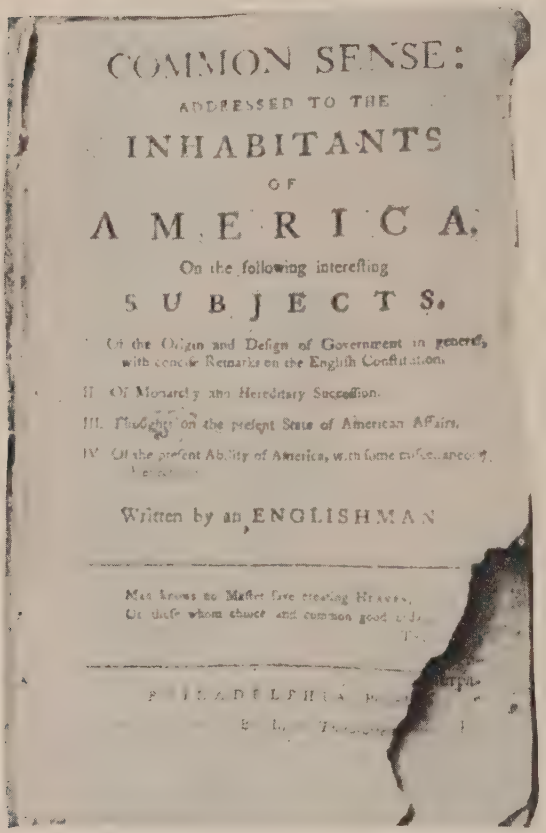
On the tenth of January in that year of 1776, the publication of Thomas Paine's pamphlet, "Common Sense," applied a fresh torch to the fire of anti-British sentiment, already burning so brightly in the Colonies. Paine, the young Englishman who, it will be recalled, had come to America under the sponsorship of Benjamin Franklin,[3] with his sympathies fully enlisted in behalf of the Colonists, had never ceased to champion their cause. But he had long felt certain that peace was not in sight, and earnestly believed that complete separation from the mother country

[1] See page 339. [2] See page 365. [3] See page 345.

Richd. Montgomery

Alonzo Chappel.

was the only possible remedy for existing wrongs. He had grown impatient of delay; intolerant of the half-heartedness evinced by some who, he felt, should come fearlessly out in the open and take their stand for freedom. The forty-page pamphlet, "Common Sense," was a free-handed statement of the conclusions which he had reached, expressed as probably none save Thomas Paine himself had the power to express them. Within a few months more than a million and a half copies had been distributed among the Colonists.



COMMON SENSE:

ADDRESSED TO THE

INHABITANTS

OF

AMERICA,

On the following interesting

SUBJECTS.

I. Of the Origin and Design of Government in general, with concise Remarks on the English Constitution.

II. Of Monarchy and Hereditary Succession.

III. Thoughts on the present State of American Affairs.

IV. Of the present Ability of America, with some miscellaneous Reflections.

Written by an ENGLISHMAN

One and one-half million copies of this forty-page pamphlet, by Thomas Paine, were circulated in a few months.

There can be little doubt that the distribution of this pamphlet —with its clarity of thought, its relentless logic—not only created a profound sensation throughout the Colonies, but produced more tangible results in the winning over of many hesitant ones to the cause of Independence. And, as if to prove that he was

something more than a mere writing-man, Paine joined the Continental Army.[1]

It has been asserted in many quarters that George Washington himself had hoped for an amicable solution of the grave problem confronting the Colonists—although that letter written to George Mason in 1769 would seem to disprove this.[2] After the publication of Paine's pamphlet, however, we find him saying:

> "A few more such flaming arguments as were exhibited at Falmouth and Norfolk, added to the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet "Common Sense," will not leave numbers at a loss to decide upon the propriety of a separation."

In February of the same year (1776) Washington speaks at greater length on the subject of separation—which had now become an issue:

> "With respect to myself, I have never entertained an idea of an accommodation since I heard of the measures which were adopted in consequence of the Bunker Hill fight. The King's speech has confirmed the sentiments I entertained upon the news of that affair; and if every man was of my mind the Ministers of Great Britain should know, in a few words, upon what issue the cause should be put. . . .
>
> "I would tell them that we had borne much; that we had long and ardently sought for reconciliation upon honorable terms; that it had been denied us; that all our attempts after peace had proved abortive, and had been grossly misrepresented; that we had done everything which could be expected from the best of subjects; that the spirit of freedom beat too high in us to submit to slavery, and that, if nothing else would

[1] Paine was attached to General Greene's personal staff, and was cited for valor in the field.

[2] See page 275.

satisfy a tyrant and his diabolical Ministry, we are determined to shake off all connexions with a State so unjust and tyrannical. This I would tell them, not under covert, but in words as clear as the sun in its meridian brightness."

George Washington was not foolishly headstrong, as patriots too often are; it was not his habit to rush into blind alleys. He did his own thinking, although he was willing to listen to another's argument; but when his cool, well-balanced mind had led him to a decision, he was never afraid to speak, hit whom it might.

Among other noteworthy events at this period was the establishment by Congress, on the seventh of February, 1776, of the office of Chaplain in the Continental Army. Washington,with his usual regard for details, had the fact entered in his Orderly Book:

"The Continental Congress, having been pleased to order and direct that there shall be one Chaplain to two Regiments, and that the pay of each Chaplain shall be thirty-three dollars and one-third each Kalendar month, the Rev'd Abiel Leonard is appointed Chaplain to the Regiment of Artillery under command of Col. Knox, and to the 20th Regiment commanded by Lieut. Col. Durkee."

The compulsory evacuation of Boston by the British in March, 1776, is one of the high lights of the Revolutionary War, reflecting great credit upon Washington's wise generalship. All through the long and dreary winter the Continentals, while exposed to almost every sort of physical discomfort, had been expectantly awaiting the psychological moment of attack. Lord Howe, inexplicably dilatory, was apparently content to remain indefinitely where he was;[1]

[1] It has been said that General Howe's desire to see the breach healed accounted, in part, for the slackness of his activities; but this was abundantly disproved by his inhuman treatment of the prisoners-of-war. It is more probable that, when in

and Washington had no intention of rushing into action until thoroughly prepared. The task of turning his raw troops into good fighting material, fit to engage in conflict with a large, well-disciplined army, was a prodigious one, demanding time, patience, and infinite understanding. Washington worked incessantly, and was as vigilant over the moral well-being of his troops as he was tireless in their drilling. One of his orders read:

> "All officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers are positively forbid playing at cards and other games of chance. At this time of public distress, men may find enough to do in the service of their God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality."

Less than two months after the hoisting of the Union Flag on Prospect Hill, Washington wrote:

> "I have often thought how much happier I should have been if, instead of accepting the command under such circumstances, I had taken my musket on my shoulder and entered the ranks; or, if I could have justified the measure to posterity and my own conscience, had retired to the back country and lived in a wigwam."

Again, in writing to John Hancock, president of Congress, from his post at Cambridge, he said:

> "It is not in the pages of history, perhaps, to furnish a case like ours. To maintain a post within musket shot of the enemy for six months together (without powder), at the same time to disband one army and recruit another within that distance of twenty-odd British regiments, is more, probably, than was ever attempted."

Boston, he was under the impression that Washington's army was much more formidable than it actually was, and wanted to take no chances against it; knowing that, once his ships were destroyed, his prospects of victory would be slim indeed.

But "the day" dawned at last. In a council of war held at the Cambridge Headquarters February 26, 1776, it was decided to storm the city on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, the fifth of March.

On the night of the fourth, Washington opened and maintained a steady bombardment, under cover of which about two thousand men, with hundreds of wagons packed with fortification material, as well as cannon and ammunition, struggled up Dorchester Heights, unseen and unsuspected by the British sentinels, and there constructed their redoubts—in one night. When morning dawned and the American entrenchments were observed by the British, there was general consternation, the dismayed Howe exclaiming:

"The rebels have done more in one night than my whole army would have done in a month.[1]

In taking possession of the new fortifications on Dorchester Heights, on that fifth of March, 1776, General Washington addressed his troops in these stimulating words:

"Remember, it is the anniversary of the Boston Massacre—a day never to be forgotten. Avenge the deaths of your brethren!"

The answer was immediate and emphatic. From Dorchester Heights and Nook's Hill a heavy cannonade was directed against the town.[2] Congress had given Washington carte blanche to destroy Boston, if necessary; and John Hancock, president of Congress, ignoring personal considerations, wrote in this patriotic strain:

"Although I have important property in the city, do not hesitate to fire upon it."

[1] Upon thinking this over Howe may have figured that men who were capable of such an achievement over night were practically unconquerable, and that in such a case it might be wise to retreat while retreat was still possible.

[2] A burlesque entitled "The Blockade of Boston" (generally credited to General Burgoyne) was put on the boards in Boston prior to the bombardment—appositely enough, one must admit.

Patriotic to the core, John Hancock offered to shoulder a musket in the ranks.

Washington's division of his forces for the siege of Boston was a strategic triumph. With General Artemas Ward stationed at Roxbury in command of the right wing, General Charles Lee at Winter and Prospect Heights in command of the left wing, and General Putnam at Cambridge commanding the centre, the entire city was under range. The Nook's Hill fortifications commanded the Neck, and those at Dorchester Heights completed a cordon that was practically impregnable. The Dorchester Heights fortifications, particularly, rendered the harbor untenable for Admiral Shuldham's fleet.

A futile attempt of the British to seize Dorchester Heights was led by Lord Percy; but the intervention of a storm,[1] perhaps aided by the still vivid recollection of the devastating musket fire that had wrought such havoc among the British troops at Bunker Hill, led to its abandonment.

The siege continued until an unsigned letter, sent through the lines under a flag of truce, finally reached the Commander-in-Chief. Its purport was that the British would evacuate the city peaceably if permitted to leave without molestation, but otherwise would burn and loot the town. Out of loyalty to patriotic Boston, which had already suffered more than enough during the British occupation, Washington allowed the enemy to depart without injury; although he could easily have sunk the laden barges with shot and shell from Dorchester Heights and badly damaged and perhaps captured many vessels. Howe without a fleet would have been in a sorry predicament. On Sunday, March seventeenth, 1776, the unwelcome guests sailed from Boston, and

[1] While wind and wave aided the Continentals, invisible foes, in the form of smallpox, made inroads on their thinning ranks. In fact, failure of the Canadian campaign might be laid at the door of this gaunt spectre. Thanks to his trip to Barbados, Washington strode through the halls of death immune, saved for a mighty purpose.

from that hour to the present the heel of the invader (Indian or foreigner) has never pressed its soil. Being St. Patrick's Day, the countersign among the Continentals was "St.

1. Howe throwing his cannon into the bay.
2. Washington watching the evacuation of Boston from Dorchester Heights.

Patrick," in compliment to the Irish soldiers; and General John Sullivan, fine Irishman and brave soldier, was appointed officer of the day.

At four o'clock in the morning, before dawn had begun to lighten the eastern sky, the rout of the British began. By ten o'clock the few remaining cannon had been thrown from the docks and the last soldier had embarked. Sandwiched in the boats among the redcoats were fleeing Tories—men and women who were to be, henceforth, without a

As Dorchester Heights looked in the middle of the Nineteenth Century.

country. Washington, describing the evacuation in a letter, wrote:

> "General Howe's retreat was precipitate beyond anything I could have conceived. The destruction of the stores at Dunbar's camp after Braddock's defeat was but a faint image of what may be seen at Boston. Artillery carts cut to pieces in one place, gun carriages in another, shells broke here, shots buried there, and everything carrying with it the face of disorder and confusion, as also of distress."

Generals Ward, Putnam and Knox entered the city later followed by the Commander-in-Chief, in whose entourage were other staff officers. The General celebrated the occasion by attending church and listening to a sermon preached by Chaplain Abiel Leonard on the deliverance of the Israelites from the Egyptians, from Exodus xiv, 24, 25:

Vot'd 3. That the following Memorial be presented to the General Court of this Colony :—

Memorial to the Gen' Court for Repairing the College

To the Honble Council & House of Representatives of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay in New England in General Court assembled.

The Memorial of the President & Fellows of Harvard College in Cambridge humbly sheweth

That immediately after the Commencement of the present War in defense of American Liberties, on the 19th of April 1775, all the Buildings & Appurtenances of the S^d College were entered, & ever since have been occupied by the Army, then suddenly assembled & formed, as Barracks, & for other necessary Purposes.

That S^d Buildings, with their Appurtenances, are greatly defaced & Damaged by the Army, so that the Repairs must amount to a considerable Sum, if put into the same good Order as when occupied by the Students

Present
The President
Sr Appleton
Sr Winthrop
Dr Eliot
Sr Cooper
Mr Wadsworth

April 3 — 1776 At a Meeting of the President & Fellows at Watertown

Voted 2. That the following Diploma be presented to his Excellency General Washington as an expression of the Gratitude of this College for his eminent Services in the Cause of his Country & to this Society

Senatus Academiæ Cantabrigiensis in Nov-Anglia.

Omnibus in Christo Fidelibus ad quos Literæ præsentes pervenerint, Salutem in Domino

sempiternam

sempiternam.

1776 298.

Cum ~~in~~ eum in finem Gradus Academici instituti fuerint, ut Viri Scientiâ, Sapientiâ, et Virtute insignes, qui de Re-Literaria, et de Re Publica optime meruerint, Honoribus hisce Laureatis remunerarentur; Maxime decet ut Honore tali officiatus Vir illustrissimus Georgius Washington Armiger, Exercitûs Coloniarum in

Excerpts from Harvard College records, showing repairs to the buildings after departure of the Continentals. *Courtesy of Harvard College.*

Americæ Fœderatarum Imperator præclarus, cujus Scientia et Amor Patriæ undique patent: qui, propter eximias Virtutes tam civiles quam militares, primùm, a Civibus suis Legatus electus, in Consessu celeberrimo Americano de Libertate, ad extremum periclitata, et de Salute publicâ, fideliter et peritissime consuluit; deinde, postulante Patriâ, Sedem in Virginia amœnissimam et Res proprias perlubenter reliquit, ut per omnia Castrorum Labores et Pericula, nulla Mercede acceptâ, Nov-Angliam ab Armis Britannorum iniquis et crudelibus liberaret, et Colonias cæteras tueretur; et Res sub Auspiciis Divinis maxime speclandis, ab Urbe Bostoniâ, per undecim Menses clausâ, munitâ, et plusquam septem millium Militum Præsidio firmatâ, Naves et Copias Hostium in Fugam præcipitem et probrosam deturbavit; adeo ut Cives, plurimis duritiis et sævitiis oppressi, tandem salvi lætentur, Villæ vicinæ quiescant, atque Sedibus suis Academia nostra restituatur.

Gen Washington's Diploma LL.D

Sciatis igitur, quod Nos Præses et Socii Collegii Harvardini in Cantabrigia Nov-Anglorum (consentientibus honorandis admodum et reverendis Academiæ nostræ Inspectoribus) Dominum supra dictum, summo Honore dignum, Georgium Washington, Doctorem utriusque Juris, tum Naturæ et Gentium hum Civilis, statuimus et creavimus; eique simul dedimus et concessimus omnia Jura, Privilegia, et Honores ad istum Gradum pertinentia.

In cujus

299 1776 In cujus Rei Testimonium Nos commune Sigillo Universitatis hisce Literis affixo Chirographa apposuimus Die tertio Aprilis Anno Salutis millesimo septingentesimo septuagesimo sexto. S.T.D.

Samuel Langdon Præses
Nathanael Appleton S.T.D
Johannes Winthrop L.L.D. Mat. et Phi. P. Ho
Andreas Eliot S.T.D
Samuel Cooper S.T.D
Johannes Wadsworth Log. et Ph. Prof.
Thesaurus.

Sigillum communæ

Facsimile of Washington's Harvard College degree. *Courtesy of Harvard College.*
Few names stand higher in records of the Old Bay State than these six who signed the diploma.

"The Lord . . . troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot wheels, that they drave them heavily, so that the Egyptians said, 'Let us flee from the face of Israel, for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.'"

At the conclusion of the church services, dinner was served for General Washington and other persons of distinction at the tavern known as The Bunch of Grapes, corner of Kilby and State Streets.[1] On the following day Washington—for the second time in his life—traversed the streets of Boston, this time amid the acclamations of the overjoyed Bostonians; with the exception of a few terror-stricken Tories who had been unable to find accommodation on the overcrowded, fleeing British ships.[2]

Although General Lord Howe had threatened dire punishment to soldiers found guilty of looting, houses and stores were plundered by British soldiery and Tories alike.[3]

The city was, indeed, in pitiful condition. Aside from the damage to property, there was great scarcity of fuel and provisions; and smallpox menaced the lives of incoming Continentals as well as those of the citizen community. Washington immediately detailed a military contingent to investigate the city from end to end, ferret out Tory spies, and report conditions generally.[4]

[1] Among the personages who had remained in the city throughout the siege were Mather Byles (Boston's Tory wit) and Dr. Andrew Eliot.

[2] Referring to the Tories in Boston, Washington wrote his brother John Augustine:

"One or two have done what a number ought to have done long ago—committed suicide."

[3] Crean Bush was one Tory whom Howe allowed to loot with impunity.

[4] The port of Boston was partially blockaded until the middle of June, 1776, when General Lincoln set up cannon on the farther end of Long Island, and drove to sea the British cruiser that had held up harbor traffic.

Congress was sufficiently elated by the British evacuation of Boston to vote for the presentation of a gold medal to the victorious Washington. (Illustrated on page 378.)

Also in commemoration of the evacuation, Harvard College conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on General Washington. The diploma is dated April 3, 1776. (See facsimile on pages 390–391.)

Rightly conjecturing that Howe's next objective would be New York City (he had sailed, with the fleet, for Halifax, Nova Scotia), Washington despatched Generals Israel Putnam and Charles Lee to begin at once the work of strengthening her defences. Stirling was likewise ordered thither, to build redoubts in Brooklyn. The riflemen of Virginia and Pennsylvania were the first of the Continental troops to leave Boston for New York; and on the fourth of April the Commander-in-Chief and his staff also departed, travelling by way of Providence, Rhode Island, and arriving in New York City on the thirteenth of the same month. Many of the troops were sent via Norwich, Conn., and reached New York by way of Long Island Sound. This victorious army spread the good tidings throughout the countryside, thus aiding enlistments.

Washington's first Headquarters in New York were on Pearl Street, near Cedar.[1] There, probably, he formulated his plans for the Long Island campaign,[2] while he pushed the work of building additional redoubts along the fifteen miles of water front which must needs be protected in order to maintain a successful stand against the impending advance of the enemy.

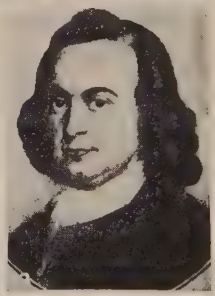
Washington's arrival in New York was the signal for his Royalist enemies—of whom there were many—to begin conspiring against him. In days to come there were to be many plots—some against his reputation and some against his life; but none more dastardly than that of one Hickey, a traitorous member of the General's body-guard,[3] whose attempt to poison him might so easily have proved successful but for prompt action on the part of loyal adherents who learned of the plot.

[1] The Commander-in-Chief was frequently in conference with his officers.

[2] Washington transferred his staff in May to Richmond Hill, today the junction of Charlton and Varick Streets, where he occupied a mansion during that heart-breaking struggle.

[3] Washington's body-guard at one time numbered two hundred and fifty men.

The plan was for the traitor to steal into the kitchen while the General's dinner was in course of preparation, and



3. George Mason, author of Virginia's Declaration of Rights, was a close friend of General Washington before, during, and after the Revolution.

1. General Thomas Nelson, Jr., and his home. 2. Home of George Mason. Here was written Virginia's Declaration of Rights. © *Alexandria-Washington Lodge 22—A. F. and A. M.*

sprinkle poison on a dish of green peas which was to form part of the menu. But the plot came to the ears of a young

woman[1] whose loyalty to the General prompted her to communicate it without delay to an equally loyal retainer of Washington's, who at once hastened to Richmond Hill headquarters to warn Washington.

Being thus apprised of the facts, the General, seating himself at table with Generals Gates and Wooster, requested the officers to wait a few moments. Ordering a portion of his body-guard, including Hickey, to enter, he turned to them and said, while putting a spoonful of peas on his plate,

"Shall I eat of this vegetable?"

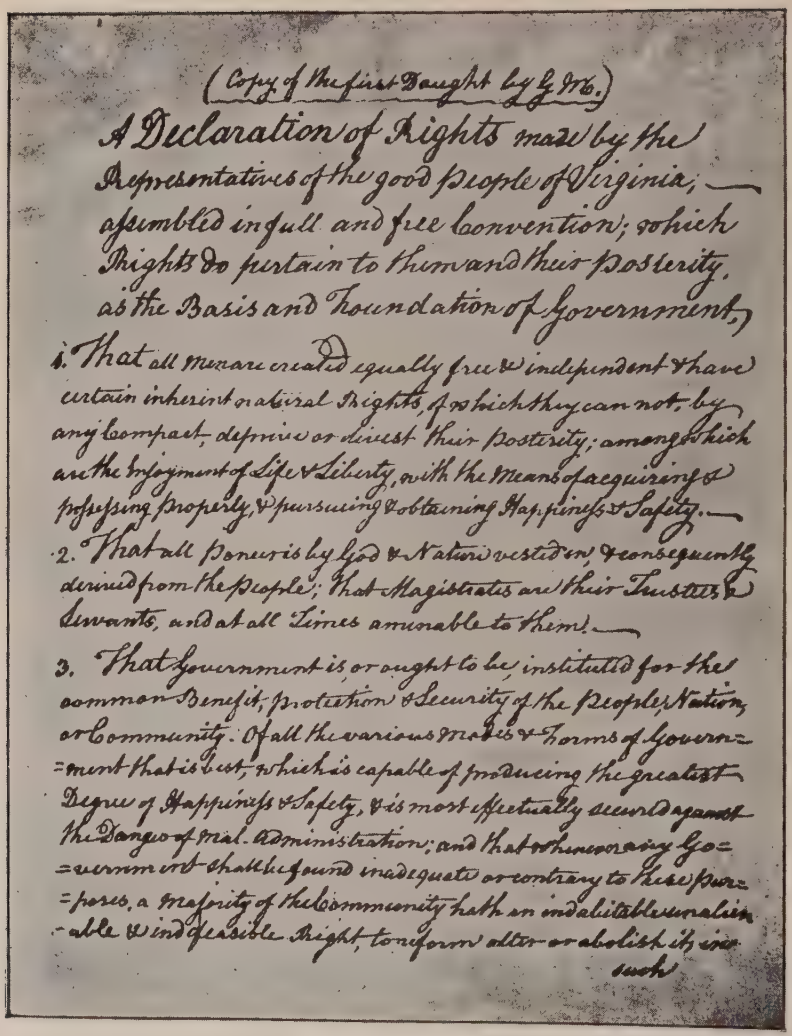
One of the men, manifesting uneasiness, muttered a reply; and again Washington asked the question.

The traitor Hickey started forward, mutely revealing his guilt. His hanging on the twenty-eighth of June, 1776, was the first of many executions in the Continental Army. Corbies' Tavern in New York was the main rendezvous of Tory plotters who aimed at the lives of Washington and leading generals. There met Hickey, Forbes, the gunsmith, Campbell, a shoemaker, and others, some of whom were in touch with Governor Tryon on the ship *Asia* twenty miles down the bay off Sandy Hook, awaiting Howe's arrival. The Mayor of New York, another of the gang, was jailed.

It was in May of that year that Washington made the trip to Philadelphia, as related in an earlier chapter, at the request of Congress, his presence being required among other matters for the purpose of deciding upon a new flag for the United Colonies,—resulting in the creation of the Star-spangled Banner.

On the sixth of May,—also in that year,—six weeks after

[1] It was rumored that the poison plot was discovered by the daughter of mine host, Fraunce, proprietor of the famous tavern at the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets, New York (still widely known as Fraunce's Tavern, once Washington's headquarters), and by her divulged. The same rumor points to Governor Tryon, who was safely marooned in the harbor on the British man-of-war *Asia*, as instigator of the plot.



(Copy of the first Draught by G. M.)

A Declaration of Rights made by the Representatives of the good People of Virginia, assembled in full and free Convention; which Rights do pertain to them and their Posterity, as the Basis and Foundation of Government.

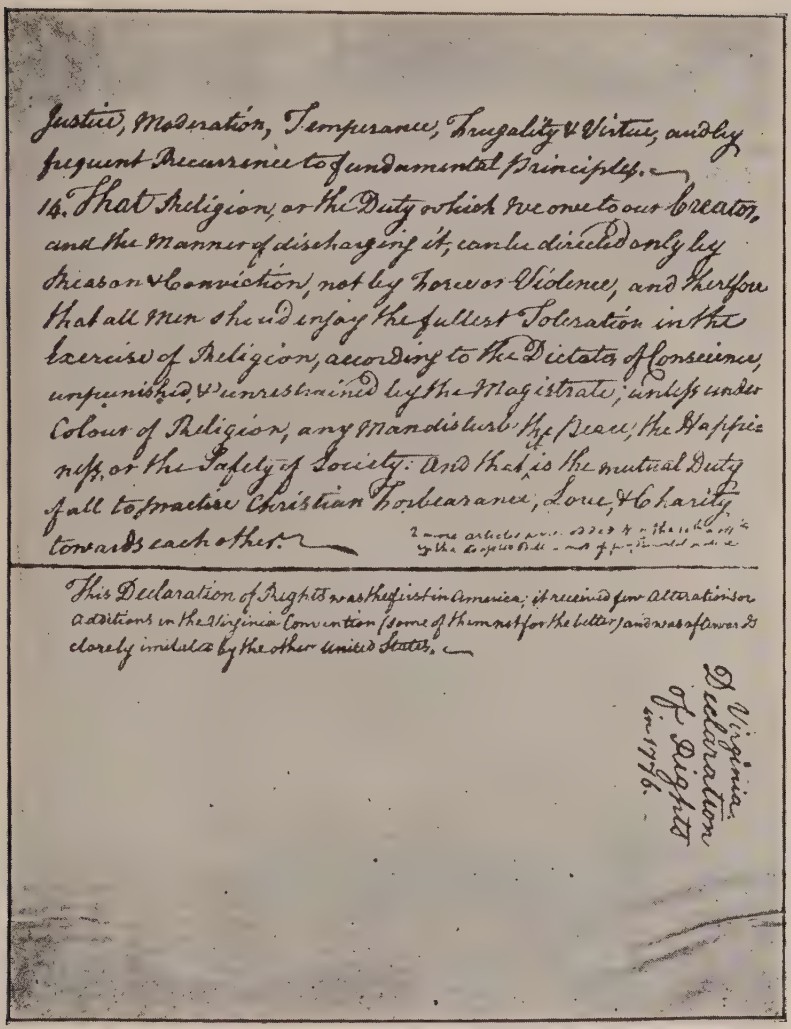
1. That all Men are created equally free & independent & have certain inherent natural Rights, of which they can not, by any Compact, deprive or divest their Posterity; among which are the Enjoyment of Life & Liberty, with the Means of acquiring & possessing Property, & pursuing & obtaining Happiness & Safety.

2. That all Power is by God & Nature vested in, & consequently derived from the People; that Magistrates are their Trustees & Servants, and at all Times amenable to them.

3. That Government is, or ought to be, instituted for the common Benefit, Protection & Security of the People, Nation, or Community. Of all the various Modes & Forms of Govern=ment that is best, which is capable of producing the greatest Degree of Happiness & Safety, & is most effectually secured against the Danger of mal-Administration; and that whenever any Go=vernment shall be found inadequate or contrary to these Pur=poses, a Majority of the Community hath an indubitable unalien=able & indefeasible Right, to reform alter or abolish it in such

First draft of Virginia's Declaration of Rights, written by George Mason of Gunston Hall.

Every congressman was quickened into action by the thrilling words of the Virginia patriot.



Justice, Moderation, Temperance, Frugality & Virtue, and by frequent Recurrence to fundamental Principles.

14. That Religion, or the Duty which we owe to our Creator, and the Manner of discharging it, can be directed only by Reason & Conviction, not by Force or Violence, and therefore that all Men should enjoy the fullest Toleration in the Exercise of Religion, according to the Dictates of Conscience, unpunished, & unrestrained by the Magistrate; unless under Colour of Religion, any Man disturb the Peace, the Happiness, or the Safety of Society: And that it is the mutual Duty of all to practise Christian Forbearance, Love, & Charity towards each other.

This Declaration of Rights was the first in America; it received few Alterations or Additions in the Virginia Convention (some of them not for the better) and was afterwards closely imitated by the other United States.

Virginia Declaration of Rights in 1776.

Last page of Virginia's Declaration of Rights, the open door to the Declaration of Independence.

Again Virginia forged ahead in her efforts to create an ideal spirit of patriotism throughout the colonies.

Yr. most obd.t Sert

G. Mason

the evacuation of Boston, the Virginia Convention assembled in Williamsburg. It was the sixth and last of the emergency assemblies by which the province had been governed since the dissolution of the House of Burgesses by Dunmore, who fled, later, to the British warships; and it was perhaps the most noteworthy of them all, for the reason that it put itself forever on record as being firmly in favor of independence.

A Resolution which is known to history as the Virginia Declaration of Rights,[1] written by George Mason of Gunston Hall (neighbor and friend of George Washington), was presented to the Convention by Thomas Nelson, Jr., who, after carefully weighing the argument, for and against, evidently expressed the feeling of the entire Convention when he declared:

> "I am of the opinion that we must, as we value the liberties of America, and even her existence, without a moment's delay declare for independence."

In line with this sentiment, the Virginia delegates to Congress were directed to propose to that body that it "declare the United Colonies Free and Independent States."

That the proposition met with a favorable reception in Congress may be inferred from subsequent developments. But, in any case, the time had arrived when every thinking patriot in the Colonies realized that no other solution of the problem was possible. The history-making occurrences of June and July, 1776, were but the inevitable fruitage of a tree which had taken firm root long before—and which had but grown sturdier under the storms which it had weathered.

[1] See facsimile on page 396. Mecklenburg, North Carolina, promulgated its own Declaration of Independence on the 20th of May, 1775.

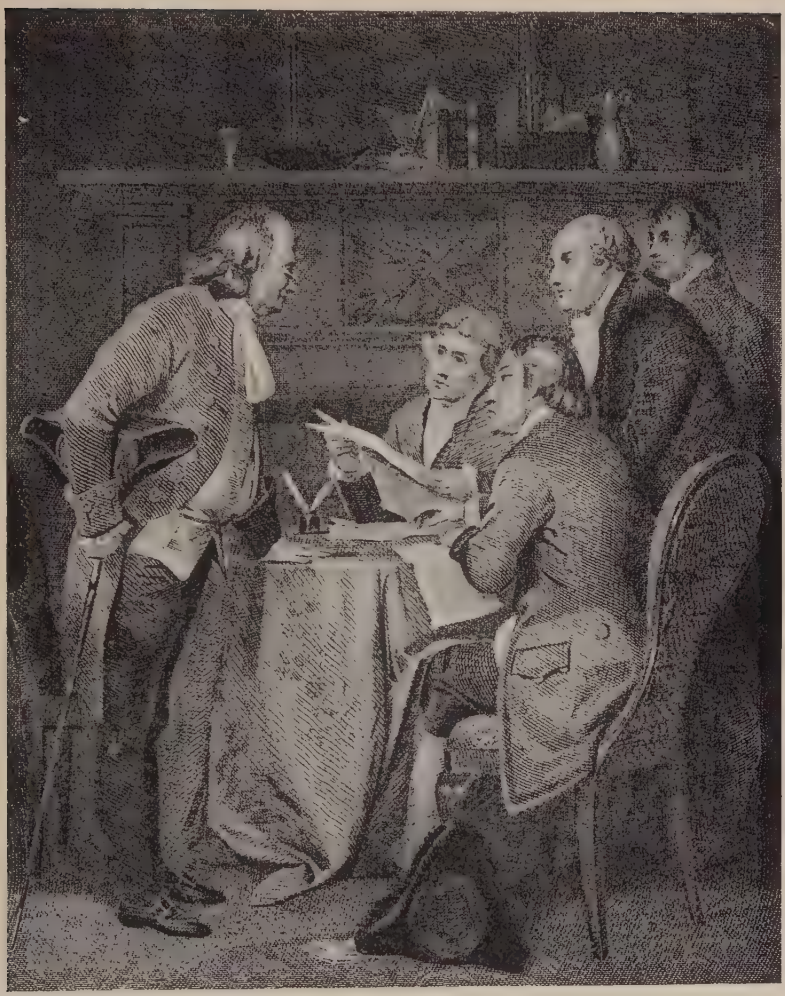
CHAPTER XXIII

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, THE NEW WORLD'S MAGNA CHARTA. BIRTHDAY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. NEW IDEALS AND NEW POLICIES. PORTRAITS OF THE FIFTY-SIX SIGNERS

INDEPENDENT Government was the dominant note of the Continental Congress of 1776. A resolution resulting from the work of John Adams was introduced on the tenth of May and finally passed on the fifteenth, recommending the confirmation of independent government for the American Colonies. The work of drafting the Declaration of Independence was then begun in earnest. The drafting committee consisted of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Robert R. Livingston and Roger Sherman, Thomas Paine, author of "Common Sense," being elected secretary.

Thoughtful men were these who drafted the Great American Charter; men of wide learning, deep wisdom and knowledge of the world; men in whom the fire of patriotism flamed high, though tempered by the restraining force of reason. Not impulsive hot-heads were they. Franklin was a printer, an essayist and a diplomat—and seventy years old; Jefferson, Adams, Livingston and Sherman were lawyers. Paine, the secretary, was a writer and editor, perhaps the most impassioned of the group, although he was not the youngest, Jefferson—who was thirty-three, against Paine's thirty-nine—having the claim to that distinction.

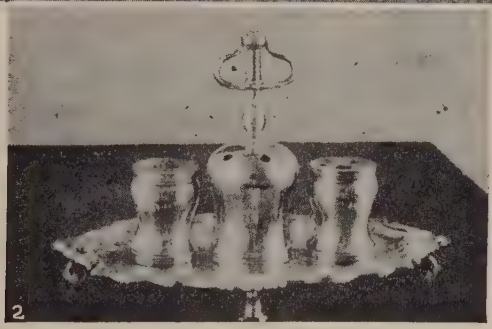
From a comparison of the Declaration of Independence with that Declaration of Rights drafted a few weeks earlier



The full committee drafting the Declaration. Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Livingston, and Sherman. *Chappel.*

Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson in conference over the Declaration of Independence. © *J. L. G. Ferris.*

by George Mason, of Virginia,[1] and accepted by the Virginia Convention, it is reasonably clear that the last-mentioned Declaration formed a fundamental basis upon which the

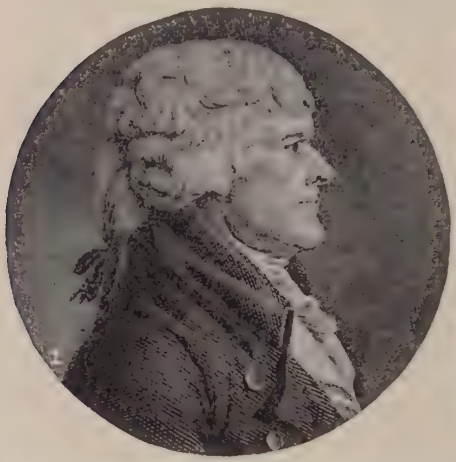


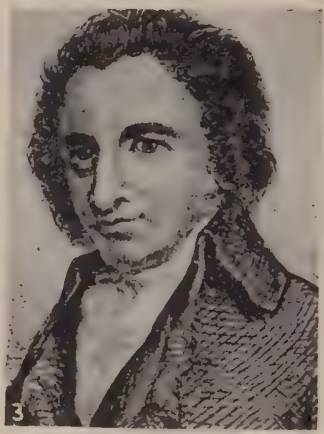
1. Independence Chamber in which the Declaration was signed.
2. Inkstand used by Declaration signers.

[1] It is generally conceded that George Washington was really the moving spirit of the Virginia Declaration of Rights, and thus became, indirectly, a sponsor of that greater Declaration which divorced the Colonies from Great Britain two months later.

The Commonwealths of Virginia and Massachusetts, each entitled to nine votes, united, were in a position to control approximately one-third of the total vote of the Declaration of Independence signers.

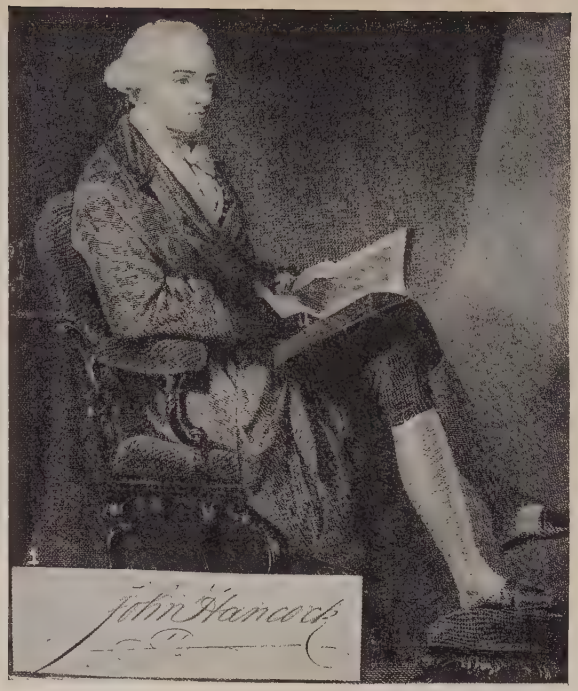
former was constructed. Thomas Jefferson wrote the original manuscript of the Declaration of Independence, a

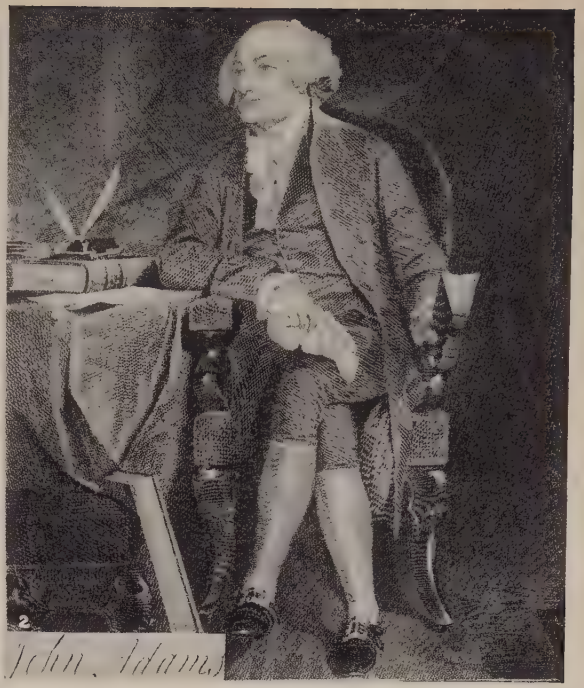




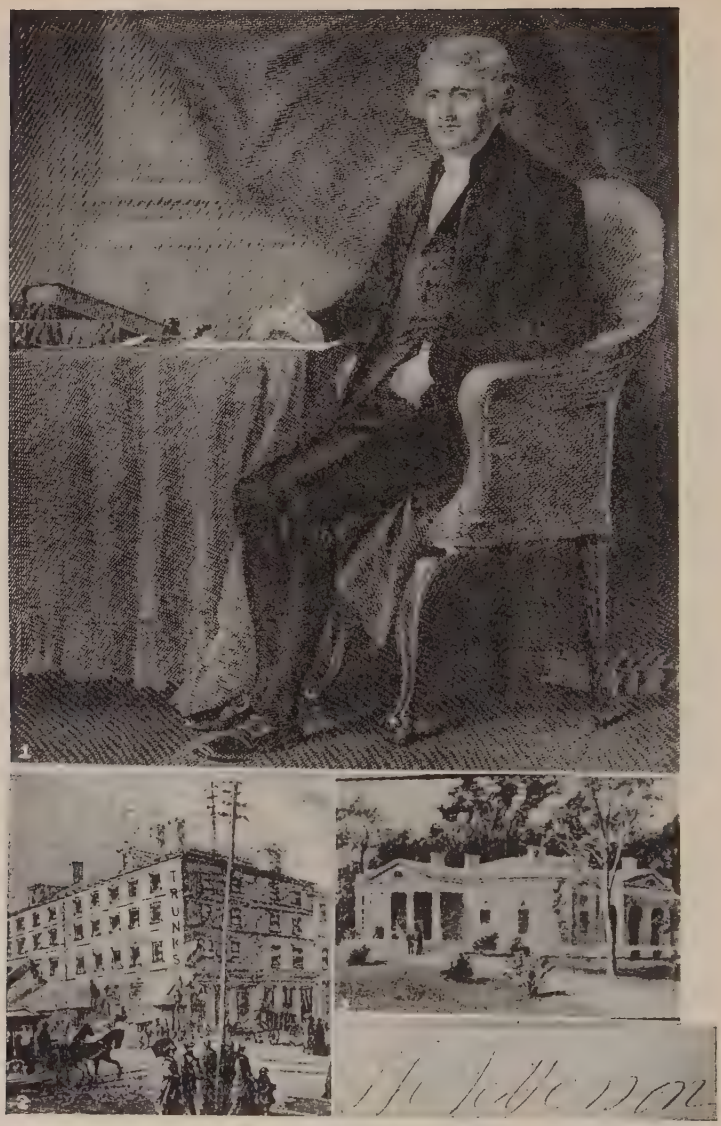
1. St. Mémin's portrait of Thomas Jefferson.
2. The University of Virginia, fathered by Thomas Jefferson.
3. Thomas Paine, secretary of the committee.

facsimile of which—showing his clear, definite handwriting, with many corrections and interlineations—is reproduced on pages 418–425; but some have professed to trace Paine's





1. John Hancock of Massachusetts, second president of the second Continental Congress. *Chappel.*
2. John Adams, second president of the United States.

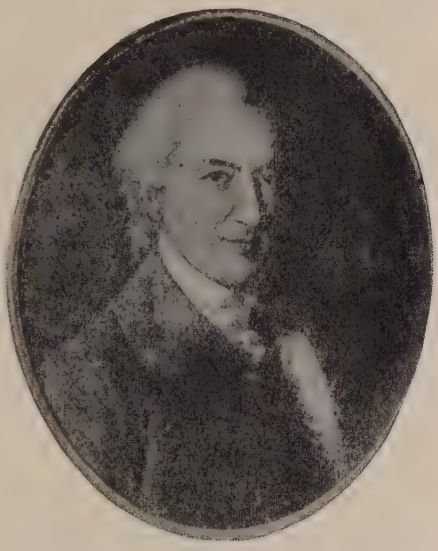


1. Thomas Jefferson.

2. Mr. Graff's house, Philadelphia, at Seventh and High (now Market) Streets, where the Declaration of Independence was written. It was leased to a Mrs. Clymer.

3. Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home.

influence in the document, and it is true that parts of its phraseology are reminiscent of his style. Rumors current in the political circles of the time and carried on down through the hundred and fifty years that have passed since then indicate that some discussion arose as to the introduction of the august name of the Supreme Being in this epoch-making document, Jefferson protesting against such introduction; but the Reverend John Witherspoon[1] insisted upon this point against all opposition—and successfully carried it.



John Dickinson, known as the "Penman of the Revolution."

On the seventh of June, 1776, a motion was made in Congress by Richard Henry Lee,[2] and seconded by John Adams, to declare the independence of the Colonies, the document long known and revered as the Declaration of Independence being the result of that motion. Action was deferred at that time, but on the fourth of July, 1776, the

[1] Dr. Witherspoon—who was president of Princeton College and the only clergyman in Congress—was a sturdy member of the Church Militant and a staunch patriot, signing the Great Charter without a moment's hesitation, even though knowing that the act might place his life in jeopardy. His challenge to Congress—among whose members there were some "conscientious objectors"—carries the clear ring of deep conviction:

"That noble instrument upon your table which secures immortality to its author, should be subscribed this very morning by every pen in the house. He who will not respond to its accents is unworthy the name of freeman."

[2] Richard Henry Lee was obliged to leave before vote was taken, owing to his wife's illness.

1. Signing of the Declaration of Independence. *John Trumbull.*
2. Patriots hearing the momentous decision. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

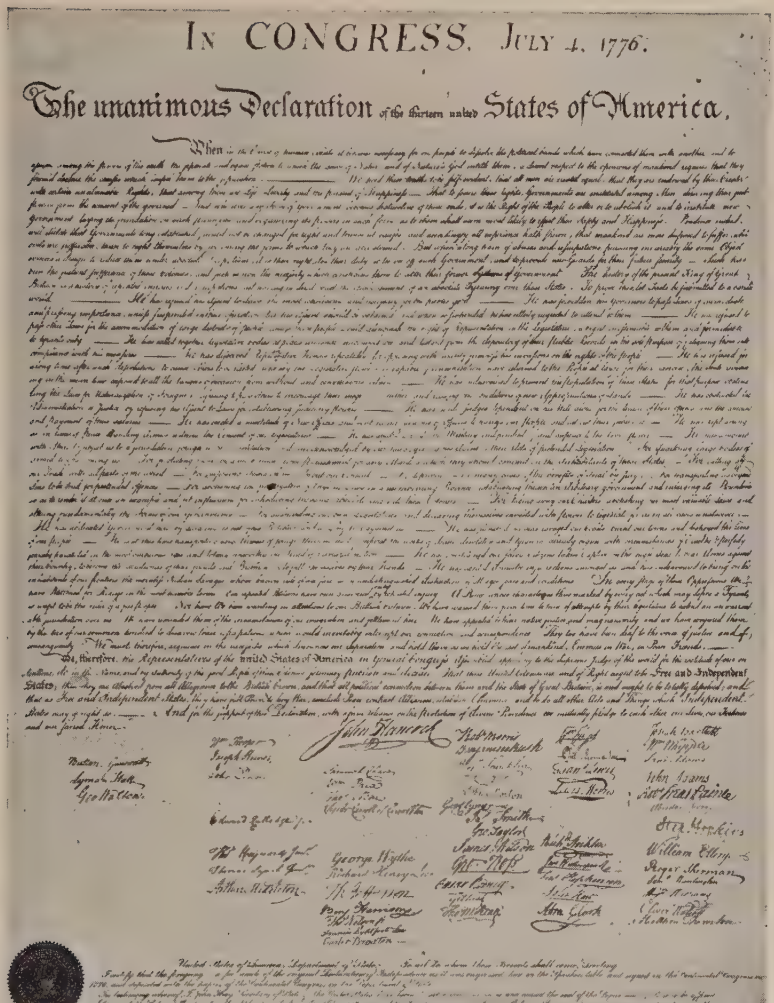
Declaration was unanimously accepted by delegates from the Thirteen Colonies, and signed the same day by John

1. Robert Livingston. 2. Benjamin Franklin.
3. Thomas Jefferson.
4. Roger Sherman. 5. John Adams.

Committee on the Declaration of Independence.

Hancock, president of Congress. That day was the birthday of the United States of America.

The first Magna Charta, old England's Declaration of Independence by the nobility. Signed by King John in 1215.


IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America,

When in the Course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. — We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. — That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, — That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. — Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world. — He has refused his Assent to laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. — He has forbidden his Governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. — He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only. — He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures. — He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people. — He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within. — He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of lands. — He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to laws for establishing Judiciary powers. — He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries. — He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance. — He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our Legislatures. — He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power. — He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation: — For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us: — For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States: — For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world: — For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent: — For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury: — For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences — For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies: — For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments: — For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever. — He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us. — He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our Towns, and destroyed the lives of our people. — He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation. — He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends & Brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands. — He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian Savages whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions. — In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People. — Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends. —

We, therefore, the Representatives of the united States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all the other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. — And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

John Hancock

Josiah Bartlett, Wm. Whipple, Matthew Thornton

Saml. Adams, John Adams, Robt. Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry

Step. Hopkins, William Ellery

Roger Sherman, Sam'el Huntington, Wm. Williams, Oliver Wolcott

Wm. Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn

Edward Rutledge, Thos. Heyward, Jun'r, Thomas Lynch, Jun'r, Arthur Middleton

Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, Geo. Walton

George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Th. Jefferson, Benj. Harrison, Thos. Nelson, Jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton

Robt. Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benj. Franklin, John Morton, Geo. Clymer, Jas. Smith, Geo. Taylor, James Wilson, Geo. Ross

Caesar Rodney, Geo. Read, Tho. M'Kean

Wm. Floyd, Phil. Livingston, Frans. Lewis, Lewis Morris

Richd. Stockton, Jno. Witherspoon, Fras. Hopkinson, John Hart, Abra. Clark

Josiah Bartlett, John Langdon

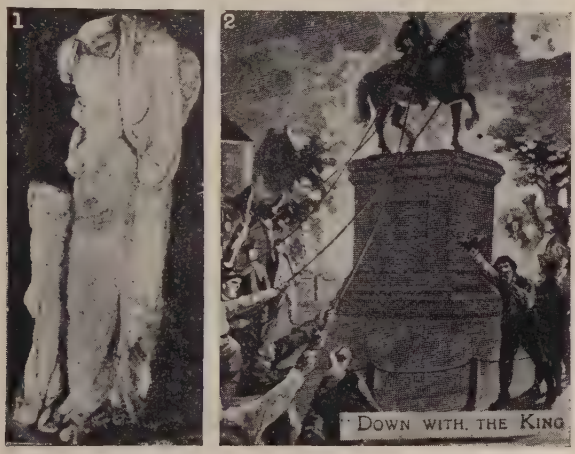
Attest. John Hancock

"THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL AMERICANISM COMMISSION 1923"

The second Magna Charta, America's Declaration of Independence, prototype of the first Magna Charta, written in England seven centuries before.

Reading of the Declaration of Independence in City Hall Park, New York.
©_Charles Scribner's Sons. *H. A. Ogden.*

On the eighth of July—four days later—John Nixon, of the Committee of Safety, read the New Charter to the eager crowd assembled in the street from the balcony of the State House of the Province of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia—which has ever since been known as Independence Hall. At the conclusion of the reading there was a moment of silence; then, from the tower overhead, the great Liberty Bell pealed out the jubilant tidings for all the world to hear.



1. Fragment of William Pitt's statue, erected on the corner of Wall and William Streets, in 1770.
2. Mob destroying statue of George III at Bowling Green.

The church bells added their sonorous notes to the joyous clangor. The crowd cheered, and cheered, and cheered again, while some wept tears of joy. A great day—a glad day—a solemn day—that eighth of July, 1776!

On the day following, the ninth, New York heard the Declaration read and was formally pledged to it. The public reading took place on the Common—now City Hall Park—in the presence of General Washington and cheering multitudes. Afterward, a crowd marched to the Bowling Green and destroyed the equestrian statue of George III,

Destroying the statue of George III at Bowling Green.
"Jem, gimme his Nibs' head for the barrow."

erected in 1770.[1] The charter was officially passed by Congress July nineteenth, and on August second signed by the balance of the fifty-six members of Congress,[2] each of whom knew that it was equivalent to signing his own death warrant should the British win the war. Death on the scaffold was the inevitable punishment for high treason, a crime beyond palliation in the eyes of the Crown and the Ministry, but little cared they on whose stout hearts was graven the slogan "Liberty or Death."

Nine of the Signers were Masons—a fact of some significance in view of the ancient symbolism which associates Masonry with the building of "temples not made with hands." It was, indeed, a New World which the Signers and their confrères were beginning to build—a world in which old errors were to be put away, new ideals upraised,[3] with a goverment proving it could exist without a king.

[1] Refer to Vol. I, page 275. This act of vandalism was vehemently excoriated by Washington—but the good British metal from which the statue had been cast furnished some thousands of equally good bullets for Continental muskets. A part of the statue is still preserved in New York City. The horse's tail was discovered by a Connecticut farmer while ploughing a field on his farm.

The mob—after the manner of mobs in general—visited their wrath on friend and foe alike. A statue of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham—America's staunch friend throughout the struggle, so long as his life lasted—was ruthlessly destroyed at the same time, though fragments of it remain.

[2] The independence of America was officially recognized by France on the sixth of February, 1778; and by Holland on the nineteenth of April, 1782.

[3] Benjamin Franklin was not only the oldest member of the Drafting Committee, but the oldest of the Signers; of whom nine represented Massachusetts, nine Virginia, five Maryland, four New Jersey, five Pennsylvania, two Rhode Island, three New York, four Connecticut, four South Carolina, one Maine, two Delaware. Among the foreigners one was born in Wales, two in England, three in Ireland, and two in Scotland. Nearly half the number were college graduates; twenty-six were lawyers, eight were merchants, six were physicians, six were farmers, two were statesmen; the remainder being: one soldier, one printer, one shoemaker, one sailor, one planter, one surveyor, one general and one clergyman.

The signature of Button Gwinett, who was killed in a duel less than a year after signing, is the rarest of all the signatures affixed to the Declaration of Independence. In January, 1926, one of his signatures was sold for $22,500.00—a sum which would seem to be entirely out of proportion to the signer's somewhat limited importance.

Signing of the Declaration of Independence. *Courtesy of Philadelphia Historical Society.*
(Owing to the death of Robert Edge Pine while at work on this painting, it was completed by Edward Savage.)
Photographed by Philip B. Wallace.

State House (now Independence Hall), Philadelphia, at the time the second Continental Congress convened in 1775.

Declaration of Independence.

Fac-simile of the original document in the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson

[Copied by permission from the MS. in the Department of State, at Washington.]

A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, & the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, & to institute new government, laying it's foundation on such principles & organising it's powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety & happiness. prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light & transient causes. and accordingly all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. but

when a long train of abuses & usurpations [begun at a distinguished period
&] pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to ~~reduce~~ reduce
them ~~to absolute Despotism~~ under absolute Despotism. it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such
government & to provide new guards for their future security. such has
been the patient sufferance of these colonies & such is now the necessity
which constrains them to ~~expunge~~ alter their former systems of government.
the history of the present ~~King~~ King of Great Britain is a history of unremitting injuries and
usurpations, [among which, ~~appears no solitary fact~~ appears no solitary fact to contra-
dict the uniform tenor of the rest but all ~~of which~~ have] in direct object the
establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. to prove this let facts be
submitted to a candid world [for the truth of which we pledge a faith
yet unsullied by falsehood]

he has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public
good

he has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate & pressing importance,
unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained,
and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

he has refused to pass other laws for the accomodation of large districts of people
unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right
inestimable to them, & formidable to tyrants only.

he has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable & distant from
the depository of their public records for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance
with his measures.

he has dissolved Representative houses repeatedly [& continually] for opposing with
manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people

~~he has refused~~, he has refused for a long ~~space of time~~ time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected

hereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the state remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without & convulsions within:

he has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, & raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

he has [obstructed] the administration of justice [totally] to cease in some of these ~~states~~ [states] refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

he has made [our] judges dependant on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, the + & payment and amount of their salaries.

he has erected a multitude of new offices [by a self-assumed power] & sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people & eat out their substance.

he has kept among us in times of peace, ~~standing armies~~ standing armies without the consent of our legislatures [& ships of war].

he has affected to render the military independent of & superior to the civil power.

he has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions and unacknoleged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended ~~legislation~~ legislation, for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us.

for protecting them by a mock-trial from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states;

for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

for imposing taxes on us without our consent;

for depriving us in many cases of the benefits of trial by jury,

for transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences:

for abolishing the free system of english laws in a neighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example & instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these [states]

8

abolishing our most ~~invaluable~~ valuable laws
for taking away our Charters altering fundamentally the forms of our governments.
for suspending our own legislatures & declaring themselves invested with power to
legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.
by declaring us out of his protection & waging war against us
he has abdicated government here. [withdrawing his governors, & declaring us out
of his allegiance & protection]
he has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns & destroyed the
lives of our people:
Scots and other
he is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to compleat
the works of death, desolation & tyranny, already begun with circumstances
scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally
unworthy the head of a civilized nation
of cruelty & perfidy
he has excited domestic insurrections amongst us and has
endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian
savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of
all ages, sexes, & conditions [of existence]
he has excited treasonable insurrections of our fellow-citizens with the
allurements of forfeiture & confiscation of our property
he has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating it's most sa-
-cred rights of life & liberty in the persons of a distant people who never of-
fended him, captivating & carrying them into slavery in another hemis-
-phere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. this
piratical warfare the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the
Christian king of Great Britain determined to keep open a market
where MEN should be bought & sold he has prostituted his negative
for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this
determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought & sold
execrable commerce: and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact

of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them: thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another.]

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries. a prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people. [Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. we have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over these our states. we have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration & settlement here, [no one of which could warrant so strange a pretension: that these were effected at the expence of our own blood & treasure, unassisted by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain: that in constituting indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king, thereby laying a foundation for perpetual league & amity with them: but that submission to their parliament was no part of our constitution, nor ever in idea if history may be credited: and we have appealed to their native justice & magnanimity, as well as to the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections & correspondence. they too have been deaf to the voice of justice & of consanguinity. & when occasions have been given them, by the regular course of

their laws, of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they have by their free election re-established them in power at this very time too they are permitting their chief magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our common blood, but Scotch & foreign mercenaries to invade & destroy us. these facts have given the last stab to agonizing affection, and manly spirit bids us to renounce for ever these unfeeling brethren. we must endeavor to forget our former love for them, and to hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends we might have been a free & a great people together, but a communication of grandeur & of freedom it seems is below their dignity be it so since they will have it. the road to happiness & to glory is open to us too, we will climb it apart from them, and acquiesce in the necessity which pronounces our everlasting Adieu! separation!

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the name & by authority of the good people of these States, reject and renounce all allegiance & subjection to the kings of Great Britain & all others who may hereafter claim by, through, or under them; we utterly dissolve & break off all political connection which may heretofore have subsisted between us & the people or parliament of Great Britain; and finally we do assert and declare these colonies to be free and independant states, and that as free & independant states they shall hereafter have full power to levy war conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, & to do all other acts and things which independant states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes & our sacred honour.

6

John Hancock

Robt Morris

Lewis Morris

Benjamin Rush

Samuel Chase

Benj. Franklin

James Wilson

John Morton

Geo Ross

Geo Hooper

Joseph Hewes

Richd Stockton

John Penn

Jno Witherspoon

Wm Paca

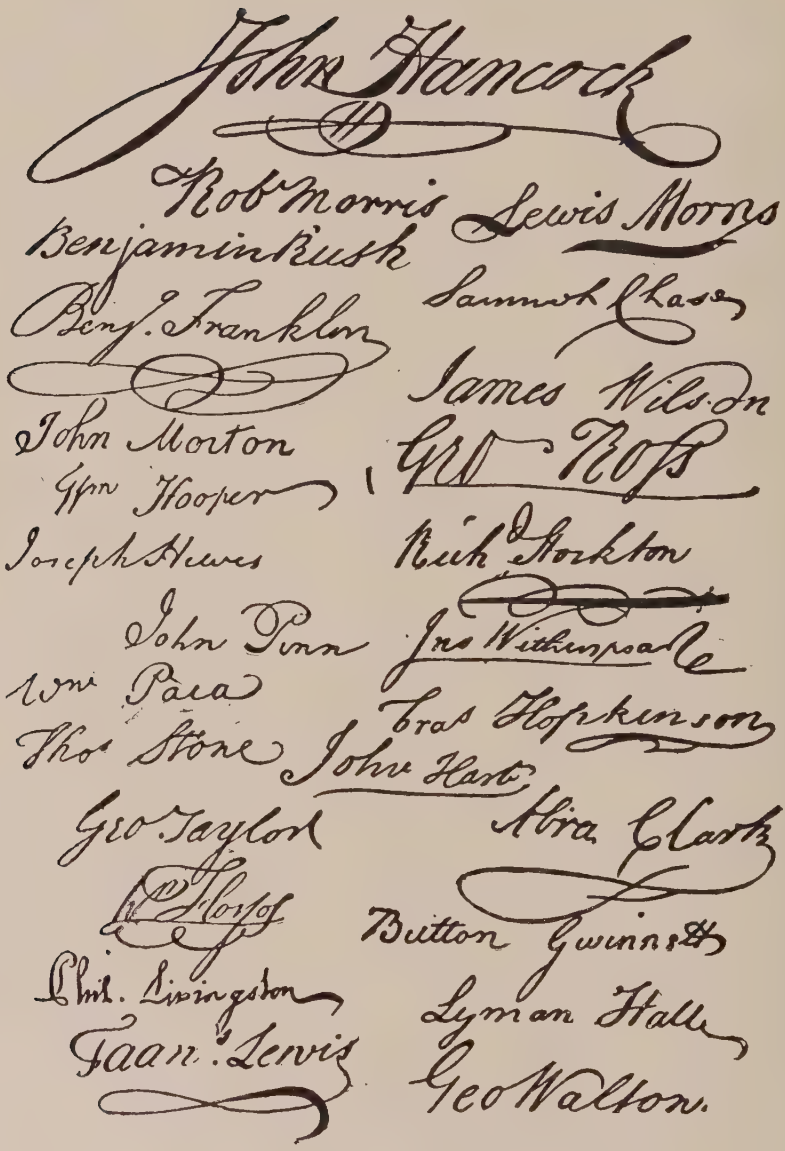
Thos Stone

Chas Hopkinson

John Hart

Geo Taylor

Abra Clark



Wm Floyd

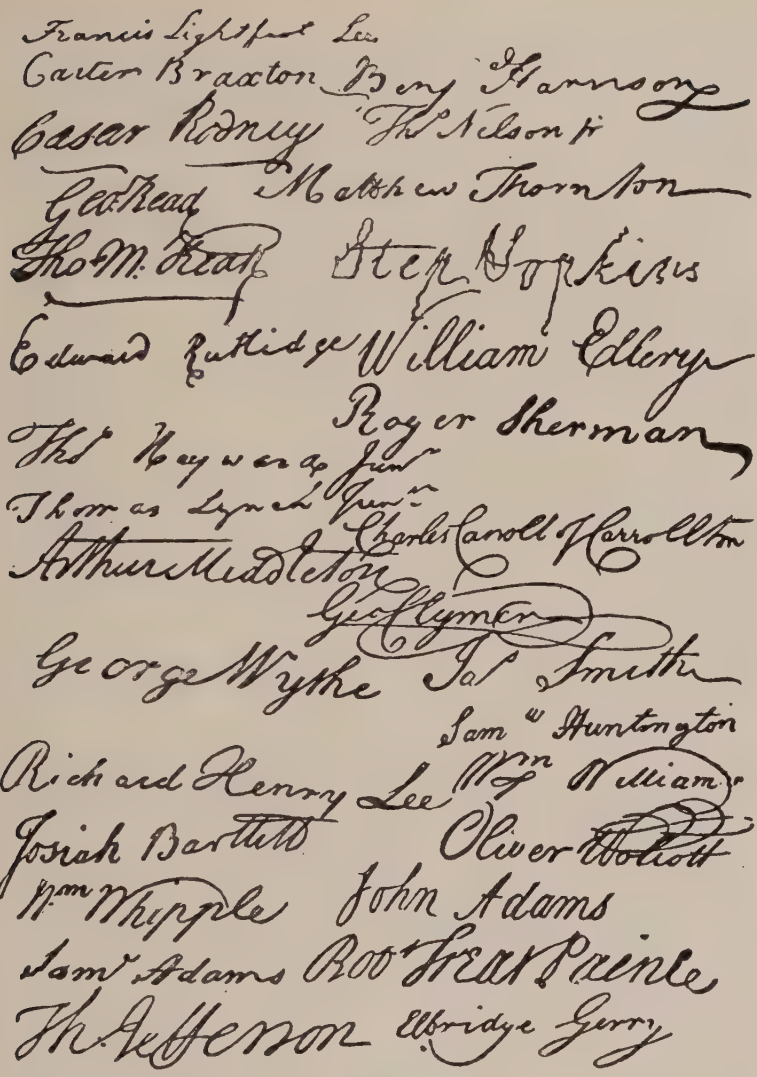
Button Gwinnett

Phil. Livingston

Lyman Hall

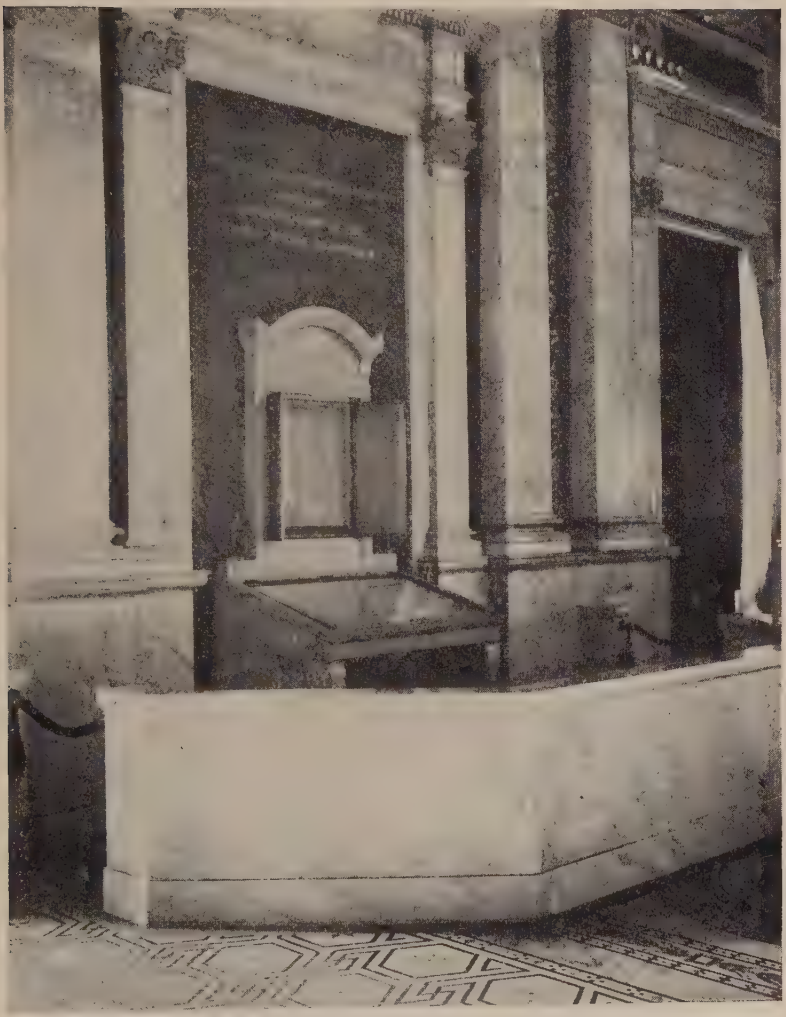
Faan. Lewis

Geo Walton.



Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, many were of Dutch descent. The last survivor was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who died November 14, 1832, in his ninety-sixth year.

Desk, chair, and inkstand used in signing the Declaration of Independence.



The original Declaration of Independence. In the lower panel is the Constitution. Both in the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C.

Leading the signatures on the Constitution shown in Vol. II, page 136, is that of George Washington, President of the Constitutional Convention.

Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, the following sixteen portraits are authentic and by well-known artists. It is fair to assume that the balance are also passably correct.

John Adams	*Charles Willson Peale*
Charles Carroll of Carrollton	*Rembrandt Peale*
Samuel Chase	*Charles Willson Peale*
Benjamin Franklin	*Copy*
John Hancock	*Copy*
Thomas Jefferson	*C. W. Peale*
Richard Henry Lee	*C. W. Peale*
Philip Livingston	*C. W. Peale*
Thomas McKean	*C. W. Peale*
Robert Morris	*C. W. Peale*
George Read	*Thomas Sully (Copy after Pine)*
Benjamin Rush	*C. W. Peale*
George Taylor	*Copy*
John Witherspoon	*C. W. Peale*
Francis Hopkinson	*Copy*
Samuel Huntington	*C. W. Peale*

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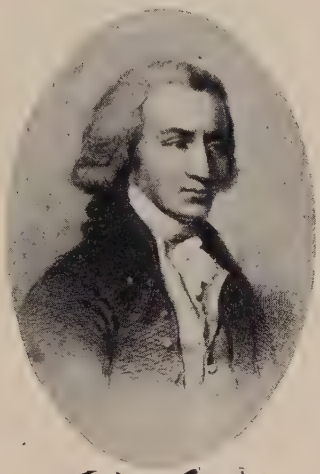
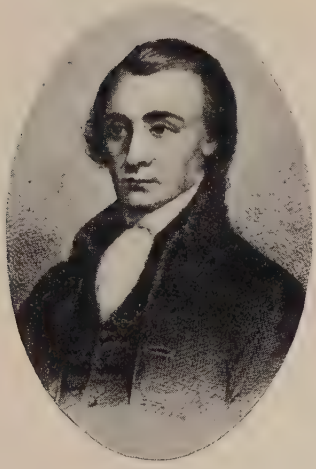
Photographed by Philip B. Wallace, Philadelphia.

The fifty-six patriots who staked their last dollar and braved the scaffold to found our country are portrayed on the following pages.

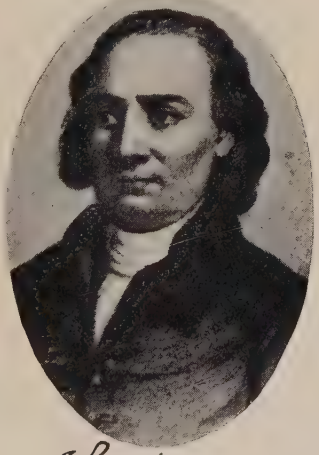
Wm Whipple



Jas Smith

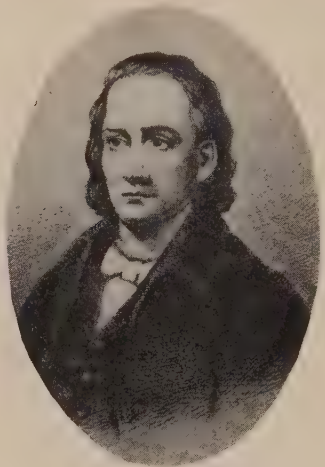


Matthew Thornton

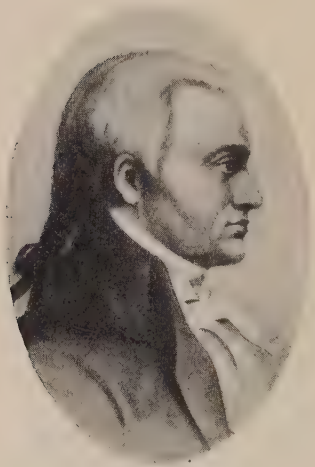


John Morton

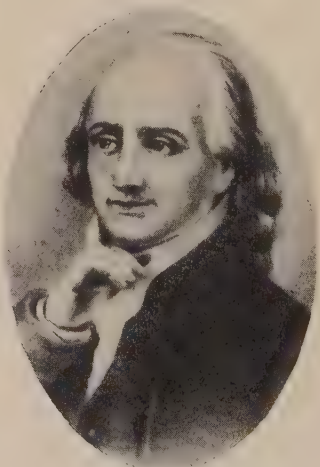
Lyman Hall



John Penn



Caesar Rodney

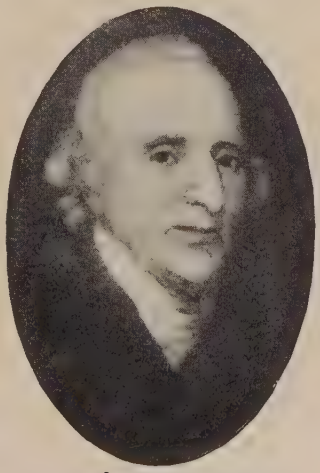


Francis Lightfoot Lee

Samuel Chase

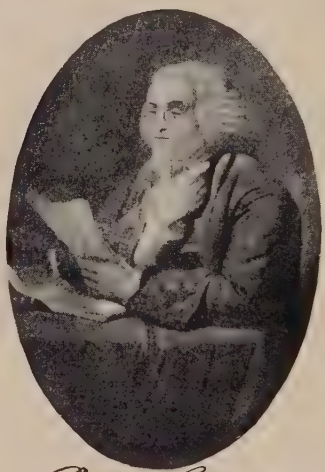
Geo. Clymer

Wm. Clark

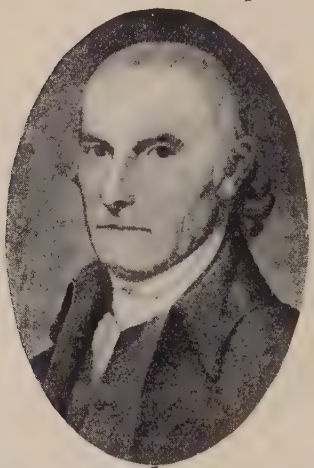


Chas. Carroll Carrollton

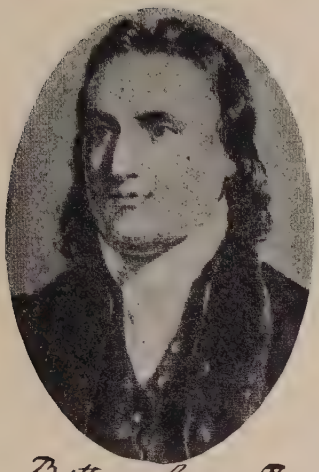
William Ellery



Benj. Franklin

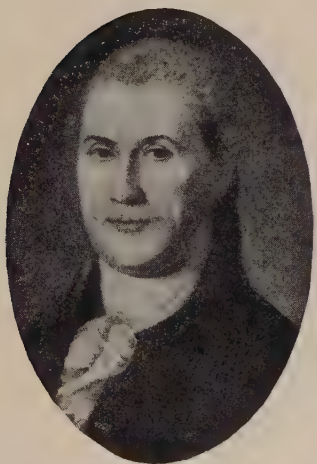


Elbridge Gerry

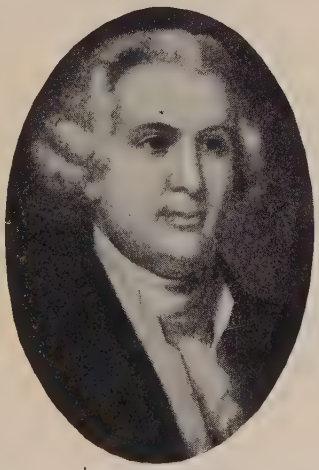


Button Gwinnett

Jos Hopkinson



Sam[l] Huntington



Wm Hooper

Step Hopkins

Thos Heyward Junr

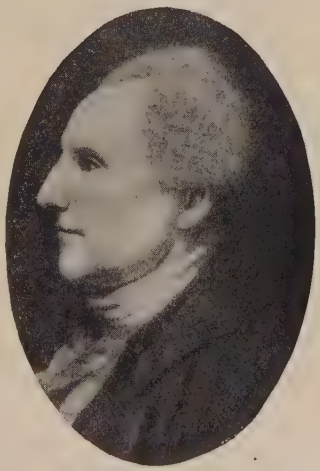
John Hart

John Hancock

Joseph Hewes

Benj Harrison

Th Jefferson

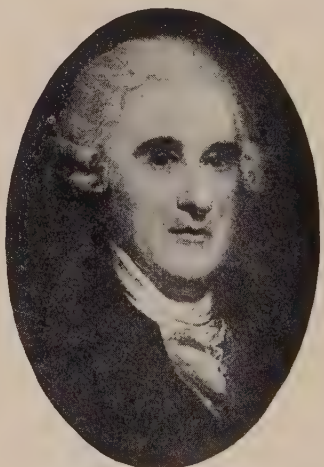


Richard Henry Lee

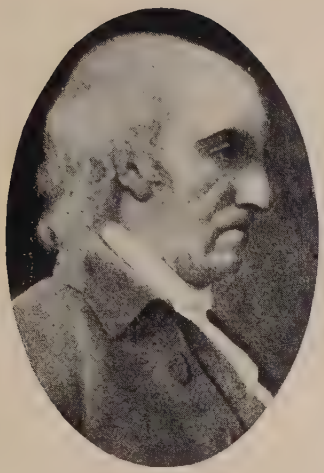
Robt. R. Livingston

Thomas Lynch Junr.

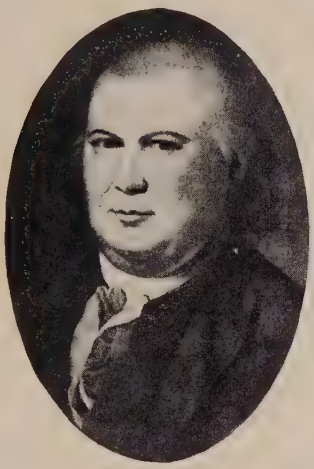
Tuan: Lewis



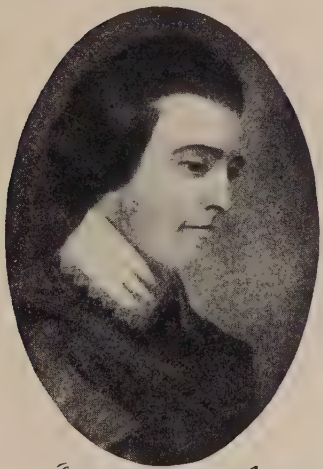
Tho.s M. Teackle



Lewis Morris

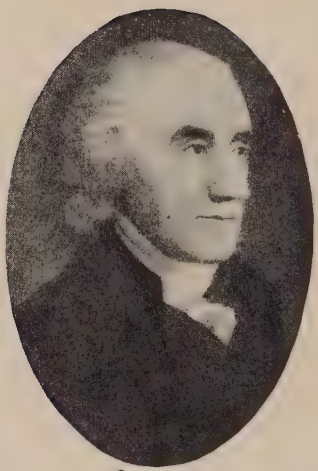


Robt Morris



Arthur Middleton

Thos Nelson Jr

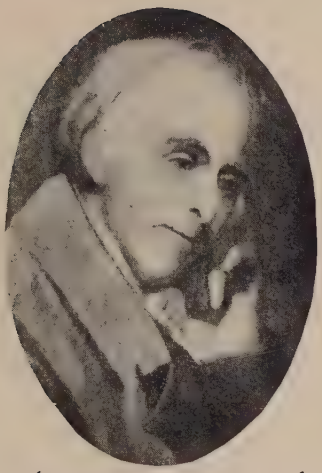


Robt Treat Paine

Wm Paca

Edward Rutledge

Gov Ross



Benjamin Rush

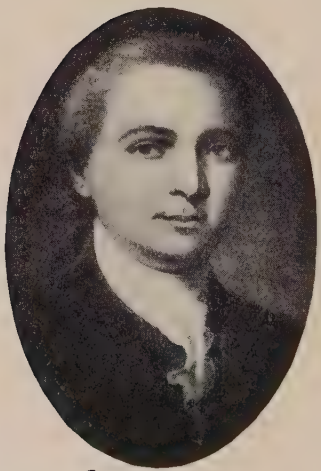
Geo. Read

Roger Sherman

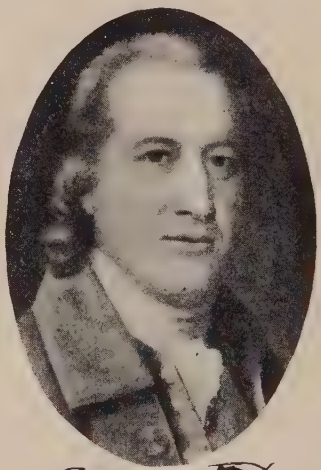
Richd. Stockton

Tho Stone

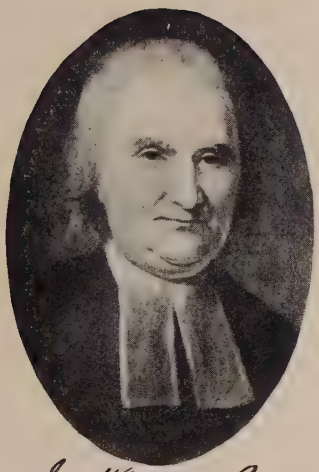
Geo Taylor



Geo Walton.



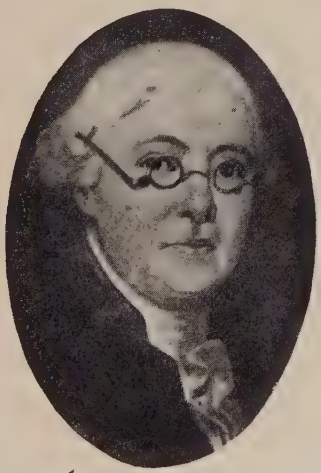
Oliver Wolcott



Jno Witherspoon

George Wythe

Wm Williams



James Wilson

John Adams

Saml Adams

Carter Braxton

Josiah Bartlett

Book plates of some leading signers of the Declaration of Independence. *Courtesy of the Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine, and of C. K. and Miss Berryman.*

In CONGRESS, July 4, 1776.

A DECLARATION

By the REPRESENTATIVES of the

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

In GENERAL CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

Broadside published in 1776, which placed the Declaration of Independence in every hamlet in the land.

JANUARY 5th 1775. George THE Sacklong NUMBER 52,108

VIRGINIA GAZETTE.

ALWAYS FOR LIBERTY AND THE PUBLICK GOOD.

ALEXANDER PURDIE, PRINTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 16.

A letter from general LEE to general BURGOYNE.

CAMP on Prospect hill, Dec. 1, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

AS I am just informed you are ready to embark for England, I cannot refrain from once more trespassing on your patience. An oportunity is now presented of immortalising yourself, as the saviour of your country. The whole British empire stands tottering on the brink of ruin, and you have it in your power to prevent the fatal catastrophe; but it will admit of no delay. For heaven's sake, avail yourself of the precious moment; put an end to the delusion; exert the voice of a brave virtuous citizen, and tell the people at home that they must immediately rescind all their impolitick, iniquitous, tyrannical, murderous acts; that they must overturn the whole frantick system, or that they are undone. You ask me, in your letter, if it is independence at which the Americans aim? I answer, no; the idea never entered a single American's head, until a most intolerable oppression forced it upon them. All they required was to remain masters of their own property, and be governed by the same equitable laws which they had enjoyed from the first formation of the colonies. The ties of connexion which bound them to their parent country were so dear to them, that he who would have ventured to have touched them would have been considered as the most impious of mortals; but these sacred ties, the same men who have violated or baffled the most precious laws and rights of the people at home, dissipated or refused to account for their treasures, tarnished the glory, and annihilated the importance of the nation, these sacred ties, I say, so dear to every American, Bute and his Tory administration are now rending asunder.

You ask, whether it is the weight of taxes of which they complain? I answer, no; it is the principle they combat, and they would be guilty in the eyes of God and men, of the present world, and all posterity, did they not reject it. For, if it were admitted, they would have nothing that they could call their own. They would be in a worse condition than the wretched slaves in the West India islands. Emissions of North, it is impossible that you should not think with me, and all mankind, that these propositions are no more or less than adding to a most abominable oppression a more abominable insult. But to recur to the question of America's aiming at independence. Do any instructions, of any one of the provinces, to their representatives or delegates, furnish the least ground for this suspicion? On the contrary, do they not all breathe the strongest attachment and filial piety for their parent country! But if she discards all the natural tenderness of a mother, and acts the part of a cruel stepdame, it must naturally be expected that their affections cease. The ministry leave them no alternative, *aut servire, aut alienari jubent;* it is in human nature, it is a moral obligation, to adopt the latter. But the fatal separation has not yet taken place; and yourself, your single self, my friend, may perhaps prevent it. Upon the ministry, I am afraid, you can make no impression; for, to repeat a backnied quotation,

——————They are in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should they wade no more,
To return would be as tedious as go o'er.

But if you will at once break off all connexions with these pernicious men, if you will wave all consideration but the salvation of your country, Great Britain may stand as much indebted to general Burgoyne as Rome was to her Camillus. Do not, I entreat you, my dear sir, think this the mad rhapsody of an enthusiast, nor the cant of a factious designing man; for in these colours, I am told, I am frequently painted. I swear by all that's sacred, as I hope for comfort and honour in this world, and to avoid misery in the next, that I most earnestly and devoutly love my native country; that I wish the same happy relation to subsist, for ages, betwixt her and her children, which has raised the wide arch of her empire to so stupendous and enviable a height; but, at the same time, I avow, that if the parliament and people should be depraved enough to support any longer the present ministry in their infernal scheme, my zeal and reverence for the rights of humanity are so much greater than my fondness whole force, energy, and talents, to stop the ministry in this their headlong career. If you labour in vain (as, I must repeat, I think will be the case) address yourself to the people at large. By adopting this method, I am so sanguine as to assure myself of your success; and your publick character will be as illustrious as your personal qualities are amiable, to all who intimately know you. By your means, the colonists will long continue the farmers, planters, and shipwrights, of Great Britain; but if the present course is persisted in, an internal divorce must inevitably take place. As to the idea of subduing them into servitude, and indemnify yourselves for the expense, you must be convinced, long before this, of its absurdity.

I should not perhaps be extravagant, if I advanced that all the ships of the world would be too few to transport force sufficient to conquer three millions of people unanimously determined to sacrifice every thing to liberty; but, if it were possible, the victory would not be less ruinous than the defeat. You would only destroy your own strength. No revenue can possibly be extracted out of this country. The army of placemen might be increased; but her circuitous commerce, founded on perfect freedom, which alone can furnish riches to the metropolis, would fall to the ground. But the dignity of Great Britain, it seems, is at stake. Would you, sir, if in the heat of passion you had struck a supple drummer of your regiment, and afterwards discovered that you had done it unjustly, think it any forfeiture of your dignity to acknowledge the wrong? No (I am well acquainted with your disposition) you would ask him pardon, at the head of your regiment.

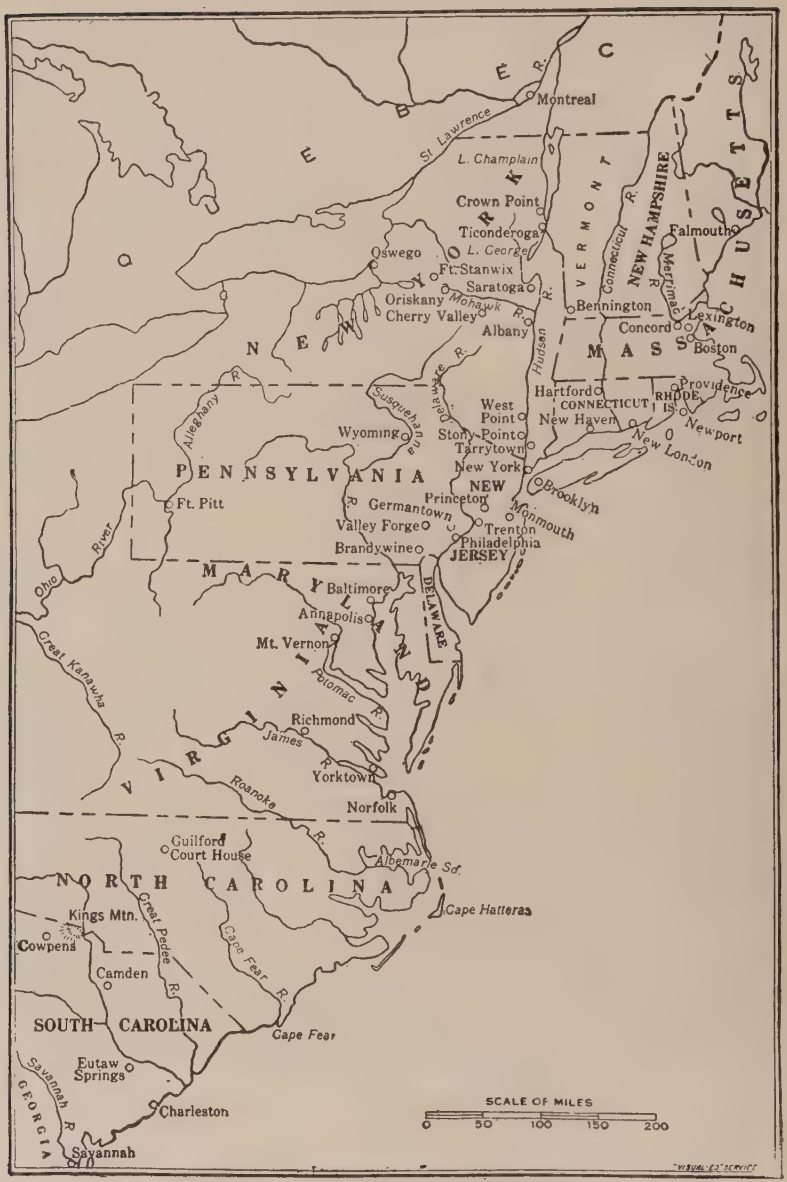
I shall now conclude (if you will excuse the pedantry) with a sentence of Latin: *Justum est bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla, nisi in armis, relinquitur spes.* I most sincerely wish you a quick and prosperous voyage, and that your happiness and glory may be equal to the idea I have of your merits; as I am, with the greatest truth and affection, yours.

C. LEE.

To his excellency WILLIAM TRYON, *esq.*

SIR,

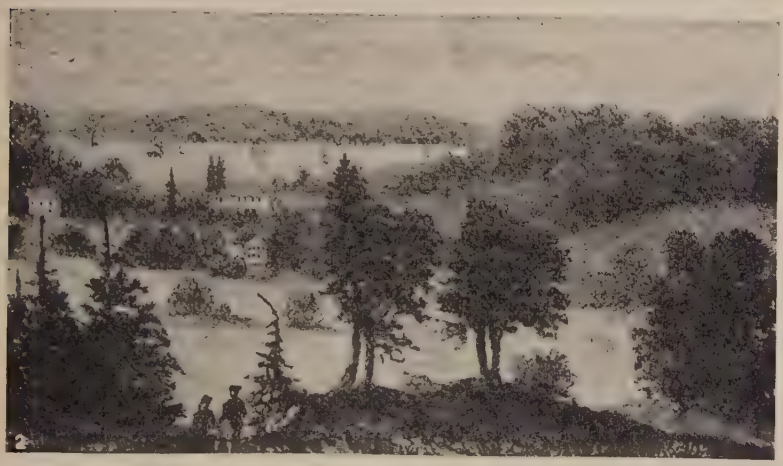
The first newspaper to announce the signing of the Declaration of Independence.



All battle-fields of the Revolutionary War are shown on the above map.

© *United States History Publishing Co.*

The signing of the Declaration of Independence automatically changed the policy of the Congress of the United Colonies. It necessarily changed, also, the military tactics

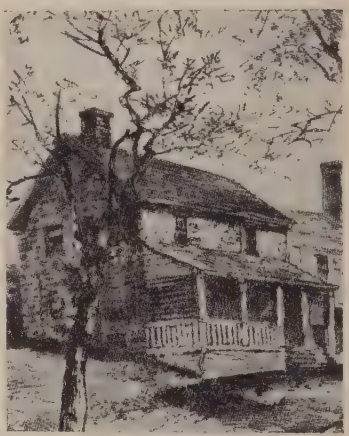


1. Chatterton Hill. 2. Harlem Plains.

of General Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. Up to this time the Colonists—like Cromwell and the men of the English Commonwealth—had taken up

arms only in defence of their rights as British subjects, and had generally remained loyal to the Sovereign and the British Constitution. But now this was all changed. From the date of John Hancock's signing of the Declaration of Independence—July 4, 1776—they were no longer Colonists, but Americans; and Washington, who had heretofore been wont to speak of the British as Ministerialists, now regarded them as enemy aliens.[1]

In its beginning the American Revolution was the revolt of a people against arbitrary taxation augmented

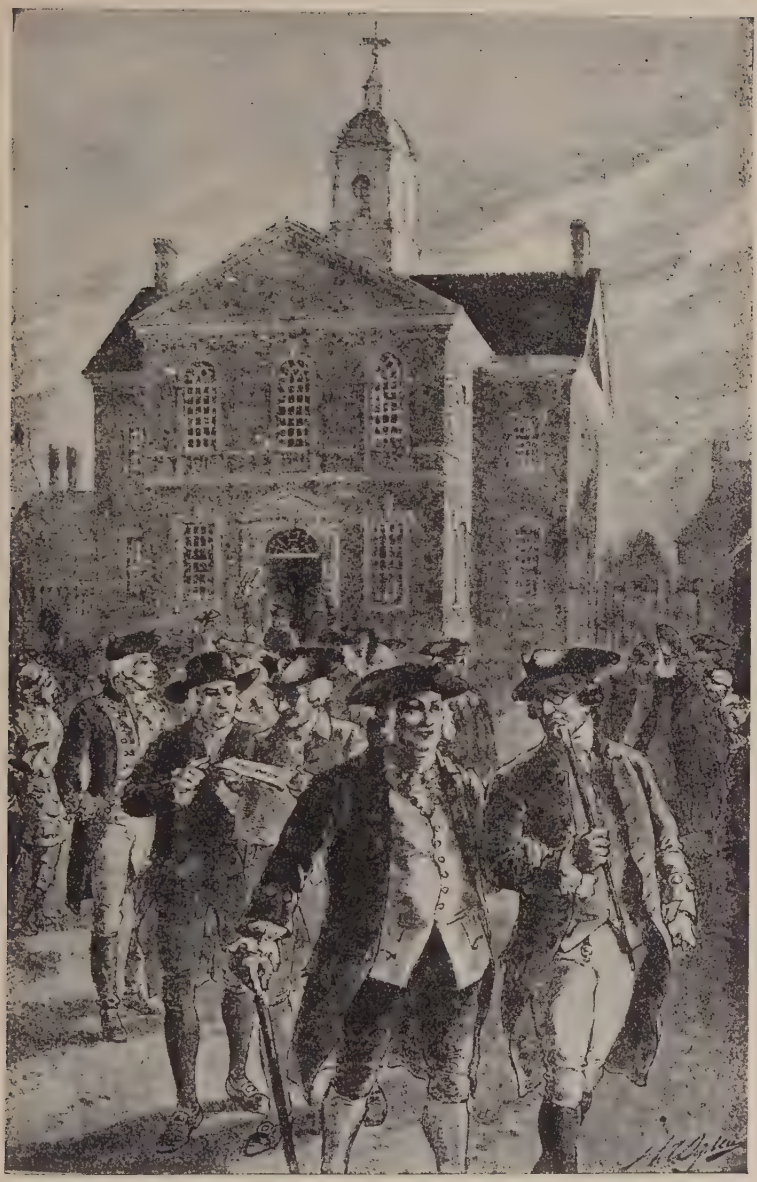


1. Headquarters of General Putnam and later of General Howe, 1 Broadway.
2. Washington's headquarters, Harlem Heights.

by the cold-blooded rapacity of traders; in the end, it was the revolt of upstanding American manhood — rich and poor; cultured and uneducated — against ignominious submission.

It may readily be imagined that the publication of the Declaration of Independence was a momentous matter, creating excitement abroad as well as at home. Even as

[1] The epithet "rebel" was not recognized in law or historiography, by Congress or by Washington, until John Hancock, president of Congress, signed the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.

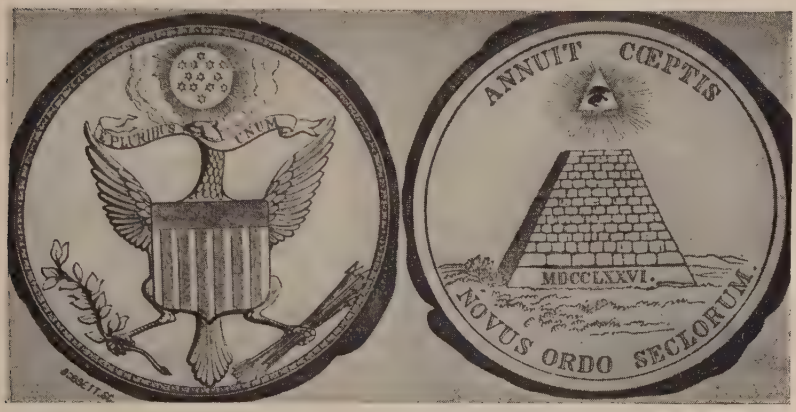


Members of the Congress leaving Independence Hall. *H. A. Ogden.*
© *Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*

1. Where the Articles of Independence were signed.
2. Act of signing, August 2, 1776.
3. The Liberty Bell that tolled the glad news.

late as 1780 it was still being discussed in London, an English publication which appeared in that year treating the subject at length under the caption: "Reasons assigned by the Continental Congress for the North American Colonies and Provinces withdrawing their allegiance to the King of Great Britain."

The honor of being the first newspaper to publish the Declaration of Independence is said to belong to the Virginia Gazette—Washington's home paper, for which he regularly

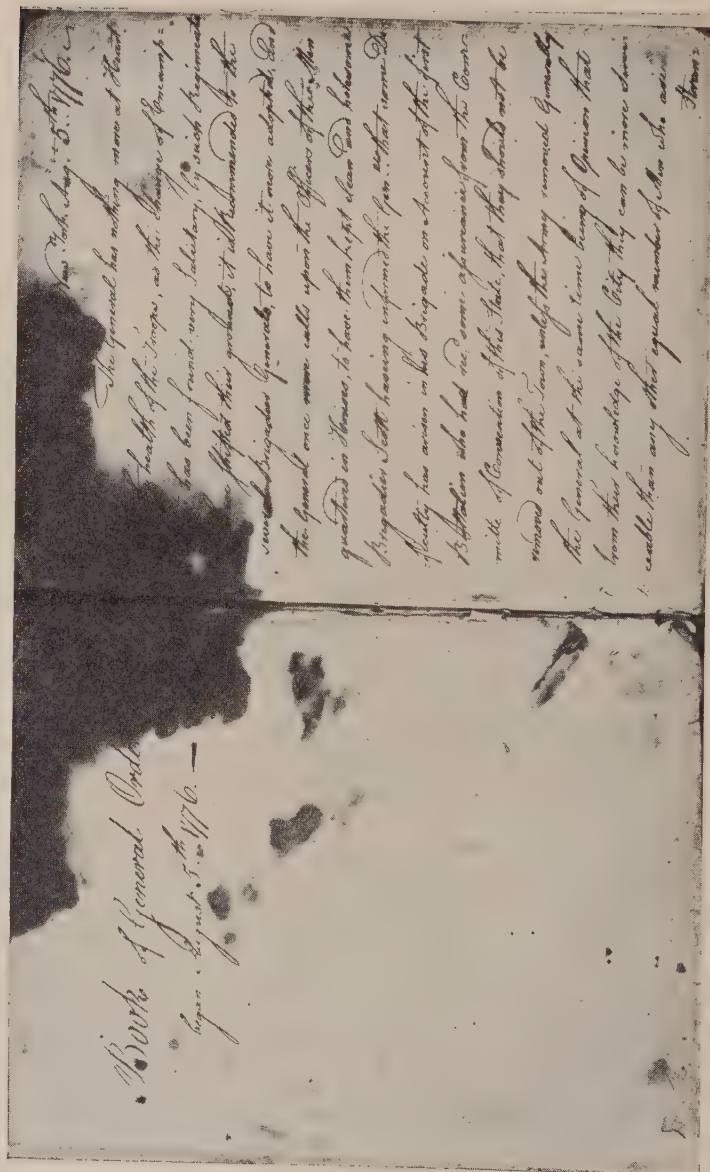


Great Seal of the United States.

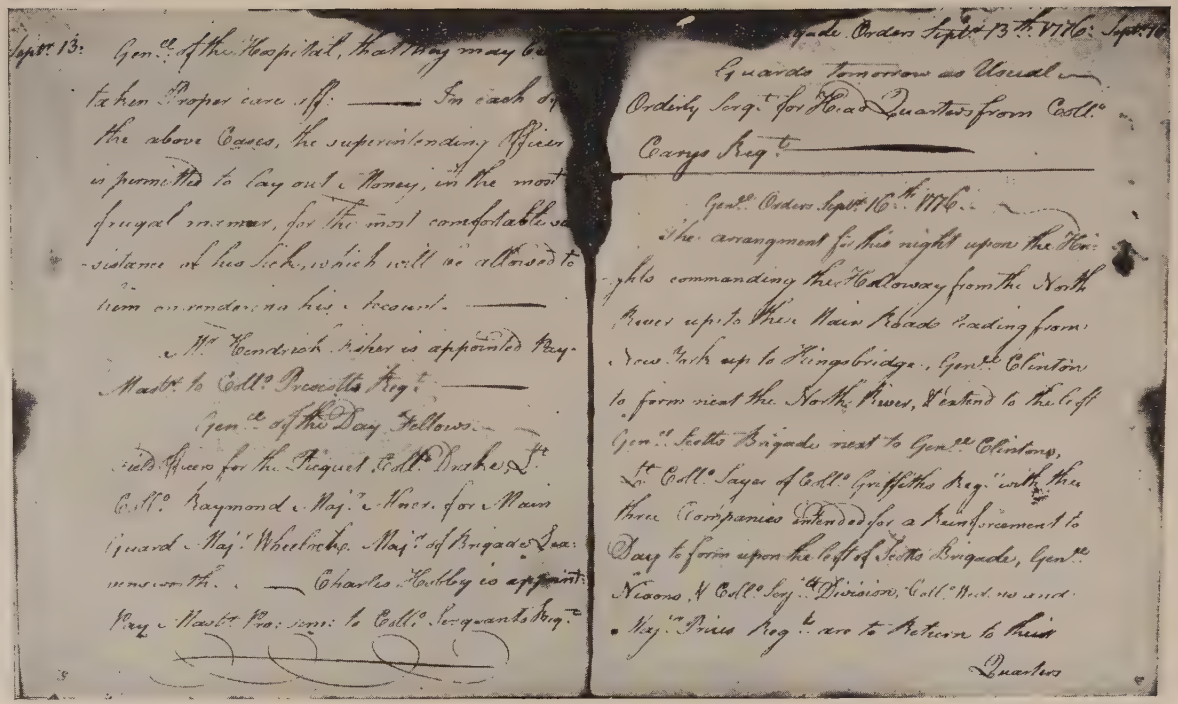
subscribed and faithfully read.[1] Advance news may have been supplied to this Southern paper by one of the Virginia delegates to Congress—possibly Thomas Jefferson. Additional publicity was given the document by printing it in broadside form and distributing it throughout the Colonies and among the soldiers.

[1] It was also the first newspaper to publish an account of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

When Washington was at Mount Vernon one of the duties of his secretary (at one time Tobias Lear, of whom more will be learned hereafter) was to read and discuss the contents of this paper with the General. (Refer to Note K, Appendix.)



Extracts from Washington's Orderly Book, just prior to and after the Battle of Long Island.
Courtesy of Mrs. Ellen Fellows Bown, Penfield, N. Y.



Sept.r 13: Gen.l of the Hospital, that they may be
taken Proper care off: —— In each of
the above Cases, the superintending Officer
is permitted to lay out Money, in the most
frugal manner, for the most comfortable sa-
-sistance of his Sick, which will be allowed to
him on rendering his Account. ——

Mr Hendrick Fisher is appointed Pay-
Mast.r to Coll.o Prescotts Reg.t ——

Gen.l of the Day Fellows.

Field Officers for the Piquet Coll.o Drake, Lt
Coll.o Raymond Maj.r Moor. for Main
Guard Maj.r Wheelock. Maj.r of Brigade Lea-
vensworth. —— Charles Hobby is appoint.
Pay Mast.r Pro: sem: to Coll.o Sergeants Reg.t

...gade Orders Sept.r 13th 1776: Sept.r 16

Guards tomorrow as Usual —
Orderly Serg.t for Head Quarters from Coll.o
Carys Reg.t ——

Gen.l Orders Sept.r 16th 1776.

The arrangment for this night upon the Hi-
-ghts commanding the Holloway from the North
River up to these Main Roads leading from
New York up to Kingsbridge, Gen.l Clinton
to form next the North River, & extend to the left
Gen.l Scotts Brigade next to Gen.l Clintons,
Lt Coll.o Sayer of Coll.o Griffiths Reg.t with the
three Companies intended for a Reinforcement to
Day to form upon the left of Scotts Brigade, Gen.l
Nixons, & Coll.o Serj.ts Division, Coll.o Wed.ns and
Maj.r Prices Reg.t are to Return to their
Quarters

Washington's reaction to the Declaration of Independence was characteristic of the man. His deeply reverent spirit immediately responding to the solemnity of the mission to which his country was now committed, he wrote a remarkable prayer "for the United States of America" and issued a General Order to the Army on the subject of profanity. Both are worth reproducing:

THE PRAYER

"Almighty God:

"We make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; and entertain a brotherly love and affection for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large. And, finally, that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation.

"Grant out supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

THE GENERAL ORDER

"The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing—a vice little known heretofore in the American Army—is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly.

Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.

"G. Washington."

Washington's Orderly Book for October 2, 1775, reads:

"Any officer, non-commissioned officer, or soldier who shall hereafter be detected at playing at toss-up, pitch, and hustle, or any other game of chance near the camp or villages bordering encampments, shall be confined and punished for disobedience of orders. The General does not mean to discourage sports of exercise or recreation; only to discountenance and punish gaming."

The Commander-in-Chief also gave his indorsement to an eight-page prayer "composed for the benefit of the American Army, to assist them in their personal devotions," and recommended for their use by the Reverend Abiel Leonard, A. M., one of the recently appointed Army chaplains.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BRITISH ARMADA DROPS ANCHOR. DISASTROUS BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND. RETREAT WITHOUT DISORDER. BATTLES OF HARLEM HEIGHTS AND WHITE PLAINS. A BRAVE COLONIAL DAME. LOSS OF FORT WASHINGTON

A KALEIDOSCOPIC change was on the boards. In early June there was not a British soldier in the land to oppose the victorious army that had ousted Lord Howe from Boston, but shortly thereafter, from three to four hundred transports and men-of-war appeared in the offing ready to disgorge nearly two score thousand soldiers to attack New York.

The battle of Long Island was one of the most spectacular engagements of the Revolutionary War. Disastrous enough, in point of losses in killed and wounded, to both armies, it involved by far the greater loss to the Americans, besides leaving the enemy in possession of the field and disorganizing the unseasoned volunteers with which Washington had hastily reinforced the Continental regiments.

It has been generally conceded that never has such an imposing array of battleships assembled in an American port as that which dropped anchor off Gravesend in July, 1776.[1] The two Howes—Admiral Howe and General Lord Howe—were in command; the former, of the fleet; the latter, of the troops. The disembarkation of the soldiers was a pageant in itself—the scarlet of the British, the horizon blue of the Hessians, the tartan of the Royal Highlanders

[1] The entire British fleet, including that of Sir Peter Parker, aggregated some four hundred transports, convoyed by battleships. There were fifty-five thousand troops, of whom over seventeen thousand were Hessians.

Location of troops in the battle of Long Island. *Ernest Peixotto.* *Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.*

(the famous "Black Watch"); illumined here and there with a glint of gold from an officer's uniform, a flash of steel from sword-hilt or bayonet. All this, on a scorching July day,

1. Fort Moultrie, Charleston harbor; Jasper saving the flag. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*
2. Charleston, S. C., 1780.
3. Major General William Moultrie.

with a midsummer sun mirrored on the waters of the bay in myriad scintillating points of light.

General Washington, burdened though he was with tremendous responsibilities,—practically every moment being occupied with the details of preparation for the im-

pending conflict,—nevertheless found time to write to his step-son, John Parke Custis, of the arrival of the battleships:

"July 24, 1776.

" . . . We have a powerful fleet in full view of us at the watering place of Staten Island. General Howe and his army are landing thereon, and it is thought will make no attempt upon this city till his reinforcements, which are hourly expected, arrive. When this happens, it is presumed there will be some pretty warm work.

"Give my love to Nelly, and compliments to Mr. Calvert and family, and others who may inquire after, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate

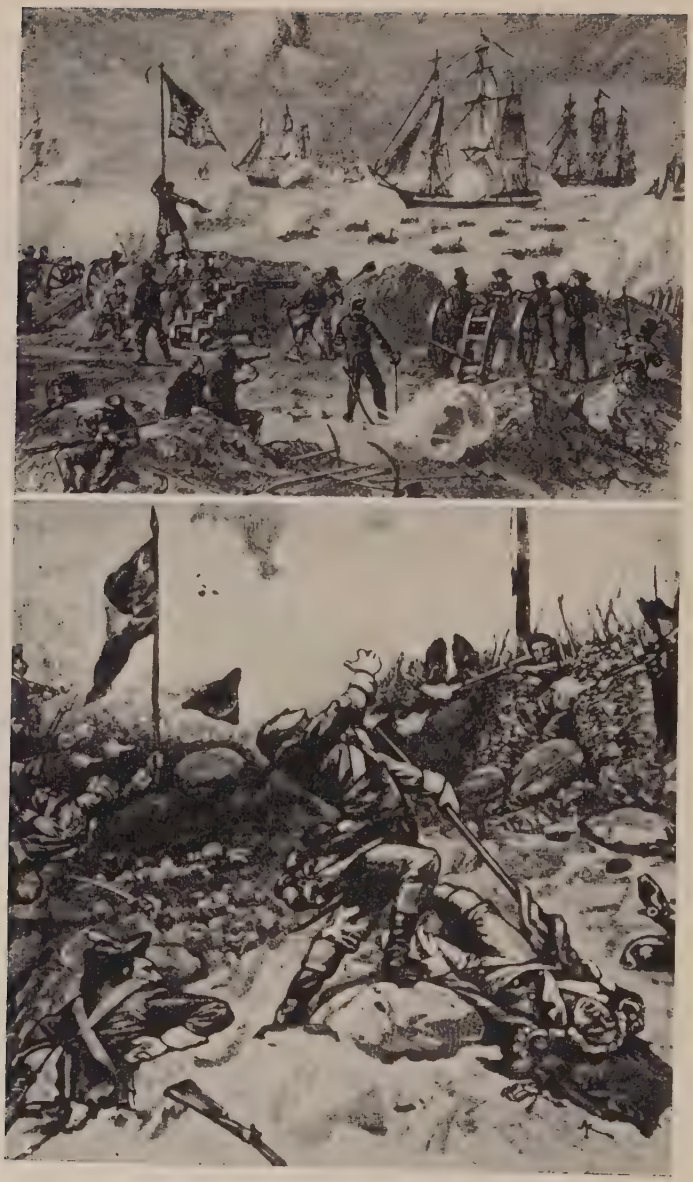
"G. Washington."

Some time afterward he said, referring to the people of New York, who were terror-stricken at the sight of this visible sign of a mighty enemy—this great concourse of several hundred ships:

"When the men-of-war passed up the river, the shrieks and cries of these poor creatures, running every way with their children, were truly distressing."

Admiral Howe anchored his fleet at what is now the Quarantine Station, and thence landed the troops by barge on Staten Island. Later they were transferred to Long Island—the British to Fort Hamilton and the Hessians to Gravesend Bay. The arrival of Sir Peter Parker's squadron from Charleston—chagrined by its futile attempt to capture that city and driven to sea by Moultrie[1]—brought the total

[1] There had been stirring times at Charleston, Colonel William Moultrie building a fort on Sullivan's Island (Fort Moultrie) in Charleston harbor, and defeating a force larger than his own; while Sergeant Jasper had risked his life to flaunt the Dutch Beggar flag (see page 342) in the eyes of the British men-of-war. (Jasper escaped death at Sullivan's Island by a narrow margin; but his intrepid spirit cost him his life later, at Savannah.) Lee had ordered Moultrie to build a causeway by which his troops might retreat to the mainland in emergency; but Moultrie ignored the order, remarking that there would be no retreat. Morgan emulated Moultrie's example at Cowpens, in 1781, when he placed his troops



1. The British cannonading a Connecticut town.
2. Sergeant Jasper's death before Savannah.

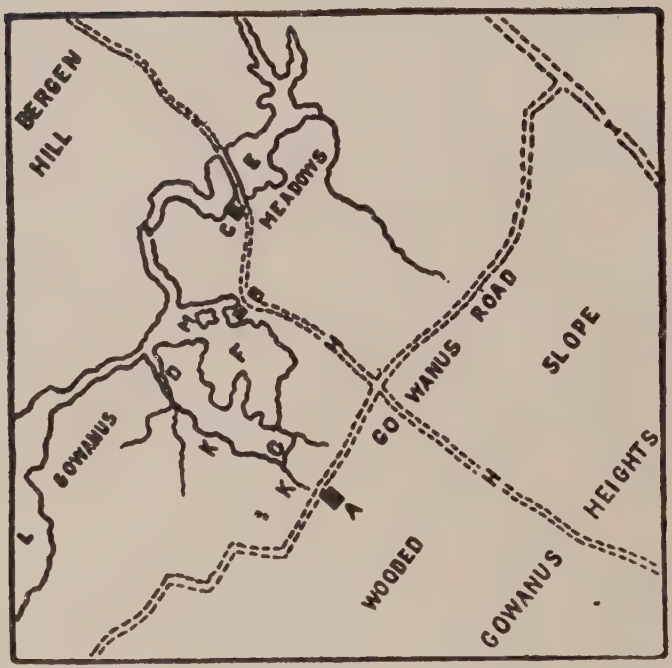
of available troops under Lord Howe's command to well over twenty-five thousand for the investment of New York.

As previously related, General Washington had foreseen, at the evacuation of Boston, that "the gateway of the Hudson" would probably be Howe's next objective; and had, accordingly, concentrated on the fortification of New York and Brooklyn, with Generals Lee and Putnam in charge of the work. Miracles were accomplished in the performance of this Herculean task—for which Washington never received the credit that was his due. At that time New York was the second largest city in America, and already a centre of wealth and culture; while, from the viewpoint of the military strategist, it held the key to the whole martial situation. Washington's main points of entrenchment were: King's Bridge and Fort George, in the upper reaches of the city; the Battery (in earlier times, Fort Amsterdam) and Paulus Hook (in New Jersey), protecting the Hudson and its approaches; Governor's Island and Brooklyn Heights covering the East River and protecting the city, which extended only as far north as Hester Street.

One hundred and fifty years ago Brooklyn was, in the main, a stretch of marsh-land, interspersed with elevations and defiles, and sparsely settled with a few villages and isolated farms, the total population being something over three thousand.

The American fortifications extended along the water front from Gowanus Cove (the outlet from Gowanus Creek, now the Gowanus Canal, to the Upper Bay) to Wallabout Bay, the present site of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Fort Putnam (now Fort Greene Park) was Washington's main

with their backs to the river, preventing retreat and forcing a fight if need be to the finish. This was one of the bravest defences of the war, crowned by a glorious victory. Moultrie, with only thirty-one guns, and with frigates bombarding his fort to within three hundred yards, drove to sea vessels armed in the aggregate with two hundred and seventy guns.



A *Stone House of Gowanus, owned by the Vechtes in 1699 and 1776.*

B *The Lower Mill, built by Abram Brower in 1701. Owned by Nehemiah Denton during the Revolutionary War, and then called Denton's Mill.*

C *The Upper or Gowanus Mill—Oldest Mill in Brooklyn, called Freeke's Mill during the Revolutionary War.*

D *Branch of Gowanus Creek extending into Vechte Farm. At the present day an arm of Gowanus Canal.*

E *Upper, or Freeke's Mill-Pond.*

F *Lower Mill-Pond. Called Denton's Mill-Pond during the War.*

G *Private canal of Nicholas Vechte, connecting Brower's Pond with his own creek.*

H *Porte Road, running from Gowanus Heights across mill-ponds.*

I *Flatbush Road, running from Flatbush, over Wooded Heights, to Brooklyn.*

J *Gowanus Creek, now the Gowanus Canal.*

K *Brook on the Vechte Farm, rising from spring beside the Stone House and emptying into arm of the Gowanus Creek.*

L *Gowanus Creek widening to Gowanus Bay.*

M *Island where many soldiers were buried.*

Diagram of the Battle of Long Island.

redoubt, built especially to command a wide area. Uncertain as to when and where the British would attack, Washington kept the entire section under survey, and personally crossed and re-crossed the East River daily in his barge, keeping ships and shore-line under vigilant scrutiny.

The British fleet under Admiral Richard Howe, landing on Long Island to attack Washington. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Up to the twenty-second of August there had been no decided movement on the part of the British; but on that day they crossed the Narrows from Staten Island with forty pieces of cannon, and took up their position in a line extending from the Narrows to the village of Flatlands. On the same day Lord Cornwallis, with the reserve, consisting of two battalions of light infantry, also crossed the Narrows and took position at Flatbush.

1. Colonel Smallwood of Maryland, who fought on this site.
2. Old stone house at Gowanus. *Courtesy of Witter, Kintner and Georgia Fraser.*
3. Site of the old Cortelyou house as it appeared in 1894.

Observing these activities, Washington—on the twenty-third of August—thus addressed his army:

> "The enemy have now landed on Long Island, and the hour is fast approaching on which the honor and success of this army and the safety of our bleeding country depend. Remember, officers and soldiers, that you are freemen, fighting for the blessings of liberty—that slavery will be your portion and that of your posterity if you do not acquit yourselves like men."

On the twenty-sixth of August General de Heister, commanding two brigades of Hessians, marched to Flatbush, Cornwallis moving on to join the main body of the British at Flatlands. The entire British army, with the exception of small outposts on the ocean side of the island, now began to close in on the Continentals, the line reaching out during the night to form an unbroken phalanx as far as Rockaway Pass.

General Putnam was in command of the army in Brooklyn on the twenty-seventh, taking the place of General Greene, who was incapacitated by illness. The early morning was filled with sanguinary engagements, the Continentals —although knowing they were encompassed by an enemy far more powerful in numbers and equipment than themselves—going courageously into conflict and occasionally achieving a transient advantage, but eventually being forced to yield. Long before noon the British were confident of victory; but the Continentals had no thought of giving up the fight so early. General Putnam ordered Lord Stirling to meet the enemy at Gowanus Creek. Here Colonel Smallwood's regiment of young Marylanders threw themselves with such ardor against the far larger force of Cornwallis that the latter was driven back to the stone house of William Cortelyou (situated on what is now the corner of

Fifth Avenue and Third Street, Brooklyn), near Gowanus Creek. Three times, the records say, did those gallant

THE SITE
OF THE
OLD CORTELYOU HOUSE
ON THE
BATTLE-FIELD OF LONG ISLAND
HERE ON THE 27th OF AUGUST 1776 — TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY OUT OF FOUR
HUNDRED BRAVE MARYLAND SOLDIERS UNDER THE COMMAND OF LORD STIRLING
WERE KILLED IN COMBAT WITH BRITISH TROOPS UNDER LORD CORNWALLIS

BRONZE TABLET, FOUR AND ONE-HALF BY FIVE FEET, ATTACHED TO THE BRICK HOUSE AT THE CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRD STREET, BROOKLYN, IN MEMORY OF THE OLD STONE HOUSE, CALLED THE CORTELYOU HOUSE WHILE OCCUPIED BY THE FAMILY OF JAQUES CORTELYOU.

"WE SHALL HAVE WITH YOU IN A FEW DAYS FOUR THOUSAND MEN, WHICH IS ALL THAT WE CAN ARM AND EQUIP, AND THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK, FOR WHOM WE HAVE GREAT AFFECTION, CAN HAVE NO MORE THAN OUR ALL."—MARYLAND COUNCIL OF SAFETY TO THE NEW YORK DELEGATES IN CONGRESS, AUGUST 16, 1776, CONCERNING THE MARYLAND TROOPS WHO FOUGHT AT THE STONE HOUSE.

In less than six months this regiment dwindled to sixty men through shot, shell, and disease.

young Marylanders charge the Cortelyou house; but fresh troops came up to reinforce Cornwallis' spent forces, and

the Marylanders were driven back. Fully two hundred and fifty of the four hundred were killed.[1]

These splendid Southerners, in their scarlet-and-buff uniforms and their fine equipment, presented a sharp contrast to the general run of "ragged Continentals."

It is said:

> "They were distinguished by the most fashionably-cut coat, the most Macaroni-cocked hat, and the hottest blood in the Union."

In this encounter Lord Stirling was captured. Generals Sullivan and Woodhull, who had bravely defended the three remaining passes, were entrapped by the enemy, and they and the remnant of their command taken prisoners.

General Washington, watching from the Brooklyn Heights fort,[2]—which stood on what is now Atlantic Avenue, near Clinton Street,—is reported to have wrung his hands in anguish, exclaiming:

"Great God!—what brave fellows I must this day lose!"

Content to rest on their laurels for the night, the British celebrated their victory in the approved military fashion of the late eighteenth century, while Washington with his entire army of nine thousand men, plus artillery and baggage, executed a masterly retreat across the East River to the New York shore under cover of night. On the morning after, the British commander realized that another golden opportunity had slipped from his grasp.

Some have thought that Howe had no real desire to capture Washington. Certainly,[3] it sometimes so appeared

[1] A bronze tablet, affixed to the wall of the brick house which now occupies the site of the Cortelyou house, tells the story of the charge of the Marylanders. See page 468.

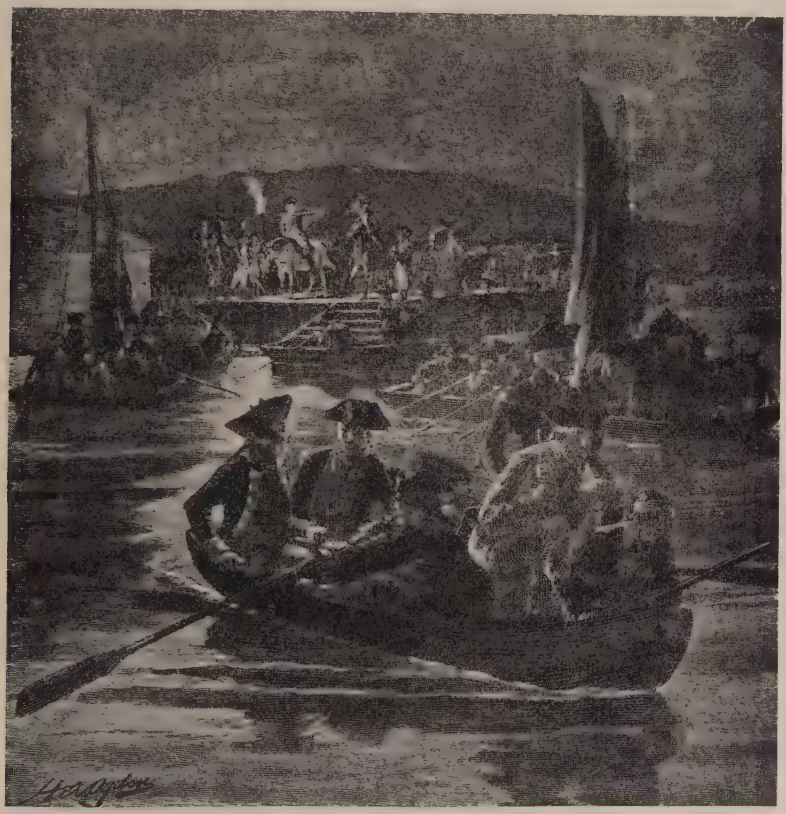
[2] On the Sesqui-Centennial of the Battle of Long Island the South Brooklyn Savings Bank dedicated a bronze tablet close to this site.

[3] Howe was honored by his sovereign for the carefully planned battle of Long Island, despite his failure to capture the "rebel chieftain" whose army was much smaller than that of the British.

The retreat from Long Island.

though Washington planned to capture Sir Henry Clinton, General Knyphausen, and the traitor Arnold.

Two weeks later—on the eleventh of September, 1776—an ineffectual Peace Conference was held in the Billop house,



Retreat from Long Island, Washington directing the passage of the army across the East River at night. © *Century Company.*

on Staten Island, the participants being Lord Howe, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Edward Rutledge.[1] Howe,

[1] This conference was brought about by Washington's assistance through General John Sullivan, whom Lord Howe had paroled for that purpose. John Adams in his rough-shod way greeted the mediator with: "Oh, decoy duck; pity the first bullet in the Battle of Long Island had not entered your brain."

it would appear, was anxious to effect a reciprocal understanding; in fact, upon his arrival in America he had boasted

This rare diagram tells the story of the disastrous Battle of Long Island, August 26, 1776. *Reproduced from Faden's Atlas, by permission of the New York Public Library.*

that within ten days the rebellion would be at an end. Like some other Britishers of rank, he made the mistake of under-

estimating the gravity of the Americans' cause, the intensity of their feeling, and the unbreakable steel of their courage. The Staten Island conference must have enlightened him upon some of these points, as well as upon others; for General Washington rejected the overtures of the British commander on the ground that the latter had not the authority

Billop House, Staten Island, scene of peace conference with Lord Howe.

necessary for the negotiation of a treaty giving the Colonies independence.

Four days afterward the British crossed the East River from Newtown Creek, landing on the New York shore at Kip's Bay (now the foot of East Thirty-fourth Street). Bombarded by cannon fire from the ships, the American militia fled from their redoubts in a frenzy of fear. Washington was some miles away at the time, but, hearing the

guns, put spurs to his horse and galloped madly to the scene. Unable to rally the panic-stricken men, the General—in one

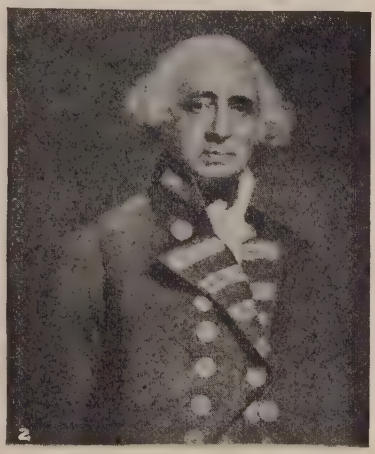
Congressional committee discussing peace terms with Lord Howe in the Billop house, Staten Island.

of his rare but terrible outbursts of anger—flung his hat to the ground, drew his pistol, and exclaimed:

"My God!—are these the men with whom I am to defend America?"

So near were the enemy troops that Washington, blind to his own peril, escaped only by the quick action of his

1. General William Howe.



2. Admiral Richard Howe.

aide, who seized his horse's bridle and dragged him away by main force.

The escape of the Continentals from utter disaster on this occasion was facilitated by prompt and clever action on

Washington's headquarters, Richmond Hill, Charlton and Varick Streets, New York.
Lord Stirling (William Alexander).

the part of a loyal Colonial woman who recognized her opportunity for service and made the most of it. Mary

1. As New York looked to Admiral Howe when his ships anchored in the harbor in 1776.
2. Burns's coffee house, opposite Bowling Green.
3. Beekman house, Howe's headquarters.
4. Fort George as it looked on the site of Fort Amsterdam at the Battery.

Lindley Murray, wife of Robert Murray (whose farm, Inclenburg, occupied what is still known to New Yorkers as Murray Hill), graciously offered the hospitality of her home to Lord Howe, Lord Cornwallis, Governor Tryon and other British officers—an offer which was eagerly accepted. The table was lavishly spread; the wines, we may be sure, were of choice vintage; the lady of the house, it is equally certain, was in her most captivating mood. At all events, the military gentlemen dallied over

Washington trying to stop the retreat at Kip's Bay, N. Y. and barely escaping capture.

the repast long enough to allow the Continentals, led by General Putnam, only half a mile to the west, to make their retreat to Harlem.[1]

[1] A bronze tablet, affixed to a rock within the enclosure at Park Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, New York,—placed there by the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution,—commemorates Mistress Murray's valiant deed and marks the actual site of the Murray homestead. The farm occupied the section now bounded by: Thirty-first Street to Thirty-eighth Street, and Third Avenue to Fifth Avenue. (For notes on other Colonial women who signally proved their loyalty, refer to Note L, Appendix.)

On the following day the battle of Harlem Heights was fought.[1] It was not decisive on either side; nor were the engagements that followed it—the skirmishes along the shore of Long Island Sound, the conflict at Chatterton Hill and, finally, that at White Plains on the twenty-eighth of October. Washington's forces, however, were seriously

Mrs. Murray of Murray Hill, feasting Governor Tryon and British officers.
© *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

weakened; and had Howe pressed him hard enough when he retreated to North Castle Heights, some five miles beyond

[1] From the porch of the Roger Morris house in Harlem, then Washington's headquarters, but now the Jumel Mansion, he witnessed the battle raging around Fort Washington, and the slaughter and capture of many of his troops. So close was he to the enemy that fifteen minutes later British troops took possession of the spot on which he and his officers had been standing.

VI

Washington Heights

in 1782.

from the Survey by the British Military Staff, known as the Headquarters Map, showing the fortifications.

References.

1. Fort No. 1.
2. Fort No. 2.
3. Fort No. 3.
4. The King's Bridge.
5. Fort Prince Charles.
6. Hyatt's tavern.
7. The Farmers' Bridge.
8. Camp of Emmerich's Corps.
9. Fort Independence.
10. Fort No. 4.
11. The King's Redoubt.
12. Fort No. 5.
13. Fort No. 6.
14. Fort No. 7.
15. The Queen's Redoubt.
16. Fort No. 8.
17. Redoubt, Inwood hill.
18. Cock hill fort.
19. The Green Hill Camp.
20. Tubby Hook.
21. The little Sand Bay.
22. Site of present Dyckman house.
23. Negro burying ground.
24. The Nagel Cemetery.
25. Nagel dwelling, 1736.
26. Site of Dyckman's house.
27. Holland's ferry and camp.
28. The Half-kill, now Sherman's Creek.
29. Camp of the Leib Regt.
30. The Sanitary Camp.
31. Fort Tryon.
32. The Barrier Gate.
33. Fort Clinton.
34. Fort George.
35. Officer's camp.
36. Outworks Ft. Washington.
37. Fort "Knyphausen."
38. Garrison barracks.
39. The Blue Bell.
40. Officers' quarters.
41. Van Obllenis farm house.
42. Probably Artillery yard.
43. Imbert's Redoubt.
44. Jeffrey's Hook.
45. Von Donop Regt. Camp.
46. Col. Morris' Boat landing.
47. Redoubt of 1776.
48. The 3rd line of defense.
49. Washington's headquarters.
50. The White house.
51. The 2nd line of defense.
52. The Dykman stone house.
53. Col. Maunsell's residence.
54. The 1st line of defense.
55. Redoubts in Colonial Park.
56. Bussing farmhouse.
57. Myer's Tavern.

This generation is indebted to the British Military Staff for this map.

White Plains, he might have had no choice but capitulation. However, the British commander returned to his headquarters to plan another attack—this objective involving Fort Washington.

With battleships infesting the harbor and a large force of enemy troops already occupying Manhattan Island, Washington realized that New Jersey now offered the only haven possible until he could recoup his army losses, take the field and protect Philadelphia, where Congress was in session. He planned, therefore, to evacuate Manhattan Island, with the exception of Fort Washington (on the section now known as Washington Heights); which, with Fort Lee, on the Jersey side of the Hudson, had been erected for the purpose of keeping enemy warships from the upper reaches of the river. Leaving a garrison of approximately three thousand men at Fort Washington, and its outlying redoubts commanded by Captain Robert Magaw, Washington crossed the river with his main army and encamped near Hackensack. In the meantime, Howe and his confrères were making preparations to wipe out the American defences on and about Manhattan Island.

The garrison at Fort Washington, aware of these preparations on the part of the enemy, worked like beavers among the hills, felling trees, throwing up earthworks, and placing cannon on their hastily erected redoubts. But on the night of the second of November, Adjutant Demont, of Colonel Magaw's staff, deserted to the enemy, conveying the plan of the fort and the layout of the troop dispositions. Lord Howe being apprised of this, concerted action was immediately decided upon, and on the twelfth of November the enemy began to close in on the Americans—an army of over nine thousand troops against a garrison of less than a third of their number, covering the several redoubts and fort.

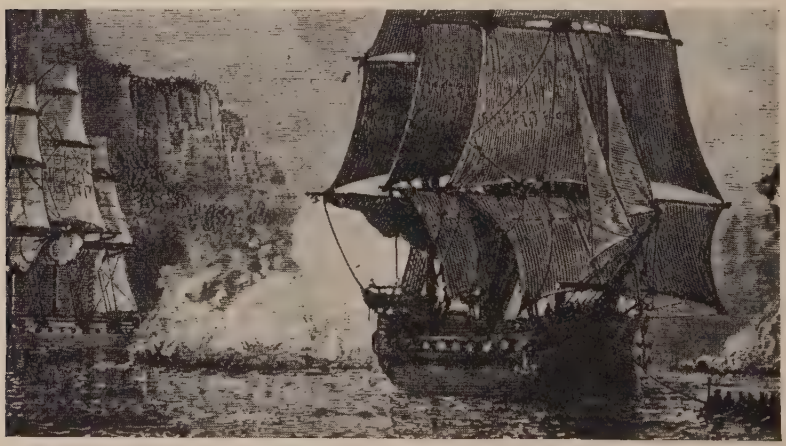
The attack was well planned, batteries, men and frigates being placed where they could be most effective. The cordon

1. Washington viewing Fort Lee from Fort Washington.
2. Fort Lee.

being complete, Howe demanded that Colonel Magaw surrender the fort. The gallant commander bluntly refused, saying:

"The fort will be held to the end."

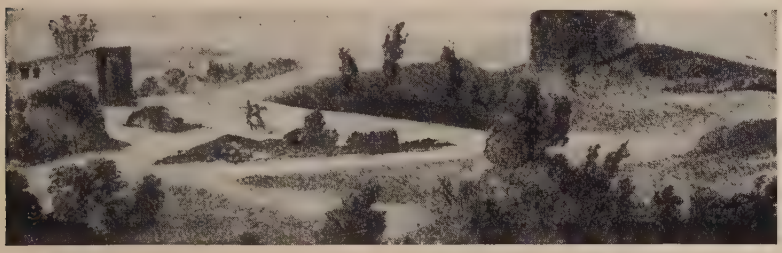
Generals Greene and Putnam crossed the river to consult with Magaw; Washington himself crossed, in a small rowboat; but Magaw held on. Never in the annals of war was braver stand made than that of the heroic garrison at Fort Washington. The enemy had to fight every step of the advance; but Howe knew the weaknesses of the Americans—

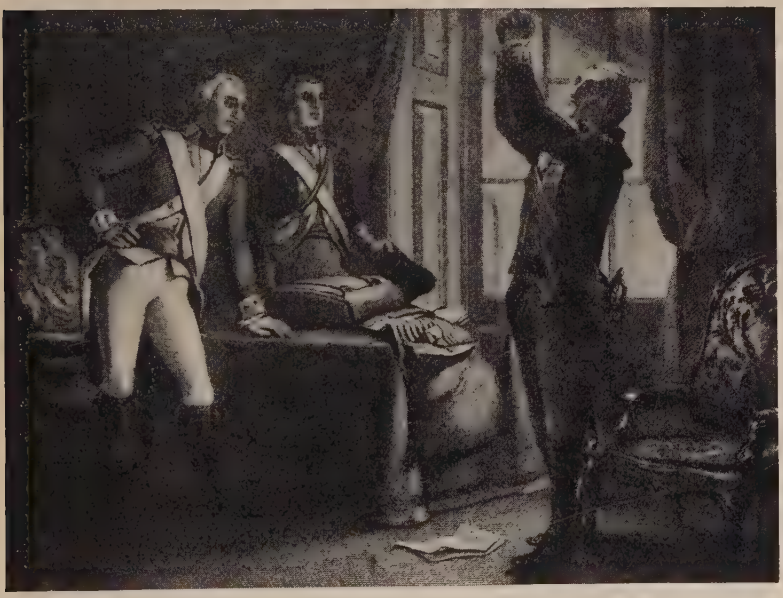


British ships passing Fort Washington.
© *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

thanks to the traitor Demont; knew that inevitably the staunch defenders must face defeat. Slowly but surely the American outposts were driven from one stronghold after another—always back toward the fort. There were only six hundred men in the fort itself when the storm broke in full fury on the sixteenth of November; the others were out fighting in the hills—or wounded—or dead. Against this little band over four thousand Hessians charged the heights. Three times they flung their strength against the rock on

which the fort was built; three times gave way under the pitiless hail from the concealed riflemen from Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania; then Knyphausen himself rushed to the front and rallied his men to a fresh charge.





1. The old blacksmith's shop in the park was Wa-hington's headquarters.
2. Washington seeking Divine aid.

Under the shell fire of the British frigate in the river, daring Captain Gooch crossed in a small boat and made his way—dodging bullets and bayonets—into the fort, bearing

a message from the Commander-in-Chief. If the defenders could hold on until night——

But Fort Washington was already lost.[1] Gooch leaped from the parapet into the brush, escaped into his waiting boat, and carried the tidings of the surrender back to his Chief. The loss of Fort Washington, with its armaments and military stores, was a severe blow to Washington—not only in men and munitions, but in the havoc wrought with the combination with which he had hoped to control the river. Fort Lee was not enough to do this alone; and the British having now crossed the river at Yonkers, dragging their cannon up the steep heights of the Palisades (a feat which had been considered an impossibility), General Greene decided to evacuate Fort Lee, of which he was commanding officer. He did so, saving his men, but sacrificing much of his artillery and military supplies—another severe loss for Washington's army.

[1] The surrendered Fort Washington, located at West One Hundred and Eighty-third Street, was renamed Fort Tryon by the British, in compliment to the Tory Governor Tryon of New York. A fragment of one of the old redoubts may still be seen at One Hundred and Ninety-fifth Street, New York. The site of Fort Washington has been presented by Rodman Wanamaker to the American Scenic Historical Perservation Society in trust.

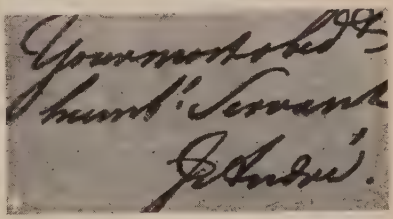
CHAPTER XXV

NATHAN HALE, PATRIOT. THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF MEETS YOUNG ALEXANDER HAMILTON. A DIPLOMATIC REBUKE. DISOBEDIENCE LEADS LEE INTO DIFFICULTIES. CORNWALLIS PLANNING TO RETURN TO ENGLAND. THE TWO CROSSINGS OF THE DELAWARE. THE SKIRMISH THAT GREW TO WAR SIZE

IN THAT September, 1776, which had witnessed the Kip's Bay fiasco and the battle of Harlem Heights, the brave Nathan Hale—whose name has ever since been a household word among patriotic Americans—went to an ignominious death at the hands of the British.

By this time many American patriots were languishing in the dungeons or prison ships used by Howe. The Rhinelander Sugar House, at the corner of Rose and Duane Streets, was one of these; and it was in this den that fearless Captain Nathan Hale, one of Washington's most valuable secret service men, was imprisoned.[1] It is on record that his heartless jailer, one Cunningham, kept him manacled. Having requested—and obtained—the freedom of his hands that he might write to his mother and his sweetheart, Hale saw these letters torn in pieces as soon as they were handed to Cunningham. What a high heart was that which, after intolerable suffering, prompted Nathan Hale's last words, spoken September 22, 1776, as he stood on the scaffold built beneath Colonel Rutgers' apple tree on the Bouwerie:

[1] The bronze tablet on the building erected in 1893 on the site of the Rhinelander Sugar House states that said Sugar House was built in 1763. A relic of it still remains in a barred window, let into the wall of the present building, through which many Revolutionary soldiers demanded their freedom and many others breathed their last farewells.



1. Nathan Hale.
2. Nathan Hale watching for the boat. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*
3. Rhinelander Sugar House, corner of Rose and Duane Streets, used as British prison.
4. André's autograph.
5. Flight of Benedict Arnold.

"I regret only that I have but one life to give for my country!"

General Washington was obliged to make constant use of the secret service system, which he kept within his own control. Although he asked no sacrifice that he would not himself have been willing to yield under similar conditions, he had no choice but to send these men out on confidential missions that frequently ended in death. Channels of communication that led straight from the secret councils of the British were open to the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. The sources of some of his information—known only to himself — would have dismayed the powers at British headquarters could their identity have been revealed.[1]

Iron-barred window from the old Rhinelander Sugar House prison.

As to ill-treatment of Revolutionary prisoners-of war, General Washington wrote scathing letters to Lord Howe, to General Gage, Governor of Massachusetts, and to others in high authority. To Lord Howe, at one time, he wrote:

> "I am again under the necessity of remonstrating to you upon the treatment which our prisoners continue to receive in New York. Those who have lately been sent out give the most shocking account of their bar-

[1] It is related that General Washington was once in conference with a Tory newspaper publisher, whose savage attacks on the Commander-in-Chief and the Colonists' cause thoroughly deceived the British, when a swinging door accidentally revealed, to his staff, the General handing a bag of gold to the publisher —his secret service employee. Washington's account books recorded many such expenditures, names being omitted, for obvious reasons. The publisher referred to above was Rivington of the Royal Gazette.

barous usage, which their miserable, emaciated countenances confirm. Most of the prisoners who have returned home have informed me that they were offered better treatment, provided they would enlist in your service. This, I believe, is unprecedented."

Washington's meeting with Hamilton in 1776. *Chappel.*

It was in this year of 1776 that General Washington met the engaging stripling, Alexander Hamilton, then only nineteen years old; the General's attention being first attracted by the young man's skilful arrangement of artillery—in which the Chief was an expert. Gay, debonair and likable—in spite of his immeasurable vanity—Hamilton made an immediate impression upon the serious, dignified Com-

mander-in-Chief, and a friendship sprang up between the two. Did Washington, one wonders, see in this high-spirited

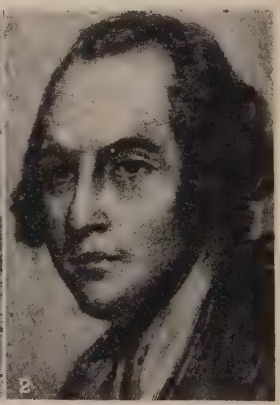
Alexander Hamilton at the time Washington met him. *Chappel.*

boy something of that glamorous, golden youth which his own adolescent years had missed?

Hamilton was, in almost every particular, the opposite of Washington. Born on the island of Nevis, in the British

West Indies, he was slenderly built, intellectual, mercurial and irascible. His early education had been obtained in Santa Cruz, after which Hamilton had come to America to take a course at King's College (now Columbia). The Revolution had fired his imagination and kindled his ardor, and he had early thrown in his lot with the patriots.

Shortly after his meeting with the Chief, he was appointed aide on Washington's personal staff, and served him



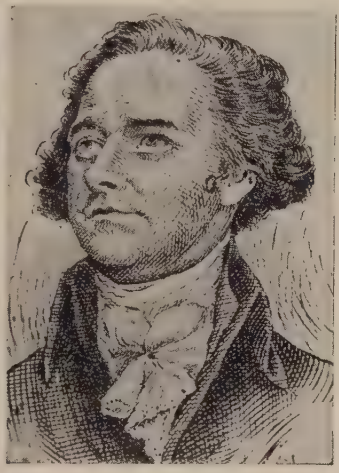
1. Duel between Hamilton and Burr. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Company. H. A. Ogden.*
2. Aaron Burr, Hamilton's nemesis.

in that capacity several years. The General affectionately called him "My boy" and permitted him a freedom in act and speech that was taboo to others.[1] The soldiers spoke of him as "Little Lion" and "Mercury of the Field."

[1] A break occurred in this intimacy in 1781, occasioned by a delay of a few minutes on Hamilton's part at a time when minutes counted as hours. This breach was later bridged by Washington through the intervention of Tench Tilghman.

The friendship then re-established cooled again to some extent in later years, when Hamilton, aspiring to political prominence, occasionally overlooked his obligation to his Chief; but Washington's was a rarely loyal heart, and he readily forgave those to whom he had once accorded his friendship. Hamilton was undoubtedly a valuable addition to the newly-born United States, serving his

It has been asserted many times that Washington depended largely upon Hamilton's collegiate training and ready wit for the diplomatic language which so often framed his thoughts, not only as Commander-in-Chief, but later, as First President. While this may be true partially it has not been shown that Washington—before his meeting with Hamilton—was ever lacking in diplomacy, in tact, or in the



1. Hamilton's tomb, in New York.
2. Alexander Hamilton, patriot, soldier, and statesman.

power to clothe his ideas in words appropriate to the occasion. At the time of his first meeting with the youth Hamilton, Washington was already a mature man of forty-four, the owner of a large estate. He had associated with "the best people" from his boyhood; had been an officer in command at twenty-one; a legislator for the past seventeen years; and was, at this time, in full command of the American Army, with the success or failure of the new nation lying

adopted country well and loyally, both as general and financier. His death in 1804, as a result of a duel with Aaron Burr, is recorded in history as one of the tragedies of the young Republic.

Statue of Alexander Hamilton at Hamilton College, New York.
Courtesy of Hamilton College.

largely in the result of his generalship. Look at it as one will, it seems fairly clear that he had little to learn from young Colonel Hamilton.

Nevertheless, it is unquestionably true that Washington —with that gracious manner which a great man—and an older man—not infrequently adopts toward a younger one

Washington refuses to open Lord Howe's letter.

who attracts him—often did take Hamilton into friendly consultation; and, during his Presidential years—by which time Hamilton himself had reached the maturity of his intellectual powers and had become a figure of considerable importance in the State—we have Washington's own word for it that he frequently "asked Colonel Hamilton's advice." [1] But it is somewhat doubtful if he ever had for

[1] Further reference to Hamilton's influence and his services will be found in later chapters covering the time he was Secretary of the Treasury under Washington.

Hamilton the same admiring esteem that he had for young Lafayette,[1] who came into his life a year or so later, and with whom he maintained a warm and unbroken friendship to the end, showing the same affection for his son.

Tablet monument on the site of Washington's camping ground, at Newark, when he retreated across New Jersey.

There are several recorded instances of Washington's diplomatic treatment of men who failed in that first requirement of every true diplomat—courtesy. Lord Howe, attempting to heal the breach after the battle of Long Island,

[1] See page 527.

Capture of General Lee at Mrs. White's Inn, at Vealtown, today Bernardsville.
© *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

sent a letter under flag of truce to General Washington, addressed to

"George Washington, Esq."

The General took the letter in his hand, glanced at it, and, holding it unopened, made this comment to the messenger:

> "This letter is addressed to a planter of the State of Virginia. I shall have it delivered to him at the end of the war. Until that time it shall not be opened."[1]

[1] Generals Tryon and Clinton were guilty of similar breaches of military etiquette. It is conceded that all of these officers took their cue from their "lords and masters" overseas. Many English officers realized and admired the courage and endurance of the Continental regulars, and paid willing tribute to Washington's superb generalship; but they were, one and all, slaves to the martinet system dominating the British army, and to the inflexible routine of European methods

The arrogant Tryon sent some British proclamations to Washington for distribution in the ranks of the Continental Army; to which Washington replied:

> "I have given them free currency with the officers and men in my command."

Not long afterward Washington, in that humorous spirit that was never far below the surface, sent counter-proclamations for Tryon to distribute among the British soldiers!

General Charles Lee.

After the evacuation of Fort Lee, Washington found it necessary to retreat further inland. With his depleted army, numbering now a scant three thousand men, he marched to Newark, thence to Princeton, and finally to Trenton.[1] He ordered General Charles Lee, who was in the Highlands, to join him; but Lee dared openly to disregard his Chief's command — to his own bitter cost; for the British, learning that this recalcitrant general was spending his time with a fair inamorata at Basking Ridge, several

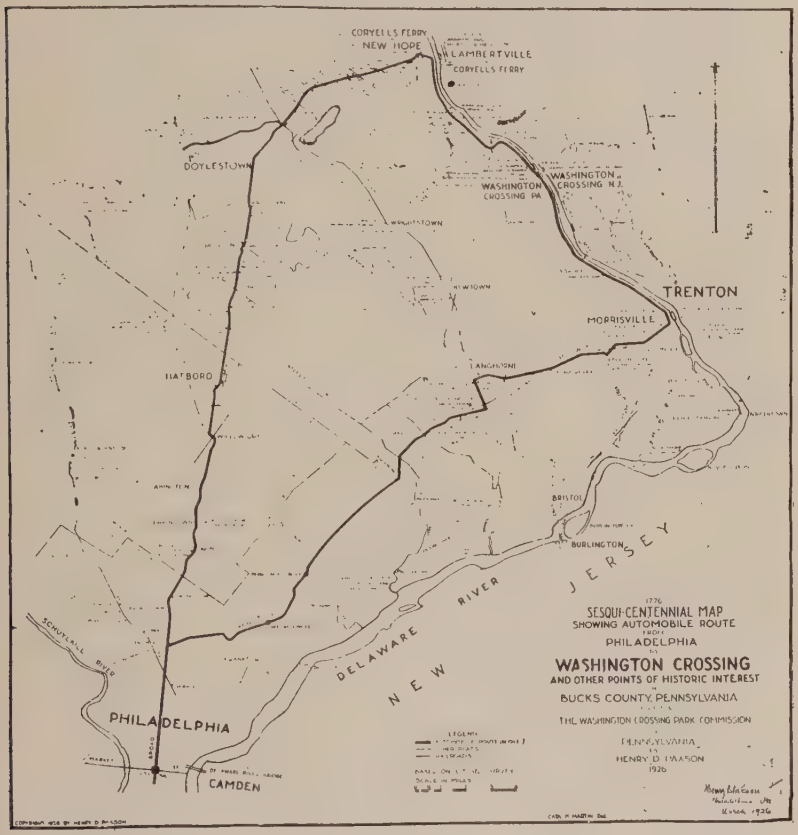
of warfare. From Braddock to Cornwallis, the British generals—most of them accustomed to the style of war waged in the Flanders campaigns—seemed incapable of adapting themselves or their armies to new conditions in a new country.

[1] December 2, 1776, the Legislature and Governor left Princeton and dissolved on the border of the State, "each member being left to look to his own safety when efforts of legislators would be of no avail."

On December 8, 1776, Washington crossed the Delaware into Pennsylvania just ahead of Cornwallis, in time to escape what must have proved a disastrous battle. Before crossing he had all boats within a seventy-mile radius destroyed or brought over.

miles from his command, surprised and captured him there on the twelfth of December, 1776.[1]

General Washington never stooped to make capital of the shortcomings of others. His letter to his brother



Courtesy of Henry D. Paxson, who owns the copyright.

Augustine, describing Lee's capture, offers no comment on the officer's dereliction, but rests on a simple statement of fact:

[1] Lee, captured by Colonel Harcourt in Mrs. White's Inn, at Vealtown (Bernardsville), was later exchanged for General Prescott, captured on the west side of Rhode Island between Newport and Bristol Ferry by William Barton.

"He went to lodge three miles out of his own camp, and within twenty miles of the enemy. A rascally Tory rode in the night to give notice of it to the enemy, who sent a party of Light Horse to seize him, and carried him off with every mark of triumph and indignity."

Charles Lee was one of the two Englishmen (Horatio Gates was the other) who had been majors in the British army, both serving under Braddock, with Washington, in

Aeroplane view of "Washington Crossing." © *Aero Service Corporation.*

the Monongahela campaign. Lee was pleasure-loving, opinionated and insubordinate from the start; and it is doubtful if he was at any time worthy the confidence of his Chief. Probably Washington was aware of this; but his hands were tied, for trained officers were scarce—while faithful friends were even scarcer. Indeed, it developed that, upon the very day of his capture, Lee had written to General Gates a letter which referred to the Commander-in-Chief as follows:

"Really, my dear Gates, *entre nous*, a certain great man is damnably deficient. . . ."

1. Washington preparing to cross the Delaware.
2. Washington crossing the Delaware. *Leutze.*
3. An old print of Washington crossing the Delaware.
4. March from McKonkey's Ferry to Trenton.

A letter written to Lee by Colonel Reed—Washington's aide and confidential secretary—and opened by the Chief in mistake, revealed the painful truth that Lee was not the only perfidious friend in the camp. Reed wrote:

> "I think yourself and some others should go to Congress, and form the plan of a new army. . . . I must conclude with my clear and explicit opinion that your presence is of the last importance."

It was this letter that caused the rift between Washington and his secretary. Reed sought to exculpate himself,

The Samuel Merrick House, near Washington Crossing, where Washington conferred with his officers.

but his explanation could not palliate entirely his ill-judged act. Washington never afterward gave him his personal confidence, although he generously afforded him every opportunity to aid his country and fully appreciated his patriotic service which was rendered without salary.

Those were harrowing times for Washington. With a reduced and discouraged army, suffering greatly from lack of the most ordinary necessities, the winter already upon them, and no relief in sight,—it required some deep inner

source of hope and courage to pen these words to his brother, John Augustine:

"You can form no idea of the perplexity of my situation. No man, I believe, ever had a greater choice of difficulties, and less means to extricate himself from

Crossing of the Delaware; manœuvres in the battles of Trenton and Princeton.
© *Ernest Peixotto. Courtesy of Chas. Scribners' Sons.*

them. However, under full persuasion of the justice of our cause, I cannot entertain an idea that it will finally sink, though it may remain for some time under a cloud."

This letter was written from Keith's farmhouse, near Trenton, on the eighteenth of December. In the meantime,

Cornwallis, not far away, had been joined by General Howe, this move forcing Washington to cross the Delaware into Pennsylvania, a manœuvre that saved his army while

1. McKonkey Ferry House. 2. Bridge across the Delaware, at Washington Crossing. *Courtesy Samuel Strauss.*

Congress hurriedly departed from Philadelphia and assembled in Baltimore. Cornwallis, seeing himself opposed by so insignificant a force, decided to return to England and leave Count Von Donop to protect the Delaware shore

—with headquarters at Bordentown—and, possibly, bring to a close the "unpleasantness" which had now shrunk from the dimensions of a war to those of a skirmish. The result of this decision was to let Hessian troops loose over the whole countryside, looting and roystering at will. Colonel Rahl and his men—these Hessians—caroused in Trenton for some twelve days, Rahl having his headquarters in the house of a Tory by the name of Hunt; while Washington encamped, with his men, on the bleak Pennsylvania shore, exposed to the rigors of the most severe winter that part of the country had experienced in years. In Samuel Merrick's house Washington conferred with his officers over the desperate situation, and there laid out the Trenton campaign, which involved the recrossing of the Delaware.

General John Glover of Marblehead

That historic second crossing of the ice-blocked river on Christmas night, 1776, marked a turning-point in America's destiny. Stout hearts were they that crowded into the barges on that bitter winter night—the General's the stoutest of them all. Glover's Marblehead fishermen rowed his boats through the choppy river ice, the same hardy Massachusetts men—equally handy with an oar or a musket—who had rowed him across the East River in the retreat from Brooklyn on a fog-saturated August night a few months before.[1]

[1] Close to the Pennsylvania shore, at the southerly end of a little island in the river, was effected the crossing of ten hundred and fifty feet, practically the same distance as from rock to rock at Falmouth on the Rappahannock, which Wash-

In the taproom of the old McKonkey Ferry House Washington and his soldiery fortified themselves with steaming hot coffee before breasting the sleet-storm on the nine-mile march to Trenton—toward Rahl and his army of roystering Hessians.[1]

This decisive action on the part of the Continental Army—inspired and commanded by Washington's indomit-

Monument on the New Jersey side.

ington forded as a lad. There is deep water at Washington Crossing except at low water, where there is a shallow ford. Banks are about the same height on both sides of the river, rising to about thirty feet in a hundred-foot span duplicating the formation at the Rappahannock Crossing from Fredericksburg to Falmouth.

Both Pennsylvania and New Jersey have at last awakened from their lethargy of a hundred and fifty years, and are now planning two Memorial Parks of some five hundred acres each, one on each bank of the Washington Crossing. In Taylorsville, at the Crossing on the Pennsylvania shore, there is a memorial tablet upon which one may read this inscription:

Near this spot
WASHINGTON
crossed the Delaware,
on Christmas Night, 1776,
The Eve of the Battle of Trenton.

[1] The McKonkeys, who kept their Delaware Ferry open at all seasons, offering temporary shelter to weather-beaten travellers, must have struck a sympathetic note in the heart of General Washington, who, in early youth, had operated the Ferry from the Pine Grove Farm across the Rappahannock to Fredericksburg under similar conditions.

able spirit—with the thrilling events that followed hard upon it, sent a lightning-flash of renewed hope through the despairing States, lending a silver lining to the dark cloud of disaster that had so long hung low over the land. Cornwallis' "skirmish" had grown to war size overnight; and his return to England was indefinitely postponed.

CHAPTER XXVI

TRENTON AND PRINCETON. WRESTING VICTORY FROM THE JAWS OF DEFEAT. DEATH OF GENERAL MERCER. THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN WINTER QUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN. GEORGE WASHINGTON, VISUALIST AND STRATEGIST

THAT SUDDEN flash of foreknowledge—or was it defiance?—which inspired Washington's heroic return to Trenton, the scene of his previous bitter discouragement, put victory into his hands. With "Victory or Death" as the countersign for the day, the little Continental Army, led by its brave Commander-in-Chief, took the revelling Hessians by surprise on that memorable day after Christmas, and won the sharp encounter which followed—in which Colonel Rahl ("The Hessian Lion") was mortally wounded, and his force of a thousand Hessians captured. Soon after the smoke of battle cleared, the jubilant Continentals swept on to Princeton, where they celebrated the New Year by winning another victory on the third of January, 1777.

There was a tense moment in the battle of Princeton when defeat seemed imminent; as the demoralized Continentals broke ranks and were ready to rush from the field; when, but for Washington's fearlessness, the day must have been lost for America. But the same hot fury that had blazed out at Kip's Bay blazed out again, even more fiercely, at Princeton. Anger flashing from his eyes, Washington rode his horse at full speed between the lines, and, in the heavy cross fire from both armies, came to a halt facing the enemy and ordered his wavering men back to the charge. Colonel Fitzgerald, his aide on the field, covered his eyes that he might not see what he believed to be the inevitable end of

General Hugh Mercer, Washington's close friend, bayonetted to death by British soldiery at Princeton.

Surrender of the mortally wounded Colonel Rahl at Trenton. *By John Trumbull.*

his heroic Chief. But Washington, dauntless and resolute, rode unscathed along the line; while his faltering troops, electrified by his act, forgot their panic, plunged back into the fight with renewed ardor—and pluckily won.[1]

Washington's recklessness in times of peril was a source of uneasiness to his fellow officers—and even to Congress, which received long-distance tidings of it now and again; but to Washington himself it was nothing. He gave no thought at any time to heroics; and his valorous action at Princeton was "all in the day's work." Just how little importance he attached to it is revealed in this brief letter to General Schuyler, written shortly afterward:

> "The enemy, by two lucky strokes at Trenton and Princeton, have been obliged to abandon every part of New Jersey except Brunswick and Amboy. I hope, by preventing them from sending their foraging parties to any great distance, to reduce them to the utmost distress in the course of this winter."

Evidently it was well known to Washington that the enemy, too, were encountering hardship—hunger, cold, general privation. The patriotic Jerseymen—farmers and townfolk alike—lost no opportunity to harass the unwelcome invaders with an occasional musket ball, supplementing the skirmishes between Washington's Continentals and the enemy outposts.[2] They owed these foreigners something on their own score, for the looting and indignities they had suffered through Rahl's Hessians. And they paid it, with interest, whenever and wherever they could.

General Hugh Mercer, friend and neighbor of Washington's youth, lost his life in this battle of Princeton—brutally done to death by enemy bayonets while on foot, his horse

[1] The battle of Princeton gave Washington far-reaching fame as a strategist.

[2] There were comparatively few pitched battles during the eight-year struggle, the Continentals being generally too impoverished—in armament, rations and men—to fight always in battle formation.

1. Battle of Trenton.
2. Hand-to-hand fighting.
3. View of Trenton.

having been shot under him.[1] It is said that a British soldier having called him "rebel," coupling the epithet with a vile oath, the General lunged at him with his sword; whereupon the ruffian and several of his fellow mercenaries attacked the general and bayoneted him to death. This unprecedented treatment of an unhorsed soldier—and that soldier a general—created intense bitterness between the opposing armies and the nations they represented.[2]

Not all the British at Princeton were of this cowardly

1. Morristown headquarters of Washington in 1779 and 1780.

2. Headquarters at Trenton.

stripe, however. The gallantry of one Redcoat regiment prompted the observant Washington to remark:

"See how those noble fellows fight! Ah, gentlemen, when

[1] General Mercer's youngest son, Hugh Mercer, Jr., was six months old at the time of his father's death. The distinguished title, "Child of the Republic," was bestowed upon him, as it had earlier been bestowed upon the eldest son of General Warren, slain at Bunker Hill. Both boys were educated at the expense of the United States. Hugh Mercer, Jr., died at seventy-nine years of age, on the old Mercer farm at Fredericksburg—the "Sentry-box Farm." (See page 307.)

[2] When the Third Regiment was being raised in the Virginia Assembly at Williamsburg, there was considerable rivalry among the volunteer officers for its command. In the midst of the discussion a slip of paper was handed to the Speaker, bearing these roughly scrawled words:

"Hugh Mercer will serve his adopted country in the cause of liberty in any rank or station to which he may be appointed."

General Mercer's funeral ceremonies were solemnized in Philadelphia, foes as well as friends, in great numbers, attending to pay their final respects to a sterling patriot and a brave soldier.

1. Deserted camp fires that deceived the enemy at Princeton.
2. General Mercer's death at Princeton

shall we be able to keep an army long enough together to display discipline equal to our enemy's?" [1]

Throughout his entire military career Washington's conduct proved him to be dowered with extraordinary military insight and an almost uncanny facility for putting his finger directly on the weak and strong points of army formation. In a letter written to the president of Congress regarding his rapidly disintegrating army, he once tersely out-

Washington at Princeton. *H. A. Ogden.* © *Jones Bros. Publishing Company.*

lined a deplorable situation in his comment on short-time enlistments of men who

> "come in, you cannot tell how; go, you cannot tell when; and act, you cannot tell where; consume your provisions, exhaust your stores, and leave you at a critical moment."

[1] On this and many other occasions the Commander-in-Chief was deeply conscious of the great disparity between his own untrained militia and the sternly disciplined British troops. It was not until 1917, when the United States went into the World War, that the militia of all the States became a national unit. Up to that time, each State had assumed responsibility for its own militia.

Battle Monument at Trenton.

At a later date he reverted to the subject in terms which clearly reveal his harassment of mind:

> "The disadvantages (of short-time enlistments) are so great and apparent to me that I am convinced, uncertain as the continuance of the war is, that Congress had better determine to give a bounty of twenty, thirty, or even forty dollars, to every man who will enlist for the whole time, be it long or short."

Having followed up the successes at Trenton and Princeton with a continuous harassing of the enemy outposts, Washington paused in his whirlwind campaign long enough to write a brief note to the president of Congress, conveying portentous news in a characteristically modest way:

> "Pluckamin, Jany 5th, 1777.
>
> "Dear Sir:
>
> "The inclosed coming to you open, leaves nothing for me to add on the score of information of our circumstances and situation. A report (and as such only I give it) is just brought that the enemy are evacuating Brunswick, and moving towards Amboy or Woodbridge.
>
> "Your sending the inclosed for Mrs. Washington to the Post Office (if in time for the Southern mail) will much oblige, dear Sir,
>
> "Yr most obedt servt
>
> "G. Washington."

Washington now settled down in winter quarters at Morristown;[1] and in January and February, 1777, foreseeing a protracted struggle before victory could possibly be gained, elaborated his plans for a strategic campaign. Unquestionably, he visualized then, in its entirety, the purpose of the enemy; which we, in the light of his subsequent success, are able to view in perspective as a clever scheme, more cleverly frustrated.

The three geographical sections of the Thirteen Colonies

[1] In the old Arnold or Freeman Tavern, today the site of the United States Hotel.

—the newly declared United States of America—were New England, the Middle Region and the South. Only in the four Eastern States was there a concentrated population:

The Princeton monument commemorating Washington's victory, January 3, 1777. *Macmonnies.*

and in this section—or so it was generally believed in England—were congregated not only the more rebellious of the people, but those having the largest and richest mari-

time and inland resources. If, then, reasoned the British government, New England could be subjugated first, and thus detached from the Middle and Southern Colonies, in which the population was more scattered, the rebellion must inevitably die a natural death—from sheer lack of spirit, of resources, or of both.

This projected *coup d'état*, however, was based on faulty premises and so came to nothing. The South proved, to the end, tenacious for the cause of liberty; the Middle Region furnished, promptly and fully, the threefold requisition of the Continental Congress for men, money and supplies; while battles fought on the soil of the four Middle States outnumbered all those fought in New England and the South put together.[1]

The British cabinet, however, decided upon a threefold plan of conquest: one army to be despatched southward from Canada, one northward up the Hudson, and the third eastward from the western frontier; the three to form an alliance at Albany, and, with their combined forces overwhelm and crush the rebellious colonists. It seemed—at a distance of three thousand miles—a simple matter to put this scheme into effect; hence the three expeditions—one headed by General Burgoyne, one by Colonel St. Leger, and the third by General Howe. The truth of the old proverb was amply substantiated by the results of these various expeditions, for Barry St. Leger came to grief at Fort Schuyler,[2] and Burgoyne at Saratoga; while Lord Howe's delay in

[1] There were still many Tories throughout the States—not a few, indeed, who remained Tories to the end. The city and suburbs of New York were two-thirds Tory. Oliver DeLancey, a prominent New Yorker, was so powerful a Tory that General Howe commissioned him as a brigadier-general, with authority to raise a brigade. In New Hampshire, a regiment called the "Queen's Rangers" was raised by Robert Rogers, a Tory spy who had been made a colonel. The Queen's Rangers lost heavily at White Plains and Rogers fled in the darkness. Monmouth county, New Jersey, was largely Tory; and there was much Toryism in the South, especially in North Carolina.

[2] Formerly Fort Stanwix, Rome, New York.

starting northward—said to have been due to Lord Germain's neglect to sign important documents in England—ultimately ruined the entire plan.

Washington, with a farsightedness that amounted to genius, discerned this colossal plan; and it was upon the evolving of a scheme of checkmate, equally colossal, that he now concentrated his energies. His campaigns along the Atlantic Coast, from this point in the war, may be best interpreted in the light of his determination to force the British out of New Jersey and Pennsylvania and prevent them from acquiring control of the valley of the Hudson. One means of controlling the Hudson River was by two chains, one of which was stretched just below West Point, the second five miles lower down, between Forts Clinton and Montgomery. For months local blacksmiths were forging these chains, which weighed something like one hundred and fifty pounds each.

While these projects were forming, in his mind, Washington issued the following proclamation from Morristown Headquarters in January, 1777:

> *PROCLAMATION* by His Excellency, George Washington, Esq., General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces of the United States of America:
>
> *WHEREAS*, several persons, inhabitants of the United States of America, influenced by inimical motives, intimidated by the threats of the enemy, or deluded by a proclamation issued on the 30th of November last by Lord and General Howe, styled the King's Commissioners[1] for granting pardons, etc. (now at open war and invading these States), have been so lost to the interest and welfare of their country as to repair to the enemy, sign a Declaration of Fidelity, and in some instances have been compelled to take the Oath of Allegiance and engage not to

[1] Admiral Howe was an earl, General Howe a viscount; both were entitled to the courtesy of "Lord."

take up arms or encourage others so to do, against the King of Great Britain. And

WHEREAS, it has become necessary to distinguish between the friends of America and those of Great Britain, inhabitants of these States, and that every man who receives protection therefrom and as a subject of any State (not being conscientiously scrupulous against bearing arms), should stand ready to defend the same against hostile invasion,

I DO, therefore, in behalf of the United States, by virtue of the powers committed to me by Congress, hereby strictly command and require every person having subscribed such Declaration, taken such oaths, and accepted such protection and certificate, to repair to Headquarters, or to the quarters of the nearest general officer of the Continental Army or militia, until further provision can be made by civil authority, and there deliver up such protection, certificate and passports, and take the Oath of Allegiance to the United States of America. Nevertheless, hereby granting full liberty to all such as prefer the interest and protection of Great Britain to the freedom and happiness of their country, forthwith to withdraw themselves and families within the enemy's lines.

AND I DO HEREBY DECLARE that all and every person who may neglect or refuse to comply with this order within thirty days from date thereof will be deemed adherents to the King of Great Britain, and treated as common enemies to these American States.

"Given at Headquarters, Morris Town,

"By His Excellency's Command,

"Robert H. Harrison, Sec." [1]

[1] This document was copied verbatim in a History of the American Revolution published in England in 1780. A highly prized copy of this work (which, published anonymously, created a profound sensation in England) is now in the possession of the author.

This important and, in the circumstances, very necessary document being brought to the attention of Congress, that body proved so lacking in loyalty to the Commander-in-Chief as to censure him for its promulgation, officially placing such censure on the records, an act which delighted Tories.

There was nothing new in this attitude on the part of Congress. During the anxious months which had followed the battle of Long Island, Washington had been afforded ample opportunity for learning how unstable a prop that vacillating body could be upon occasion. Ready enough to throw the burden of the war upon his sturdy shoulders in that summer of 1775, a year and a half before, it had not been nearly so ready to give him the support he needed in order to "carry on." The ordinary man would have resigned in the face of such treatment.

Much the same political spirit that ruled the Houses of Parliament at Westminster manifested itself in the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia—and, later, in Baltimore. A vacillating policy—probably resulting from the subconscious conflict of a newly evolved independence with an as yet unconquered fear of the powers across the sea—sometimes bore pernicious fruit. Even though the act of separation between England and the Colonies had been ratified by the American provisional government, there was often manifest—in the American Congress, as well as in the British cabinet—a reluctance to take decisive action. It was due to this reluctance that, during the early years of the war, battles were lost that should have been won; the necessary support—which, had it been promptly given would have assured victory—being withheld at crucial moments. Days of enforced inaction that followed several sharp engagements—that of Long Island among them—lend substance to this humiliating reflection. In those first two years—and even as late as 1778—the opposing armies

met in half-hearted conflict too frequently for success on either side. Incredible as it may seem, among the Americans a not infrequent query was: "Must we give up the mother country?" and, among the British, "Must we let the American Colonies go?"

That there was a spirit of disaffection at work in Congress was not to be denied; it was a fact of which Washington was perfectly cognizant. There is an undercurrent of bitterness running through that letter which he wrote to the president of Congress on the fourteenth of March, 1777, referring to the impracticable program which had been arrogantly laid out for him to execute, barren of the wherewithal.

> "Could I accomplish the important objects so eagerly wished by Congress—'confining the enemy within their present quarters, preventing their getting supplies from the country, and totally subduing them before they are reinforced'—I should be happy indeed. But what prospect or hope can there be of my effecting so desirable a work at this time?"

Had a lesser man than Washington been at the head of the American Army, the dearest wish of the British cabinet might easily have come true. But Washington was a host in himself; and neither the machinations of turbulent influences in Congress nor the imposing forces of the British army could subdue his unconquerable spirit.

CHAPTER XXVII

LAFAYETTE COMES FROM FRANCE TO FIGHT FOR AMERICA. WASHINGTON'S FRIENDSHIP WITH THE YOUNG ARISTOCRAT. LAFAYETTE WOUNDED AT BRANDYWINE. CAPTURE OF PHILADELPHIA. BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN. STARK'S VICTORY AT BENNINGTON. BURGOYNE CAPTURES TICONDEROGA. BATTLES OF ORISKANY AND SARATOGA.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in Paris at the court of Louis XVI, had presented the cause of the American Republic with eloquent purpose. Already his pleading had won many influential friends for the struggling young nation across the Atlantic; and although official recognition did not come until some time later, the French King gave many personal manifestations of kindly feeling—little dreaming that before many years had passed France would be following roughly in the footprints of America—but with far more devastating results.

From its earliest inception there was about the American Revolution an aura of high adventure, of splendid romance, which vastly appealed to chivalrous youth. It had so appealed to the nineteen-year-old Alexander Hamilton; it appealed in equal measure to the nineteen-year-old aristocrat, Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Guilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette, inspiring him to immediate and vigorous action. He went to Benjamin Franklin and voluntarily offered himself and his services to America, and Franklin—wise, shrewd, and a great admirer of youth—tactfully accepted the offering.

At his own expense, in his own ship, and with a command of eleven well-born young men as chivalrous as himself—

Baron John DeKalb among them—the Marquis de Lafayette sailed secretly from a Spanish port in the spring of 1777, pre-

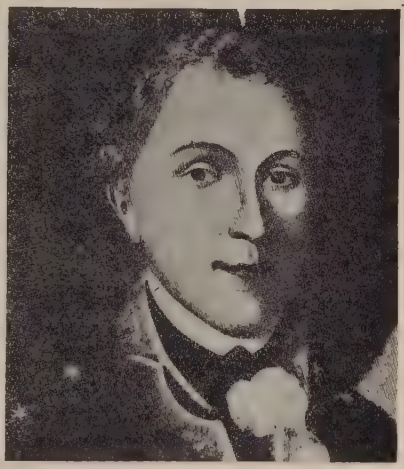
Duplessis' portrait of Lafayette.

pared to give his life, if necessary, for the cause of Liberty in America. In France he was blue-blooded aristocrat and Royalist to the finger-tips; in America he was voluntary

Lafayette meeting English diplomats.

patriot, asking nothing, giving much.[1] The little company landed at Georgetown, South Carolina, in April, 1777.

In his kindly, undemonstrative way, Washington was strongly drawn to this gallant French boy, with his youth, his earnestness, his charming manners. The attraction was mutual. Lafayette adored the American Commander-in-Chief, whose whole life-history—as viewed through the rose-colored haze of youth—had been a magnificent gesture.

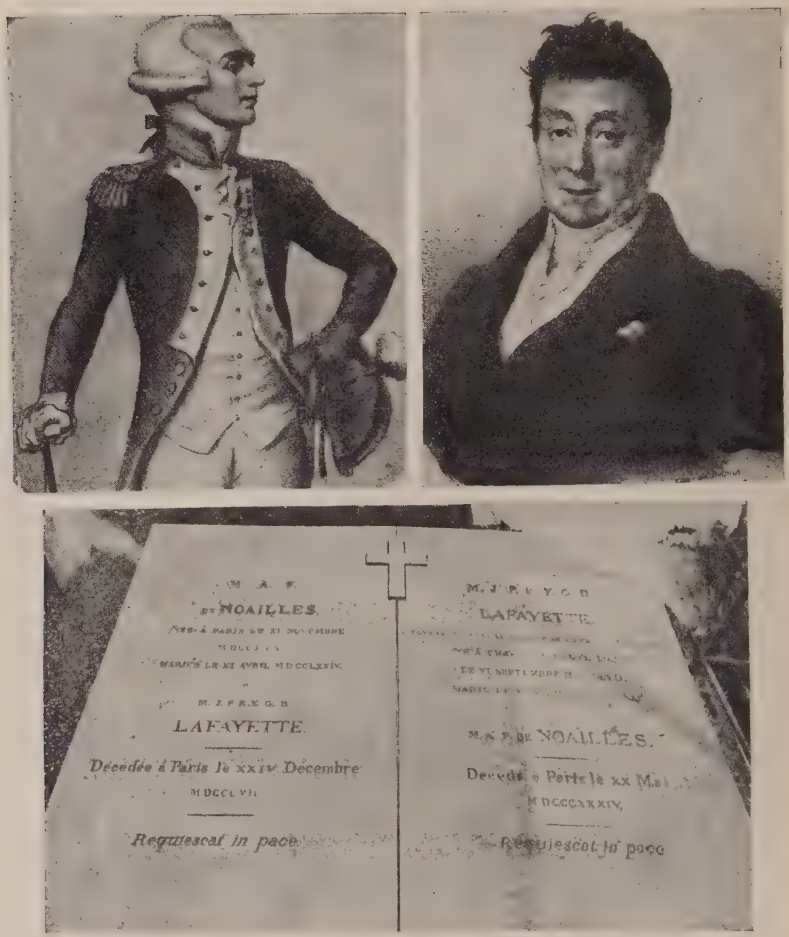


1. Washington meeting Lafayette.
2. Peale's portrait of Lafayette.

The friendship between the great General and the eager youth, once sealed, was never broken.

Although Lafayette volunteered as a private, his soldierly ability, his dauntless courage and his readiness to share the common lot—with no favors asked—impressed the Americans so favorably that Congress, overlooking his extreme youth, shortly invested him with the rank of Lieutenant-

[1] Lafayette was not in sympathy with the Republican movement in his own country, and the Revolution there was a source of grief and horror to him. When asked what part he had taken in the French débâcle, he said, simply, "I survived."



1. Lafayette when he came to America in April, 1777.
2. Lafayette when he laid the corner stone of Bunker Hill, in 1825.
3. Tombs of Marquis and Madame Lafayette in Picpus Cemetery, Paris.

Courtesy of State Street Trust Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

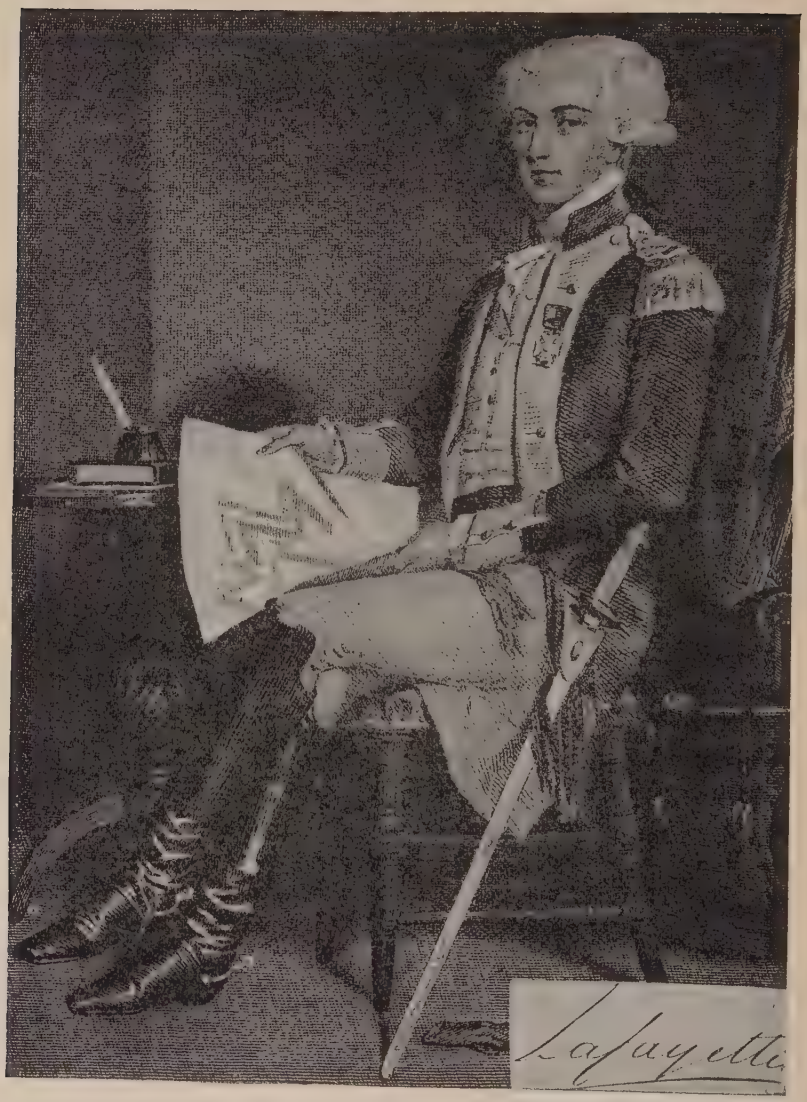
General.[1] Both he and his comrades acquitted themselves nobly from the beginning. Washington was in sore need of young, self-forgetful officers; and he accorded these ardent young volunteers a warm welcome—with a promise of warm work soon to come. Lafayette he attached to his own command. The political and military complications

1. Bartholdi's statue of Lafayette in Union Square, New York.
2. George Washington Lafayette, son of the Marquis.

that might so easily have resulted from Lafayette's open espousal of America's cause were adroitly averted by the diplomatic skill of Washington on this side of the Atlantic and Franklin in France.[2]

[1] When Congress showed reluctance to accept Lafayette's services, he wrote: "I have the right to expect two favors: one is to serve at my own expense, and the other is to serve as a volunteer." In four days Lafayette received his commission.

[2] No matter how deeply Washington's feelings might be involved, he never permitted them to encroach upon what he conceived to be his public duty. Deep



Chappel's portrait of Lafayette.

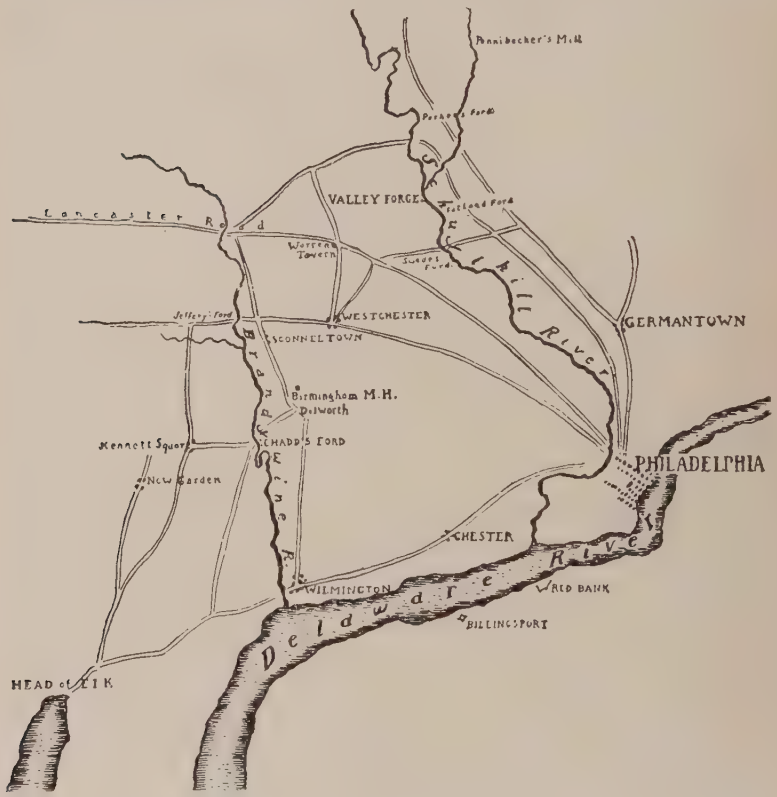
Apparently the British and their mercenaries were not favorably impressed with the New Jersey brand of American justice; and in order to avoid the vengeance of a countryside which they had ruthlessly ravaged and looted, their next act on the program was the attempted capture of Philadelphia by the water approach. With this objective in view, Howe left New York on the twenty-third of July, 1777; but when he reached the mouth of the Delaware, it was to discover that Washington's floating batteries on that river, supplemented by the forts and redoubts at Red Bank, Billingsport, Mud Island, and other fortifications along the river banks, barred further advance toward the city by the waterway; while it was barred, as to the land route, at Wilmington, where Washington now had assembled his troops. Howe's next move, therefore, was to enter Chesapeake Bay with his fleet of warships, landing eighteen thousand men at Turkey Point, a few miles south of Head of Elk (now Elkton), and something more than fifty miles west of Philadelphia.

The Continentals knew of the British advance and were preparing for it. General Greene erected light redoubts on the east bank of the Brandywine River on the ninth of September, while the Commander-in-Chief awaited Howe's approach at Chadd's Ford. Howe and Cornwallis, however, probably directed by a Tory spy,—marched their troops up to Jeffery's Ford, which was unpicketed, crossed the Brandywine there and struck in a southerly direction through Sconneltown to the Birmingham Quaker Meeting House.[1] Here, concealed by the woods, they blocked the American avenues of retreat.

as was his friendship for Lafayette, when that gallant nobleman's young son, George Washington Lafayette, visited America, many years after, Washington arranged that he should be entertained by Alexander Hamilton, in order that there might be no political complications.

[1] This building is still in use, its sturdy stone walls defiant alike of time and the elements.

Taken thus by surprise, surrounded by a superior force, and—in a measure—outgeneralled, Washington nevertheless held on. The Hessians, commanded by General Knyphausen, had encamped on the west bank of the Brandywine,



Details of the defence of Philadelphia by Washington. Its capture by Lord Howe. Battles of Brandywine and Germantown. © *Ernest Peixotto. Courtesy of Chas. Scribners' Sons.*

at Chadd's Ford—opposite Washington's encampment; and on the eleventh of September a small detachment of Americans crossed the ford and engaged the Hessians in a skirmish. It was a courageous sortie, but the Americans, outnumbered, were driven back. The Hessians followed them

across the river, the British advanced from their line at the rear—and the battle of Brandywine was on. Attacked on all sides, Washington nevertheless effected a retreat—

Monument commemorating the battle of Brandywine.

gallantly covered by Lafayette, who, in this "baptism of fire," was wounded in the leg.

From the first, Brandywine had been a practically hopeless battle—for the Americans. Washington's reason for engaging in it was twofold: first, his determination to demonstrate to the enemy, to his own army, to the States, and to the city itself, that Philadelphia could not be taken without

a struggle; and, second, his disinclination to retreat without first showing his mettle.

At Brandywine, Washington had a narrow escape from being shot from ambush. Reconnoitring the enemy lines, with only one cavalryman in attendance, his tall figure caught the eye of Major Ferguson, of the Forty-third English Foot. Ferguson, seeing a Continental officer riding by with an attendant, ordered three sharpshooters under cover to fire; but, suddenly realizing the enormity of killing

As Philadelphia looked to Lord Howe.

a fellow white man—and an officer—from ambush, after the stealthy Indian method, cancelled the order before the men could obey. Not until several days afterward, the story runs, did Major Ferguson learn that it was the Rebel Chieftain himself whose life he had humanely spared "on sober second thought." [1]

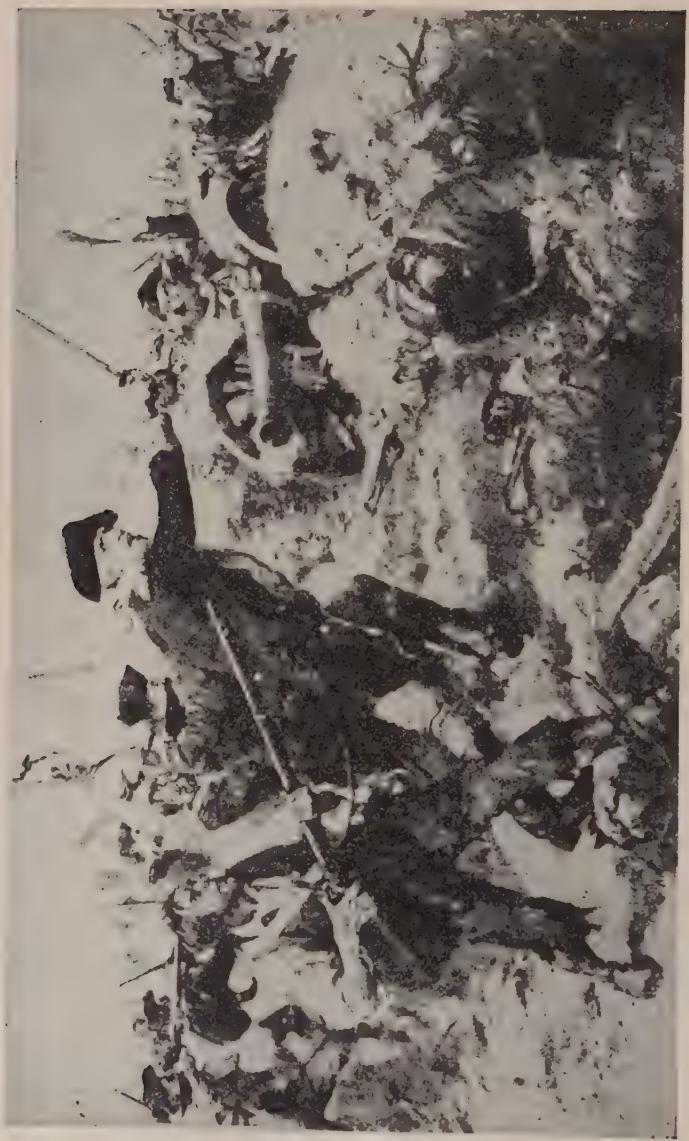
Thus was the Indian Chief's prophecy—at Monongahela in 1775 and on the frontier in 1772—again miraculously ful-

[1] One escape is recorded at Trenton as a bullet struck the hilt of his uplifted sword, just missing his fingers, as he ordered his men to charge.

filled. Washington was often under fire; shells exploded at his feet; horses were shot under him; bullets pierced his clothing; but, although he had at least a score of "close

1. Battle of Germantown, October 4, 1777.
2. The Chew house.

calls," he came through without a single wound. Howe followed Washington toward the east, but avoided further encounters; and after several feints, reversed his tracks,



Stark at Bennington. "There are the Redcoats, and they are ours, or this night Molly Stark sleeps a widow."
F. C. Yohn. Courtesy of Continental Insurance Co.

entering Philadelphia on the twenty-sixth of September. There his reception was quite to his taste, since many of the Quakers in the city had Tory inclinations. Quartering the main body of his army at Germantown, and reducing the two forts below Philadelphia—Fort Mercer and the Billingsport redoubt—Howe proceeded to prepare for another conflict.

By this time Washington had received needed reinforcements from Peekskill, and, deciding to make a stand at

Battle-field at Bennington, Vermont.

Germantown, commenced operations on the sixth of October, 1777. The battle began with the Americans skirmishing with British outposts; but the chief scene of conflict was Germantown's one main street, which was swept from end to end. An important phase of the fight centred in the Chew house (Cliveden), which, being substantially built of stone, offered stubborn resistance, and involved an interruption of an hour or more at a critical stage of the battle. This seriously interfered with Washington's plans, separated his forces, and, augmented by a confusing, foe finally resulted in his losing the fight with the British in possession of the field. It was not a disastrous defeat, however; and it afforded

Battle of Bennington, August 16, 1777, where John Stark corralled Colonel Baume and five hundred Hessians. *Chappel.*

Washington an opportunity for trying out his "green" troops.

Some two months before the battle of Germantown, a company of American militia, under the command of Colonel John Stark,[1] had won a signal victory on the sixteenth of August, 1777, at Bennington, Vermont, saving the stores, defeating and capturing Colonel Baume and his five hundred Hessians.[2] This victory was a setback to the enemy, dimming the glory acquired earlier through the capture of Crown Point (Skenesboro today) and Whitehall, and the recapture of Ticonderoga by General Burgoyne. Under orders from the governor of Canada, Burgoyne made a brilliant sortie down Lake Champlain, and with the assistance of Generals Fraser and Riedesel captured Fort Ticonderoga, forcing its evacuation by General St. Clair. After various skirmishes, including the Battle of Hubbardton, he finally reached Fort Edward on the Hudson.

Map showing manœuvres around Ticonderoga.

One of the most strenuously fought battles of the war was that at Oriskany (Fort Dayton), when Nicholas Herkimer lost his life in blocking Burgoyne's attempt to capture Fort Stanwix on the sixth of August, 1777. General Philip Schuyler cannily impeded Burgoyne's march by felling trees, coralling granaries, and appropriating all meat on the hoof. Kept on short rations, deserted by their Indian allies, the

[1] Stark had spent many years with Indians.

[2] The only Revolutionary battles in which the militia gained complete victory were Bennington, Vt., and King's Mountain, S. C.

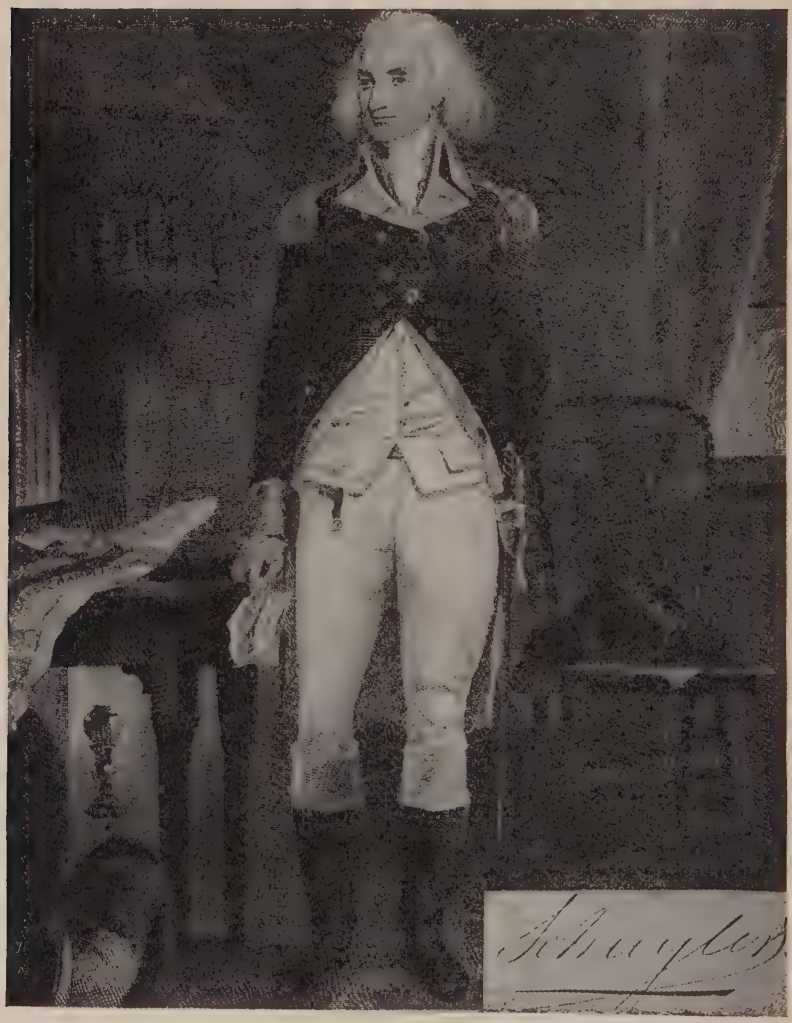
General Herkimer at Oriskany. *Courtesy of Continental Fire Insurance Co., New York and the Utica, N. Y. Public Library. F. C. Yohn.*

Manœuvres in campaign against Burgoyne that caused his surrender.

© *Ernest Peixotto. Courtesy of Chas. Scribners' Sons.*

halo that had accumulated about the earlier victories rapidly flickered out.

Burgoyne, though hemmed in on every side, valiantly fought two battles at Saratoga—the first at Freeman's



General Philip Schuyler. *Chappel.*

Farm, the second on Saratoga Plains. He lost both, and surrendered his splendid army to the Americans on the seventeenth of October, 1777.[1] The Saratoga victory, with the capture of Burgoyne,[2]—following the successes at Bennington and Oriskany,—turned the tide of opinion in America's favor, and placed Washington's army fairly in the line of success.[3] More important than all, the brilliant coup at Saratoga, completely cutting off one-third of the British forces, was instrumental in winning France to the support of the American cause; for it now became a matter of general belief abroad that America would win in the end.

Lord Chatham, always the friend of America, upon hearing of the Saratoga victory, addressed Parliament in these fiery words:

> "You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; you may pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign power. Your efforts are forever vain and impotent—

[1] The seventeenth of October seems to have been an unfortunate day for the British. Four years later, on the seventeenth of October, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown—and the Revolutionary War was over. On the seventeenth of October, 1775, British troops burned Falmouth, an act which turned many a half Tory into a full patriot.

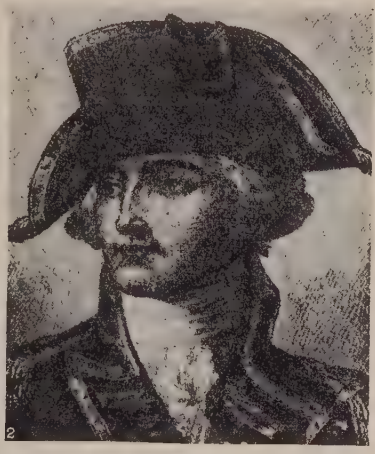
[2] General Burgoyne's poetic nature shone forth when General Gates reprimanded him for Indian atrocities, referring especially to the murder of Jane McCrea, to which Burgoyne replied:

> "I could not be conscious of the foul deed you impute to me for the whole continent of America, though the wealth of worlds were in its bowels and a paradise upon its surface."

[3] When Sir Guy Carleton, Governor of Canada, despatched Generals Burgoyne, St. Leger and Fraser, commanding his finest troops, to recapture Lake Champlain, conquer the Hudson River valley, and connect with Howe at Albany, he launched a boomerang that resulted in appalling disaster to the British. Eventually, it is true, the troops reached Cambridge; but as prisoners of war, not as conquerors. To Burgoyne it must have savored of the irony of fate to enter as a prisoner the town in which he had arrived in 1775 with blare of trumpets and roll of drums—one of the "Three Bow-wows," as Boston insultingly characterized Generals Howe, Burgoyne and Clinton.

The Continentals at Oriskany going into battle for the first time under the new flag. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*

doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely, for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies."



1. Colonel Barry St. Leger. 2. General John Burgoyne.
3. Burgoyne's encampment on the Hudson.

Benedict Arnold's mad dash against the British, contrary to orders, the summary removal of General Schuyler—who planned the campaign in every detail—and the appointment of General Gates to succeed him were salient features of

Battle of Saratoga. Burgoyne surrendered October 17, 1777

the Saratoga battle that kept gossipping tongues wagging long afterward. Temporarily the scheming Gates received the credit for the victory, though eventually Schuyler came into his own.

Gates, a friend of Charles Lee, and intensely jealous of Washington, having succeeded in his cherished project of supplanting General Schuyler—a friend of Washington—sent the news of the Saratoga conquest direct to Congress, instead of first notifying Washington, as his superior officer, a pointed and intentional insult to the Commander-in-Chief. His courier, Major Wilkinson, was fifteen days on the road, and took three days more to put his papers in order. Congress proposed to present him with a sword; but the Scotchman, Dr. Witherspoon, humorously and not without meaning, suggested:

"Gie the lad a pair o' spurs."

John Adams, who was sometimes friendly to Washington and sometimes not, observed—when Gates was receiving encomiums for the victory—that it was cause for thanksgiving that the tide had not been turned by Washington and the Southern troops, as the adulation would then have been intolerable.

The news of the victory reached Washington in a letter from his staunch friend, Governor Clinton:

"Albany, 18th October, 1777.

"Last night, at eight o'clock, the capitulation whereby General Burgoyne and whole Army surrendered themselves prisoners of war was signed, and this morning they have to march out towards the river above Fish Creek with the honors of war (and there ground their arms); they are from thence to be marched to Massachusetts Bay.

"We congratulate you on this happy event, and remain, &c.

"George Clinton."

On October 18, 1777 Washington thus gave thanks for the Saratoga success:

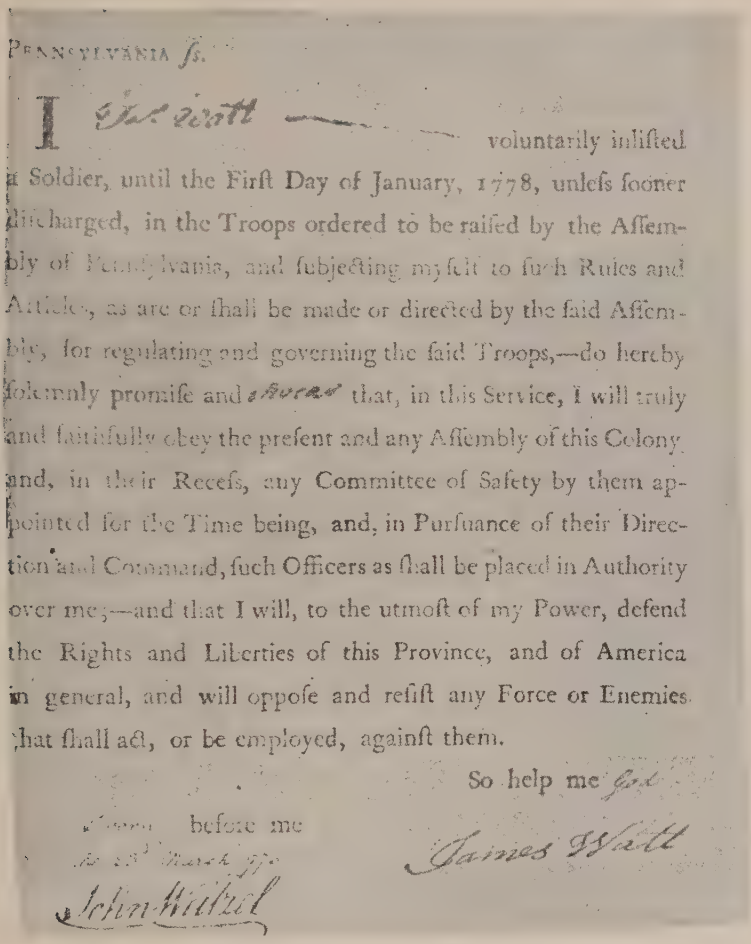
> "Let every face brighten and every heart expand with grateful joy and praise to the Supreme Disposer of all events, who has granted us this signal success.
>
> "I most devoutly congratulate you, my country, and every well-wisher to the cause, on this signal stroke of Providence.
>
> "Yrs., as before,
>
> "George."

The only direct notice that the magnanimous Washington took of Gates' deliberate insult to himself was to write a personal letter to Gates, though it deserved a court-martial:

> "I do myself the pleasure to congratulate you on the signal success of the army under your command, an event that does the highest honor to the American Army.
>
> "I cannot but regret that a matter of such magnitude, and so interesting to our general operations, should have reached me by report only, or thro' the channel of letters not bearing that authenticity which the importance of it required, and which it would have received by a line under your signature, stating the simple fact."

Washington wrote to Conway on the ninth of November:

> "A letter which I received last night contained the following paragraph:
>
> "In a letter from General Conway to General Gates, he says: 'Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general would have ruined it.' "
>
> "I am, Sir,
>
> "Your humble servant," etc.



PENNSYLVANIA ss.

I Jas. Watt voluntarily inlisted a Soldier, until the First Day of January, 1778, unless sooner discharged, in the Troops ordered to be raised by the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and subjecting myself to such Rules and Articles, as are or shall be made or directed by the said Assembly, for regulating and governing the said Troops,—do hereby solemnly promise and [illegible] that, in this Service, I will truly and faithfully obey the present and any Assembly of this Colony and, in their Recess, any Committee of Safety by them appointed for the Time being, and, in Pursuance of their Direction and Command, such Officers as shall be placed in Authority over me;—and that I will, to the utmost of my Power, defend the Rights and Liberties of this Province, and of America in general, and will oppose and resist any Force or Enemies that shall act, or be employed, against them.

So help me God

[illegible] before me

[illegible] March 1778

John Wetzel

James Watt

Facsimile of a Revolutionary enlistment.

On the day of Burgoyne's surrender Washington had written to Richard Henry Lee regarding this same Conway:

"I would ask why the youngest brigadier in the service should be put over the heads of the oldest, and thereby take rank and command of gentlemen who but

yesterday were his seniors; gentlemen who, as I will be bound to say, on behalf of some of them, at least, are of sound judgment and unquestionable bravery. . . . This truth I am well assured of, that they will not serve under him. I leave you to guess, therefore, at the situation this army would be in at so important a crisis, if this event should take place."

There were dark days ahead for Washington—darker than any that had gone before. No man has bitterer enemies than he whose character is above reproach.

CHAPTER XXVIII

GENERAL WASHINGTON AND HIS ARMY AT VALLEY FORGE. MRS. WASHINGTON ARRIVES. THE IMPOVERISHED, SUFFERING CONTINENTALS. INTRIGUE AND TREACHERY. A PRUSSIAN INSPECTOR-GENERAL AND DRILL-INSTRUCTOR. LAFAYETTE TAKES THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE. THE CONWAY CABAL. DETERIORATION OF CONTINENTAL MONEY. ATTEMPTED IMPEACHMENT OF WASHINGTON. LIFE-GUARD FLAG

JUST BEFORE Christmas, 1777, Washington went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, about twenty miles distant from Philadelphia. The British, apparently well content with their billets in the city, had attempted no further serious attack upon the "ragged Continentals," the number of which had by this time increased to some eleven thousand. Footsore, half-clothed, and lacking the necessities of bare existence, this tragic army, with Washington at their head, struggled through a December storm from Whitemarsh, some twelve miles from Philadelphia and began, with stoic endurance, to put up the crude shelters that were to be their only protection against the rigors of that unparallelled winter. Of their awful journey, Washington wrote:

> "Blood-stained footprints in the snow showed the course traversed by the 'Ragged Continentals' to Valley Forge."

Many of the men were still suffering from wounds received at Brandywine and Germantown. There was little help to be had, other than that which their willing but unskilled comrades could afford them. There were no base

hospitals in those days;[1] no efficient ambulance corps, with highly trained auxiliaries in the comforting guise of self-sacrificing Red Cross nurses. True, there were plenty of good women who were heart and soul with the cause, and

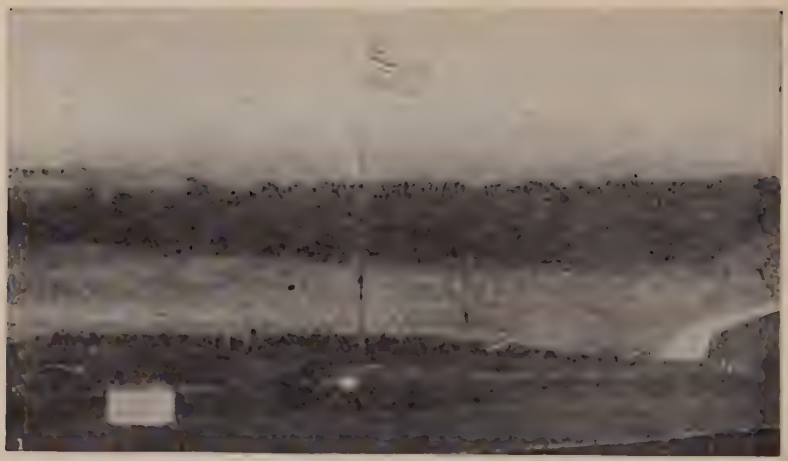
Map showing location of Valley Forge. *Courtesy of Reading Railroad.*

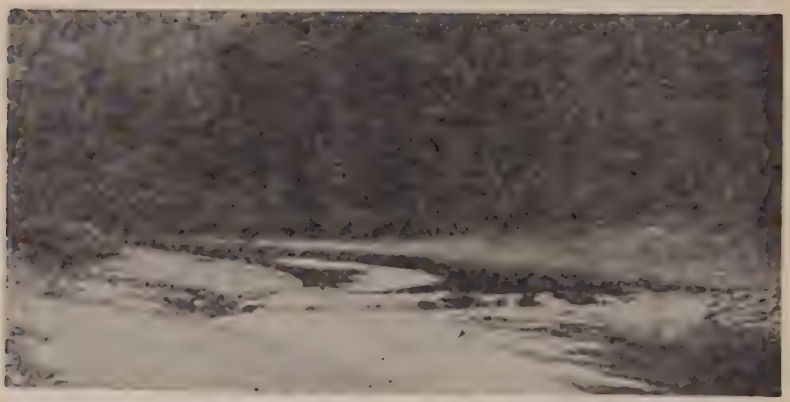
who did what they could,[2] but it was pitifully little, even at its best—judged by twentieth-century standards. Sur-

[1] The schoolhouse at Valley Forge, built by William Penn's daughter, Letitia, in 1706, was used as a hospital during the Continentals' occupation of the village. It is now utilized as a museum for relics of the occupation. Although the oldest schoolhouse in the United States, it is in perfect preservation. See illustrations on page 572.

[2] During that winter of 1777–8, Revolutionary Relief Associations were formed in three States—Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland. These were founded

Washington and his troops entering Valley Forge, December, 1777. *W. F. Trego, artist.* © *Geo. C. Priestley of Philadelphia.*





1. Fort Washington, Valley Forge, Pa.
2. Site of the Forge.
3. Facsimile of hut.
4. Soldiers' camp kettle, at Valley Forge

For the above and a number of Valley Forge illustrations credit is given to the Valley Forge Memorial Association and to D. J. Voorhees.

gery itself was painfully crude; there were no merciful anesthetics to bestow the blessing of unconsciousness during the

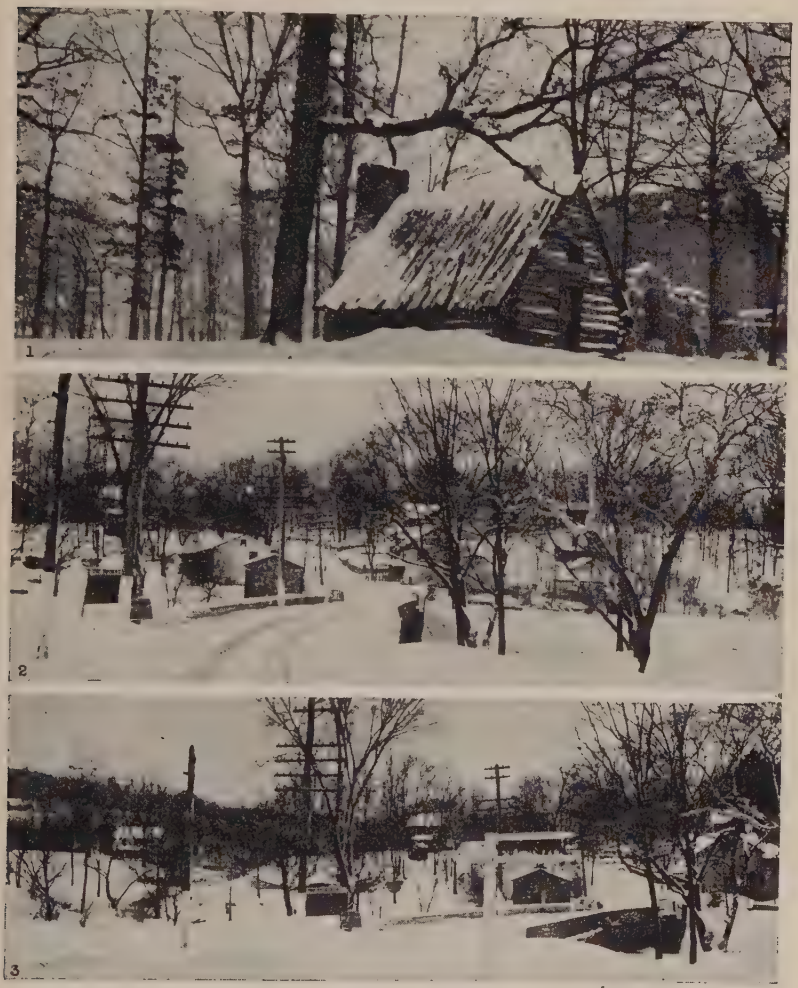
1. View of Potts farmhouse, at Valley Forge, with log addition.
2. End view of Washington's headquarters.

rough-and-ready operations that had to be performed. It was a ghastly business, altogether.

by Esther de Berdt Reed, wife of Colonel Reed, Washington's aide and secretary. Mrs. Reed, whose life was often in jeopardy during her ministrations, literally gave it to the cause, her death being directly due to overwork and exposure.

1. Bedroom in Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge.
2. Washington's Valley Forge office.

But there were sturdy hearts among the troops, and those of the men who were whole did double duty. Thomas



Scenes at Valley Forge. *Courtesy of T. Savage Clay, New York City.*

Paine, who was with the army on its march from Whitemarsh, wrote Benjamin Franklin of the camp activities:

"I was at Valley Forge when the army began to build huts. They appeared to me like a family of beavers, everyone busy; some carrying logs, others mud, and the rest plastering them together; the whole raised in a few days—a curious collection of buildings."

Tramping to Valley Forge from Whitemarsh in the storm. *Darley.*

These huts totalled fully one thousand and were laid out in streets. At the beginning of the Valley Forge occupation,

Washington "roughed it" among his men, his only shelter being an army tent.[1] But the farm of John Potts, the

Erecting huts at Valley Forge.

Quaker forge-master, skirted the woods in which the Continentals had encamped; and within two weeks the hospitality of the farmhouse had been offered to and accepted by the Commander-in-Chief.

Washington at prayer at Valley Forge, (bas-relief on Sub-Treasury).

The story runs that Washington, stricken to the heart by the suffering of his men — suffering which he was powerless to alleviate — knelt on the frozen ground in the woodlot and poured out his distress in prayer; that the Quaker Scotchman, John Potts, saw and heard — himself unseen and unheard; and that, saying to his wife, "That man must conquer in the end," he decided then and there to afford

[1] See illustration on page 573.

such help as lay within his gift. The story may or may not be true; but it is an indisputable fact that the best the

The Continental Army making winter quarters at Valley Forge in December, 1777. *Darley.*

Potts home could afford was General Washington's as long as he needed it—beginning with dinner on Christmas Day.[1]

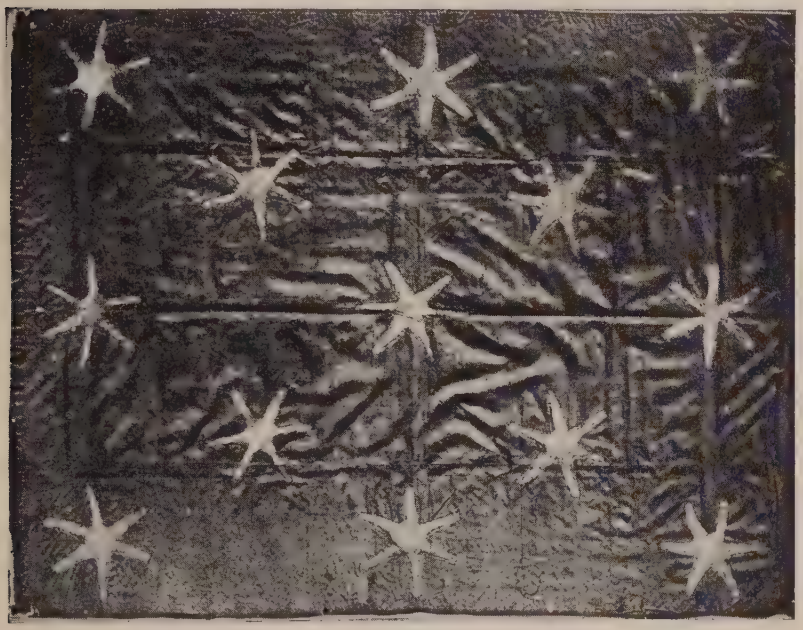
The Potts domain was a fifty-four-acre farm, skirted on one side by what was then a back road, but is now a motor

Site of Star Redoubt at Valley Forge used by Varnum's Rhode Islanders.

[1] The bronze tablet on the site of the old Federal Building on Wall Street, today the Sub-Treasury, portrays this scene.

It has been said that the Potts house was under lease at that time to Mrs.

highway (reminiscently named Continental Avenue); beyond which flows the Schuylkill river to the sea, overshadowed by the hills. On the timbered slope back of the house is the woodlot where Potts is said to have seen and heard George Washington in prayer; and scattered through the adjacent



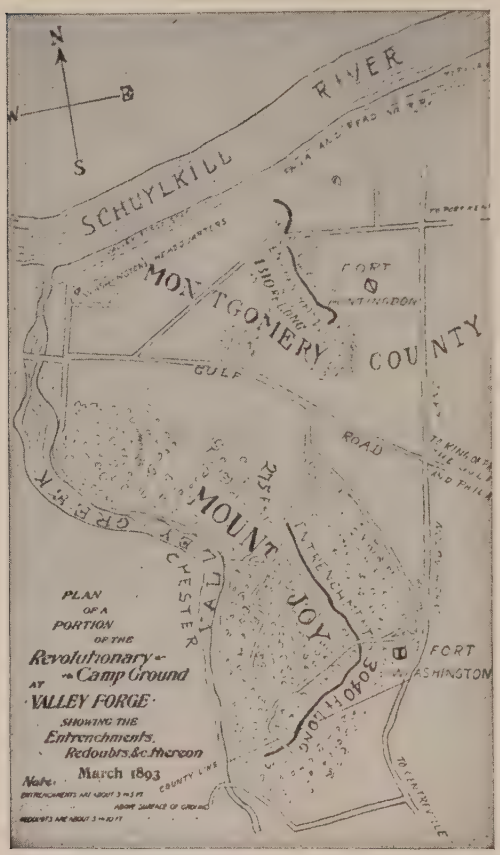
Washington's headquarters flag, with its six-pointed stars.
Courtesy of Rev. W. Herbert Burk, Valley Forge.

woodland are numerous huge stumps, the remnants of vanished trees that once sheltered the Commander and his troops.[1]

Deborah Hewes, a connection of the Potts family. However this may be, it is certain that Washington occupied the house from December 25, 1777, to June 19, 1778, and that he frequently met the forge-master, John Potts, whose home it undoubtedly was.

[1] Three months prior to Washington's arrival at Valley Forge, General Howe had occupied temporary headquarters in the village, while en route to Philadelphia. He made use of this pause to destroy the Gun Factory, in which guns had been manufactured for the Continental soldiers—probably after the same model as

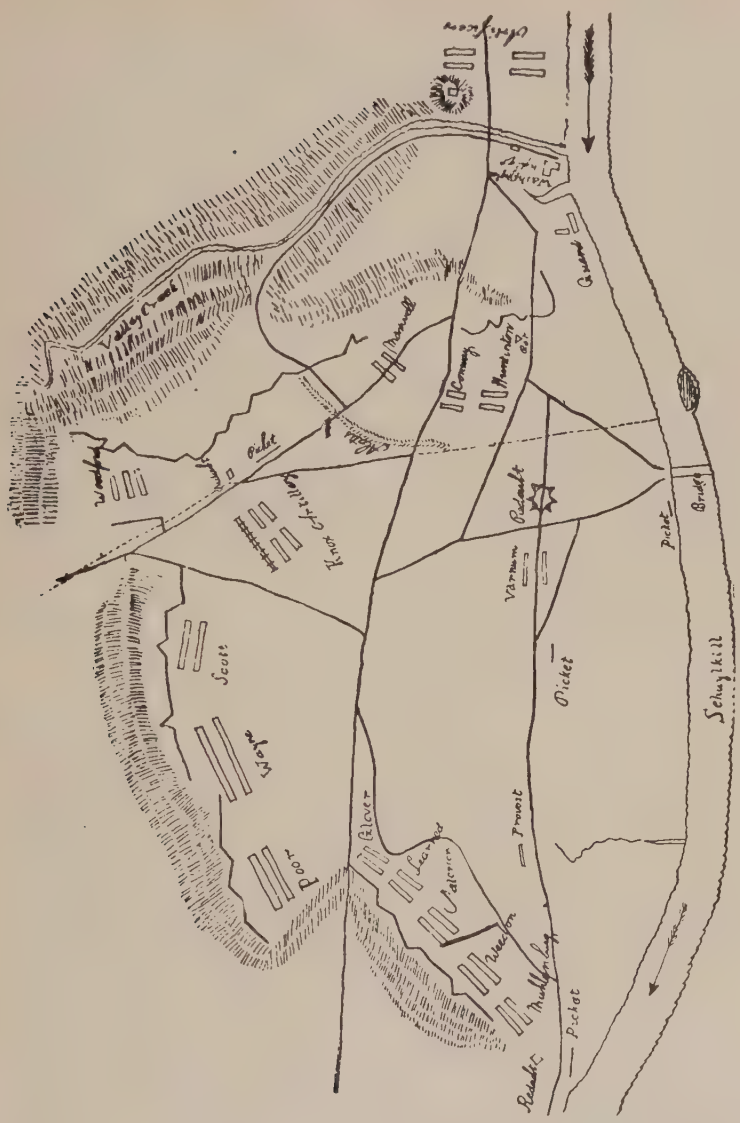
The house is stoutly built of stone, and has about it an air of substantial comfort. The visitor may see, today, the well-appointed dining room, combined living room and office, and the appropriately furnished if somewhat restricted upstairs quarters that were at the General's disposal during his stay. Alexander Hamilton slept in a hall bedroom on the second floor. The self-effacing Potts family may have bunked as best they might in a stuffy attic over the kitchen.



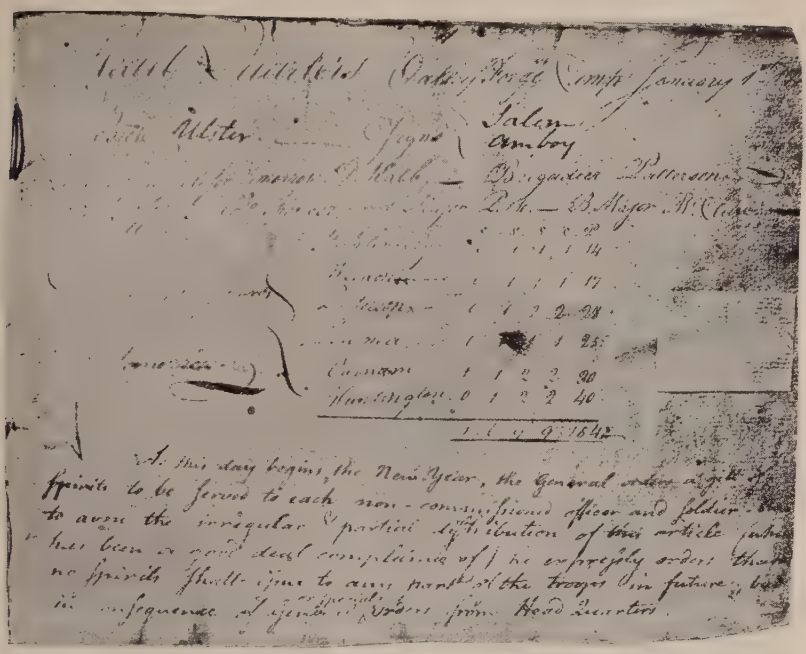
Plan of Revolutionary Camp, at Valley Forge.

To some extent the General was able to re-establish his domestic life while at the Potts house, Mrs. Washington having braved the dangers and discomforts of the long journey from Mt. Vernon in order to be with him. The one-story log addition to the kitchen was built at her suggestion. It has a brick floor and a raftered ceiling and was occasionally used as an extra dining room.

those made by Colonel Lewis at Fredericksburg. (Refer to page 307.) The site is all that now remains of the Valley Forge Gun Factory.


Valley Creek
Redoubt
Picket
Bridge
Schuylkill
Picket
Picket
Picket

1. Washington at Valley Forge, quelling a mutinous spirit, and sympathizing with his sick and suffering soldiers. © *Century Co. H. A. Ogden.*
2. Howe's army junketing, as shown in the Meschianza.



Valley Forge Orderly Book, January 1, 1778.

New Year's Day at Valley Forge, in 1778, was observed at Headquarters by the issuance of an order which was probably greeted with approving cheers by the troops. The Book of General Orders contains this memorandum for the day:

> "As this day begins the New Year, the General orders a gill of spirits to be served to each non-commissioned officer and soldier. And to avoid the irregular and partial distribution of the article (which has been a good deal complained of), he expressly orders that no spirits shall issue to any part of his troops in future but in consequence of general or special orders from Headquarters."

The destitution and suffering among the soldiers during that winter at Valley Forge were almost beyond belief. The

difficulties in the way of obtaining sufficient supplies for eleven thousand men in a small village and in the dead of

Statue of General Anthony Wayne. *By H. K. Bush-Brown.*

winter were well-nigh insurmountable. True, Congress had authorized Washington to compel the owners of meat on the hoof and other food essentials to accept Continental paper

Wayne's birthplace and home.

money in exchange for these commodities or submit to arrest; but the value of Continental money had already de-

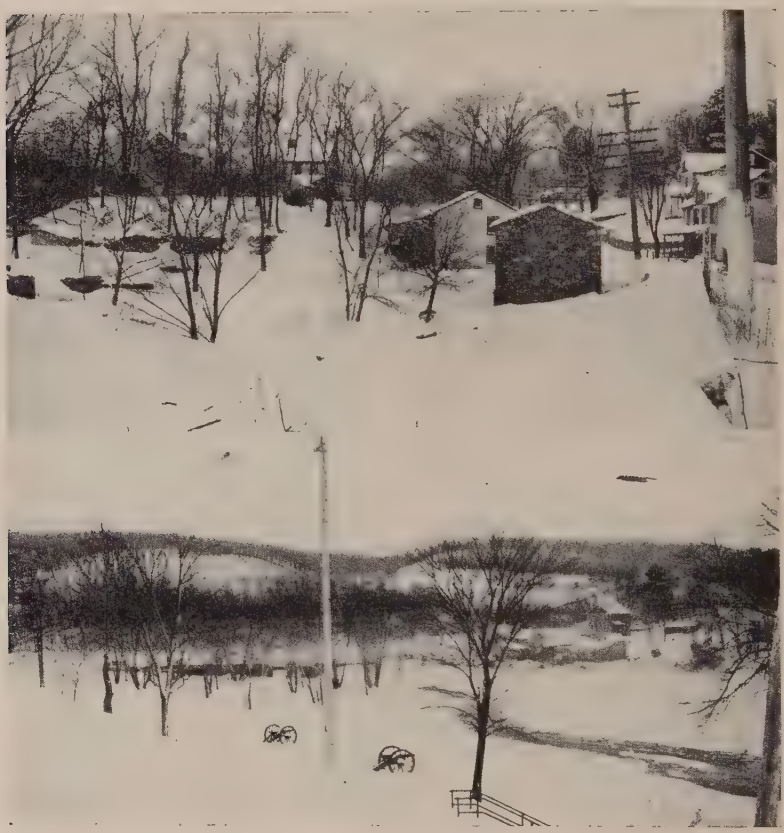
clined enormously, and was still declining;[1] and the owners of food supplies—themselves faced with ruin—often preferred taking the risk of arrest to parting with their stores,

Anthony Wayne's statue at Valley Forge. *By H. K. Bush-Brown.*

[1] The shrinkage in Continental money value was severe and continuous. Already at a low ebb in 1777, in 1778 it was worth sixteen cents on the dollar. In 1781 it had so depreciated in value that seventy-four hundred dollars in paper money were required to equal one hundred dollars in gold. Samuel Adams paid two thousand dollars for a suit and hat. The expression "Not worth a Continental" is still a figure of speech for that which is of doubtful value.

It was when paper money was at its lowest value, and soldiers' families were,

which they took infinite pains to conceal—running their live stock into the woods, and hiding grain and other staples



1–2. Valley Forge under a snow blanket. *Daniel J. Voorhees.*

in many cases, near to starvation at home, that mutiny threatened the disintegration of the Continental Army. Shays' rebellion (in 1786) and the riots in various cities were much of the same nature and due to the same causes. These were among the darker phases of the Revolution; unpleasant facts, which have sometimes been glossed over, and sometimes concealed altogether. Yet the supreme fact remains that out of this darkness were evolved that love of order, that self-control, that spirit of government, which within a few years took permanent form in the Federal Constitution. These dark phases never find a place in what the late President Roosevelt termed our "Hurrah histories."

Memorial Washington Arch, at Valley Forge, Pa. *Daniel J. Voorhees.*

Washington and Lafayette at Valley Forge.

under haystacks and in other odd corners.[1] As a result, the General had more difficulty in discovering where the supplies were cached than in commandeering them when found.

1. Memorial to the Massachusetts troops, at Valley Forge.
2. Washington Memorial Chapel, at Valley Forge.

Courtesy of the Valley Forge Park Commission.

In every direction, at this time, Washington looked out upon threatening skies. The defections from his army had

[1] Occasionally, when in dire need of ready funds—as most of them were—they even sold to the enemy—when the latter was willing to pay for the accommodation in "hard money," which was not invariably the case. Recent research,

begun to assume serious proportions. On the twenty-fourth of March, in this year of 1778, he reported to Congress that "since August last" between two and three hundred officers

1. John Waterman monument. 2. State of New Jersey monument Valley Forge

however, has shown that Pennsylvania Germans (who were the first to apply the title "Father of his Country" to Washington—or, as the clerics put it, "Pater Patriæ") were usually generous in responding to the call for forage and meat when the army wagon went out for requisitions around the countryside.

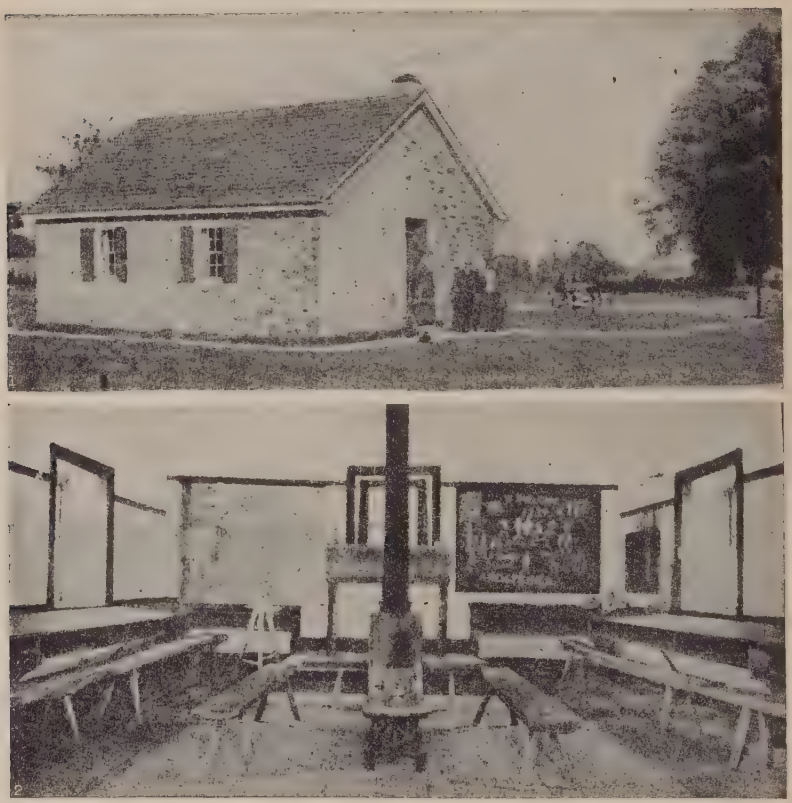
had resigned their commissions, and many others had with difficulty been dissuaded from this step. It demanded, indeed, patriotism of the highest order to enable either officer

1. General Howe's headquarters, at Valley Forge, September, 1777.
2. Unknown Revolutionary soldier's grave.

or soldier to face the rigors of service in the Continental Army when food, money and clothing were alike scarce, and when the future looked as unpromising as the past.

1. Washington showing a congressional committee through Valley Forge.
2–3. Suffering of soldiers at Valley Forge.

When the morale of an army runs low, intrigue and treachery flourish. And it was during those dark winter days of privation and suffering at Valley Forge that the



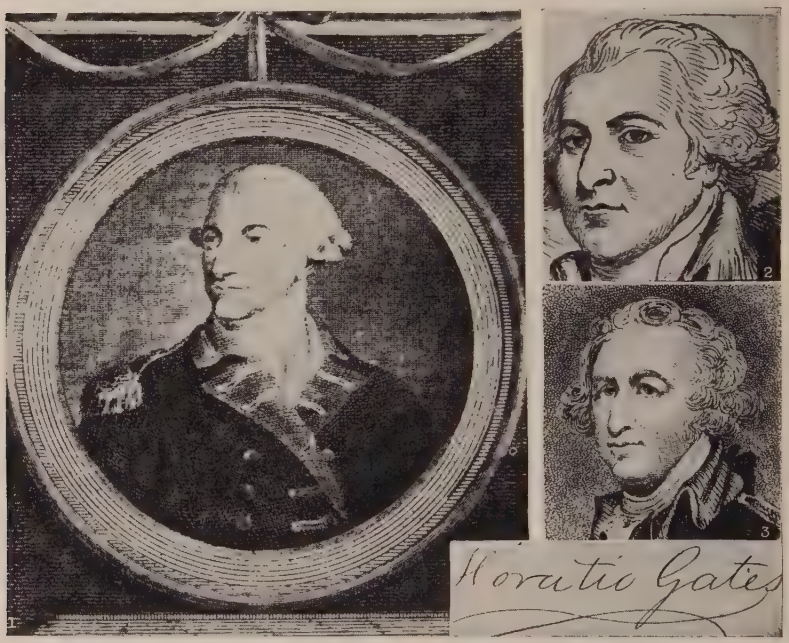
1. Oldest schoolhouse in the United States, built by Letitia, daughter of William Penn, in 1706. Exterior.
2. Interior. This building is used today as a museum for Valley Forge relics.
Courtesy of Valley Forge Park Commission.

dastardly conspiracy against Washington, which history knows as the Conway cabal, came to evil fruition. The main trio of conspirators were Generals Conway, Mifflin and Gates. Conway and Gates have received mention in the

Washington's marquee used by him during the Revolution. *Courtesy Rev. W. Herbert Burk.*

preceding chapter[1]—both as undermining influences against the Commander-in-Chief.[2]

General Conway had written to Congress, complaining of the reception accorded him by General Washington; to



1. General Henry S. Conway.[3] 2–3. General Mifflin and General Horatio Gates, two instigators of the Conway cabal.

which accusation Washington, when he heard of it, made pungent rejoinder:

> "If General Conway means, by cool receptions mentioned in the last paragraph of his letter of the 31st ultimo, that I did not receive him in the language of a

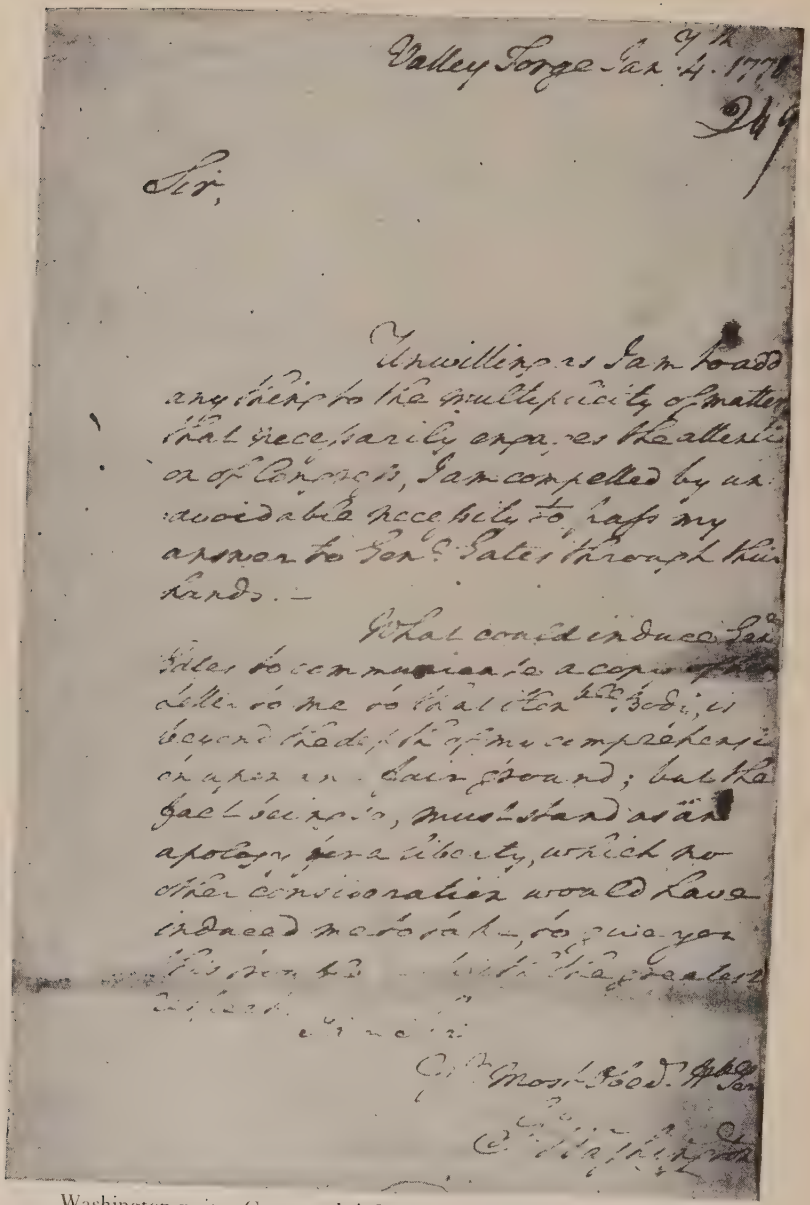
[1] Refer to page 546.

[2] Early in the New Year Washington had written to the president of Congress a letter which, though couched in guarded terms, is fairly self-explanatory.

[3] A Parliamentary leader, often confused with General Thomas Conway, an instigator of the cabal.

1. General Horatio Gates.

2. Cartoon showing General Gates' fall.



Valley Forge Jan. 4th 1778

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Sir,

Unwilling as I am to add any thing to the multiplicity of matters that necessarily engages the attention of Congress, I am compelled by unavoidable necessity to pass my answer to Genl. Gates through their hands. —

What could induce Genl. Gates to communicate a copy of his letter to me to that Honble. Body, is beyond the depth of my comprehension upon any fair ground; but the fact being so, must stand as an apology for a liberty, which no other consideration would have induced me to take, to give you this trouble [illegible] with the greatest respect.

Sir,

Yr. Most Obedt. Hble. Servt.

G. Washington

Washington writes Congress briefly regarding the Gates controversy.

warm and cordial friend, I readily confess the charge. I did not, nor shall I ever, till I am capable of the arts of dissimulation. These I despise, and my feelings will not permit me to make professions of friendship for the man I deem my enemy, and whose system of conduct forbids it."

To Lafayette, absent at the time, Washington wrote:

"I have no doubt that everything happens for the best; that we shall triumph over all our misfortunes, and in the end be happy; when, my dear Marquis, if you will give me your company in Virginia, we will laugh at our past difficulties and the folly of others."

When the cabal was at its height, Washington wrote to Henry Laurens,[1] then president of Congress:

"My enemies take an ungenerous advantage of me. They know the delicacy of my situation, and that motives of policy deprive me of the defense I might otherwise make against their insidious attacks. They know I cannot combat their insinuations, however injurious, without disclosing secrets which it is of the utmost moment to conceal."

Again he wrote:

"The purpose of the cabal was that General Gates was to be exalted on the ruin of my reputation and influence. This I am authorized to state from undeniable facts in our possession."

Official duties assigned to Conway and Mifflin had been neglected—they being too busy plotting against their Chief to attend to them. As a consequence, dishonest contractors

[1] Henry Laurens, who presided over Congress through America's darkest days, was captured by the English in the summer of 1780 while on his way to Holland. His capture was the outcome of a rupture between England and Holland, brought about by the drafting of a treaty by William Lee and others in Amsterdam. He was finally exchanged for Lord Cornwallis after spending two years in the Tower of London.

had been guilty of jobbery and theft, which, being detected, had led to an investigation.

Eventually Conway proffered his resignation—an act which he evidently intended as a coup de théâtre. To his chagrin, it was accepted. In a futile attempt to repair the broken thread, he wrote:

> "I am an Irishman, and learned my English in France. My language has been misconstrued."

Some time later Conway was seriously wounded in a duel. Believing himself to be near death, he penned this letter to the great man he had so foully maligned:

> "Sir:
>
> "I find myself just able to hold my pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief at having done, written or said anything disagreeable to your Excellency.
>
> "My career will soon be over, therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are in my eyes a great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, esteem and veneration of these States whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues." [1]

With that large-heartedness that was so inseparably a part of him, Washington observed:

"Poor Conway!—he never could have intended much wrong. There is nothing to forgive."

Long before this denouement, however, matters had—at one time—reached a serious pass. There came, even, a day when Washington was threatened with impeachment. Those members of Congress who were loyal to him lacked one vote of carrying their point. An absent member, William

[1] Conway did not die at that time, however, but eventually recovered.

It is worthy of record that the majority of Washington's enemies—some before and some after his death—admitted their own errors and bore voluntary, if tardy, witness to his wisdom and high character.

Duer, though dangerously ill, asked his physician if he might not be carried to Congress to cast his vote.

Houdon's statue of Lafayette in Richmond, Va.

"At the risk of your life," replied the doctor.
"Can I live long enough to vote?"
"Yes, but beware the next few hours."

Nevertheless, Duer ordered his litter, but at the last moment news was brought that General Morgan had arrived in time to vote and the day was saved.

It was a blessing for Washington that, during this fiery ordeal,—under which a man of less sterling quality must inevitably have broken down,—he was sustained by the cheering presence of his wife. He had friends about him, too, as well as enemies; and one of the staunchest of these was the Marquis de Lafayette.

This noble boy, though young as years go, was not ignorant of the world. He had been reared in the atmosphere of the French court, and had been surrounded by courtiers and diplomats from his childhood. Men and motives were an open book to his keen eyes and astute intelligence. As early as December, 1777, he had written to Washington with a frankness and perspicacity rare in one of his youth:

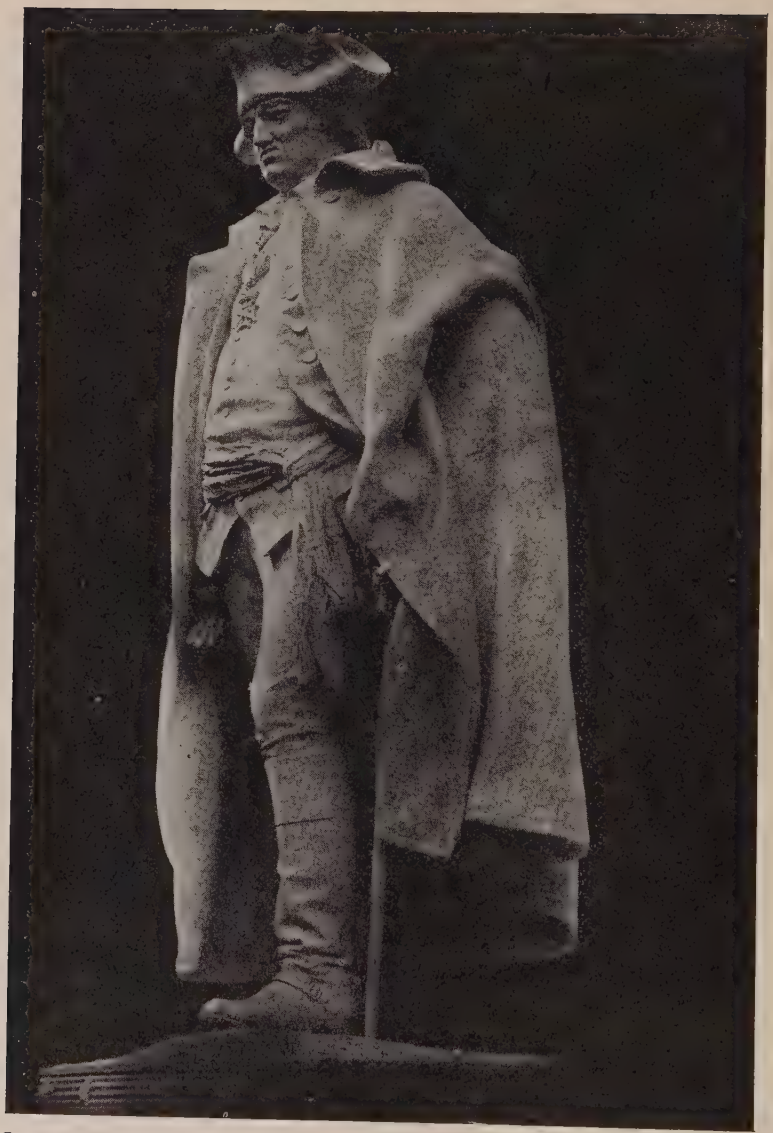
> "Take away for an instant that modest diffidence of yourself. . . . You would see very plainly that if you were lost to America, there is nobody who could keep the army and the Revolution for six months. . . . There are open dissensions in Congress; parties who hate one another as much as the common enemy."

The efforts of the Cabalists to estrange Lafayette from Washington served but to intensify his affection and admiration for his friend and Chief.[1]

[1] One wonders if the heroic spirit of Lafayette was near enough to know, in those dark days of 1917, that the willing aid given to distraught America more than a century before had come back to his beloved France, in her hour of direst need, increased nearly two million times—if his spirit thrilled to the dramatic words of the American Commander-in-Chief, "Lafayette, we are here!"

It is gratifying to note that, through the combined efforts of American and French admirers of Lafayette, the chateau at Chavagnac, in Arverne, has been converted into a permanent memorial to the great Frenchman. An orphanage and industrial school are now established under its roof, in which several hundred French, Polish and Russian children are being supported, educated and trained for future usefulness, largely through the munificence of American donors.

1. General Pershing at the grave of the great Frenchman. "Lafayette, we are here."
2. Lafayette in 1825.
3. Lafayette at Washington's tomb, in Mount Vernon.



Statue erected in Washington to Baron Frederick William Augustus von Steuben.
Albert Jaegens.

It was in February, 1778, that material and much-needed aid came across seas for General Washington in the person of Baron Frederick William Augustus Henry Ferdinand von Steuben, Prussian warrior and military expert, who had studied tactics under no less august a preceptor than Frederick the Great, whose trusted aide-de-camp he had been.[1] A strict disciplinarian and thoroughly experienced in the science of war, von Steuben took Washington's "ragged Continentals" in hand at Valley Forge—half-starved, half-clad, half-frozen as they were—and drilled them into a real army.[2] With Baron von Steuben as Inspector-General and Drill-Instructor of the American Army, and the appointment of General Greene to the post of Quartermaster-General reluctantly accepted as a temporary measure, there was little scope for the activities of thieving contractors or other inimical influences.[3]

Washington was never long free from Congressional interference, though he often lacked its assistance. A Provincial Committee appointed by Congress met for about three months at Moore Hall, some three miles from Valley Forge,

[1] General Washington, apprising Congress of the arrival of Baron von Steuben at Valley Forge, wrote:

"He appears to be much of a gentleman, and as far as I have had an opportunity of judging, a man of military knowledge, and acquainted with the world."

[2] Lafayette described the deplorable condition of the soldiers in that month of February, 1778, in these words:

"The unfortunate soldiers were in want of everything. They had neither coats, hats, shirts, nor shoes. Their feet and legs froze until they were black, and it was often necessary to amputate them."

At about the same time Washington wrote to Governor George Clinton:

"Naked and starving as they are, we cannot but admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their suffering to a general mutiny and dispersion."

[3] Silas Deane, great-hearted Connecticut patriot, paid in part the toll for von Steuben's services; but, like many other generous patriots, never had his outlay refunded.

The combined influences of Prussia, Russia, and the Dutch Republic, expressed in an Armed Neutrality pact, materially helped the American cause in Europe. It was an invisible power in Parliament, and made itself felt in every county in England.

1. The Steuben monument at Valley Forge.
2. Baron Steuben.
3. Base of Washington monument to Baron Steuben.

Albert Jaegens.

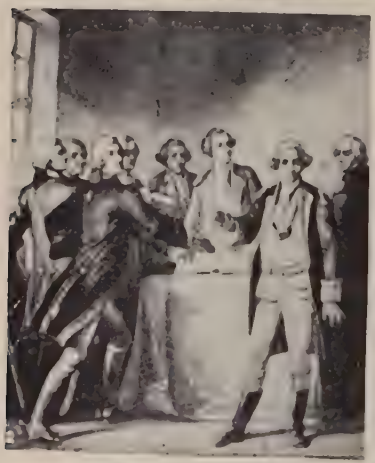
for the purpose of conferring with the Commander-in-Chief as to the best method of merging the armies. The committee, as usual, was composed chiefly of laymen, who could, in the very nature of things, have little practical knowledge of the matter they had come to discuss.

In order to arrange an exchange of prisoners, an interview had taken place by proxy between General Washington and General Howe on the tenth of February, 1777, at the

Valley Forge Creek.
Courtesy of Valley Forge Park Commission.

King of Prussia's Tavern in Germantown. The result appears to have been mutually satisfactory. Some time after this interview, General Charles Lee was returned to the American camp, an exchange for the British General Prescott having been effected. Lee's welcome to the camp was akin to that of the prodigal son, and his taking the Oath of Allegiance shortly after his return was accorded the honor of a special ceremony.[1] In some instances Washington was too generous

[1] Baron von Steuben was appointed to the vacancy made by Conway's forced resignation.



1. Interview of DeKalb, Silas Deane, and Lafayette. *Chappel.*
2. Officers taking oath of allegiance at Valley Forge.
3. Hall in Potts house at Valley Forge.

—and this was one of them. Lee's flagrantly treasonable act, a few months later, lends color to the belief that his exchange had been purposely facilitated by the British commander with a view to his future usefulness in this direction.

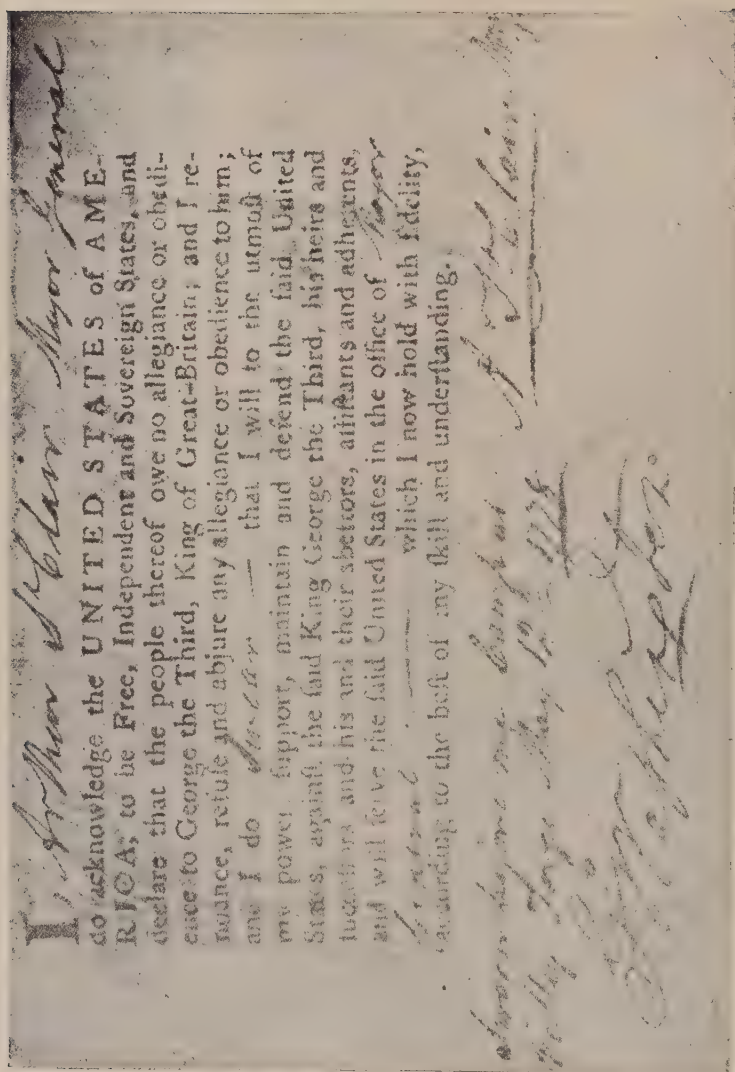
The Marquis de Lafayette was among the officers who took the Oath of Allegiance at Valley Forge in the spring of 1778. This "swearing-in" of Washington's officers is here

Headquarters of General Muhlenberg, at Valley Forge.

reproduced, in a facsimile of the document signed by Major-General St. Clair on the twelfth of May, 1778, bearing General Washington's indorsement.[1] On the twenty-eighth

[1] On page 588. The author is indebted to the Valley Forge Park Commission, through Mr. Daniel J. Voorhees, for this and other interesting illustrations relating to Valley Forge.

Memorial Park, stretching a mile or more across the Heights of Valley Forge, is one of the nation's most sacred shrines. Within its boundaries are the scattered sites of Washington's fortifications, including the famous Star redoubt. The Pennsylvania Legislature began in 1893 to arrange for acquiring title to Valley Forge as an historic landmark. In October, 1901, the Daughters of the American Revolution unveiled a monument erected to the memory of the soldiers who died in camp during that tragic winter of 1777–78.



I, Arthur St Clair, Major General

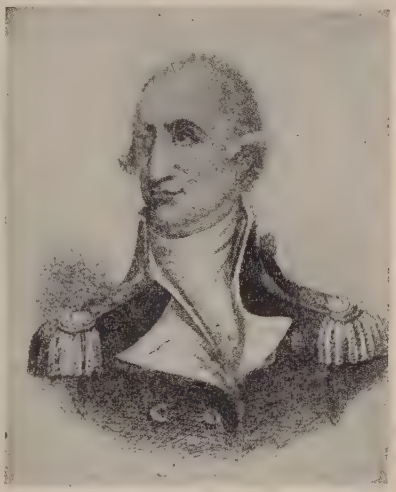
do acknowledge the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, to be Free, Independent and Sovereign States, and declare that the people thereof owe no allegiance or obedience to George the Third, King of Great-Britain; and I renounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him; and I do Sweet — that I will to the utmost of my power, support, maintain and defend the said United States, against the said King George the Third, his heirs and successors and his and their abettors, assistants and adherents, and will serve the said United States in the office of Major General — which I now hold with fidelity, according to the best of my skill and understanding.

Sworn before me Camp at Ft Clair
Wilkes Jorge May 12th 1778
Jo Ferguson
Brig Gen Ex Sec

General Arthur St. Clair's oath of loyalty to the United States.

of the same month Lafayette was given a command in the engagement at Barren Hill, afterwards renamed Lafayette Hill. This was one of the indecisive battles.

Notwithstanding the many defections from his command, Washington had with him at Valley Forge a liberal complement of officers of rank whose loyalty and valor were beyond question. Among these were General Knox, of the artillery who had brought the Ticonderoga cannon to Boston; General Weedon, General Anthony Wayne (Mad Anthony, the soldiers called him, because of his daredevil spirit), General Muhlenberg,[1] and others.

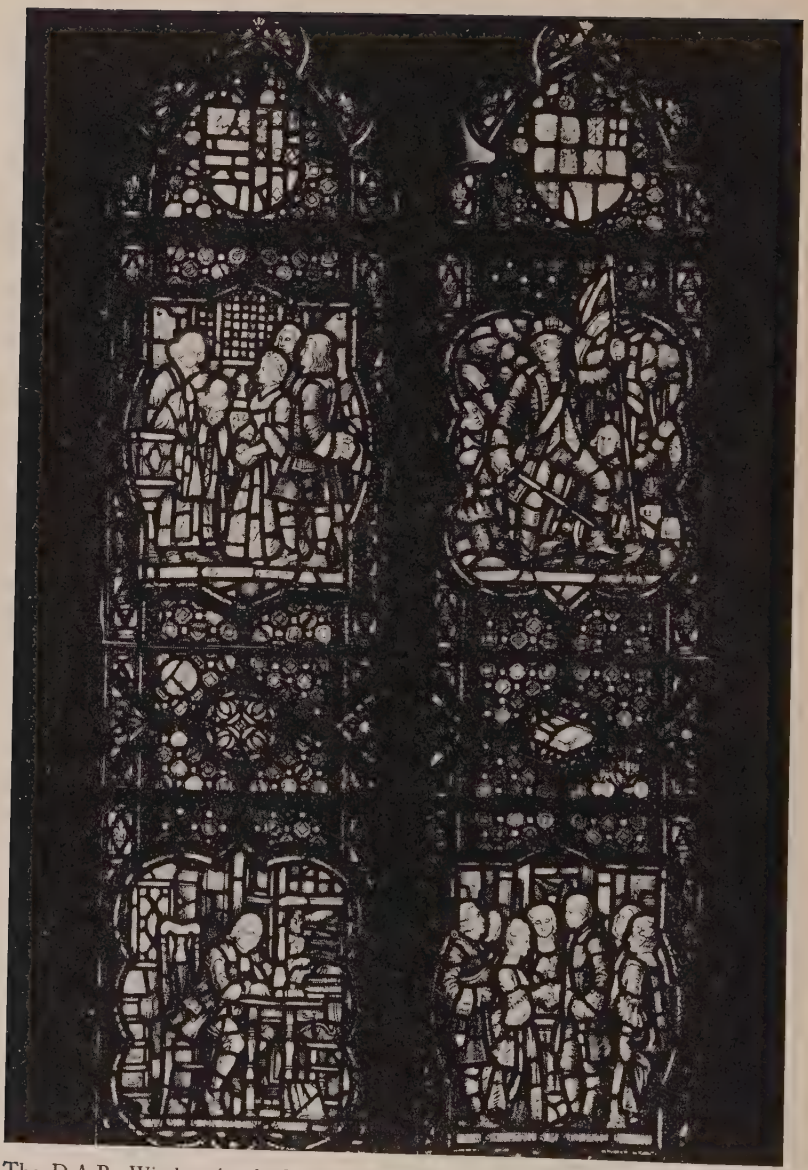


Brigadier-General J. Peter G. Muhlenberg, of Virginia.

It was probably during this period that Washington's Life-guard Flag made its appearance.[2] It was used exclusively by the Commander-in-Chief. Its motto—"Conquer or Die"—well expressed the temper of the loyal Continentals in the face of peril and hardship; and its appearance, on the field or elsewhere, signalling the approach of the Commander-

[1] Up to the outbreak of the Revolution, General Muhlenberg had been the Reverend John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, pastor of Woodstock, Virginia—living the uneventful life of a country clergyman. But on a certain memorable Sunday, at the conclusion of his sermon, he startled his congregation by exclaiming, "There is a time to preach and a time to pray; but" —here he flung aside his ministerial robes and stood before them in full military dress—"there is also a time to fight. And that time is now!" To the beat of drums the clergyman strode down the aisle and enrolled three hundred men for the army from his congregation. Peter Muhlenberg rendered valuable service at Brandywine; and he led the reinforcements which captured the last of the British works at Yorktown.

[2] See illustration on page 592.



The D.A.R. Window in the Valley Forge Chapel. Given by the Pennsylvania Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. *D'Ascenzo Studios.*

Washington's baptism.
Washington his own teacher.
Washington at Fort Duquesne.
Washington's marriage.

The D.A.R. window in the Valley Forge Chapel. Given by the Pennsylvania Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. *D'Ascenzo Studios.*

Washington the Emancipator.
Washington fortifies Dorchester Heights.
Washington evacuates Valley Forge.
Washington fires the first gun at Yorktown.

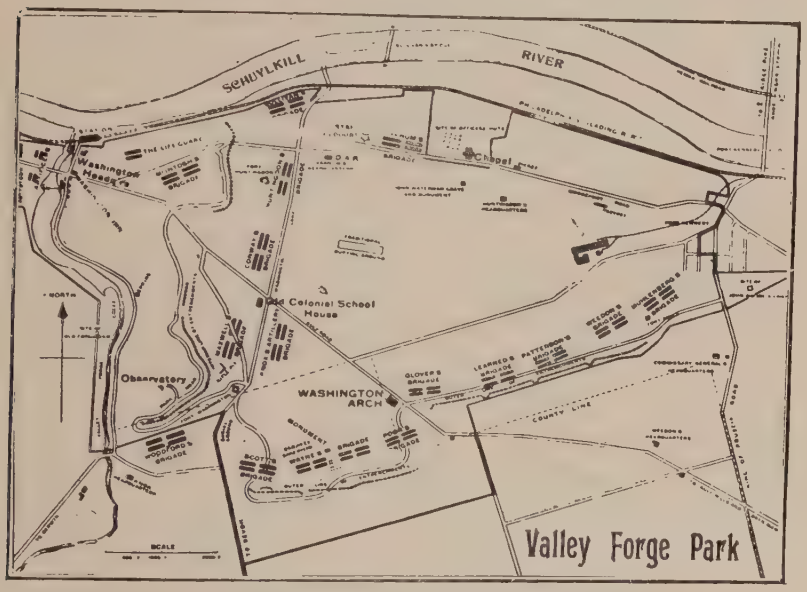
in-Chief, carried a thrill to discouraged soldiers as well as to those who were wounded or dying.[1]

Washington's Life-guard flag.

[1] The term "Life Guard" was used in the eighty-one-year Dutch War for Independence, 1567–1648. "Body guard" was the term introduced later among the English for similar military service.

One of the first enlisted among Washington's Life Guards, and their last survivor, was Uzal Knapp (born in Stamford, Conn., Oct. 22, 1763), who died in

It is somewhat surprising that the British made no attempt to capture General Washington during that six months' occupation of Valley Forge—only twenty miles away. Even admitting the difference between the viewpoint of the eighteenth century and that of the twentieth,



Details of present Valley Forge Park.
Courtesy of Valley Forge Park Commission.

and the greater difficulty in making a successful escape on horseback or by coach than by motor car, one still wonders that the British, with so great a prize within reach, allowed it to escape. For three months Washington was on Congressional committees at the Moore house, three miles from camp.

1856 at the ripe age of ninety-three, and was buried with full military honors at the foot of the flagstaff at Newburgh. (Date and age given by a grand nephew.)

After 1777, most of Washington's Life Guards were chosen from the ranks of the trustworthy Pennsylvania Germans.

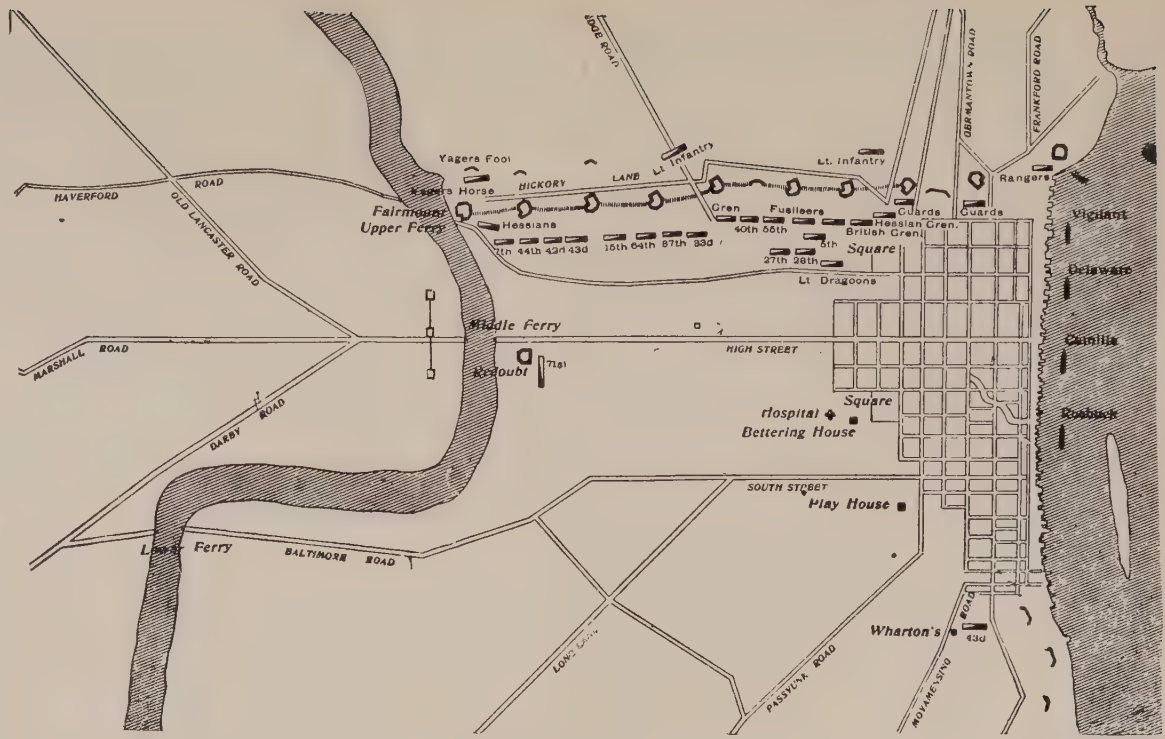
CHAPTER XXIX

BRITISH JUNKETING AT PHILADELPHIA COMES TO AN END. HOWE RECALLED TO ENGLAND. THE MESCHIANZA. FLIGHT OF BRITISH ARMY TO MONMOUTH. BATTLE OF MONMOUTH. LEE'S TREACHERY, COURT MARTIAL, AND REMOVAL. WYOMING VALLEY MASSACRE. ARRIVAL OF FRENCH FLEET UNDER D'ESTAING. RHODE ISLAND FIASCO

THE British possession of Philadelphia had been more in the nature of a prolonged junket than a military occupation. There were, among the fashionable element, many obstinate Tories, who toadied to Lord Howe and his aristocratic staff as they might have toadied to the king himself—perhaps influenced by the British general's admixture of royal blood. The same winter that saw Washington harassed and heavy-hearted, and his troops frozen and half-starved, scarcely twenty miles away, was a very pleasant winter indeed for the British officers. The question was often asked afterward: "Did Howe capture Philadelphia or did Philadelphia capture Howe?"[1]

In any case, the officers were lavishly entertained by Philadelphia society, royally entertained Philadelphia society in turn, and generally enjoyed themselves. Here, probably, began the friendship between the beautiful American, Margaret Shippen, and the handsome British officer, Major André—a friendship which was to lead both to ultimate disaster. For Margaret Shippen later married Benedict Arnold; and perhaps out of her friendship with André grew the compact between Arnold and André that made one of

[1] The British called the Valley Forge encampment "The Indian Village."



Arrangement of the British Army to defend Philadelphia at the time Washington planned his Valley Forge defences.
Courtesy of Valley Forge Park Commission.

A ball at General Howe's headquarters in Philadelphia in 1777. © *J. L. G. Ferris.*

the two men a traitor to his country and brought the other to an ignominious death far from his native land,[1] but gave him burial in Westminster Abbey.

In the spring of 1778 General Howe was recalled to England, and, by way of a parting testimonial, a land and water pageant—the Meschianza—was staged in his honor, the funds for it being subscribed by his troops. It was a magnificent spectacle; the most elaborate affair, by all accounts, that the America of that day had ever witnessed. Both Margaret Shippen and Major André took part in it, as did most of the belles and beaux of Philadelphia society. In spite of its Quakerism, it was not such a very staid Philadelphia, after all—that old Philadelphia of 1778.

The departure of Lord Howe ended the junketing, however, for good and all. The British government, grown impatient of the inactivity of its army across the sea,—and by this time realizing that the occupation of Philadelphia was futile, at best, since to hold it would require a larger garrison than could be spared from the main army,—decided to evacuate the city. The "picnic camp" was abruptly broken up on the eighteenth of June, when Sir Henry Clinton—who had succeeded Lord Howe in the high command—stealthily ferried his seventeen thousand troops across the Delaware at three o'clock in the morning, made a quick march through Mount Holly to Allentown, and on toward Monmouth, planning to board the warships off Monmouth Beach and reach a safe haven in New York by way of Sandy Hook.[2]

General Washington, who had been keeping a vigilant eye on the movements of the British in Philadelphia, was not unprepared for this manœuvre. Immediately breaking camp, he hastened his army out of Valley Forge on the

[1] See Vol. II, page 9, for details of Arnold's treason.

[2] Many of the Philadelphia Tories who had so diligently curried favor with the British hurriedly packed their personal belongings and fled, fearing the vengeance of their more loyal townsmen.

ROADS SOUTHWESTWARD

From Philadel		Nanfemond to	367
to Lower F.	4	4 Bennets Creek	
Darby	3	7 Bridge	30 397
Chester	9	16 Edenton	30 427
Brandewine	14	30 Bells Ferry owns	
New Caſtle	6	36 the ſound	8 435
Elk River	17	53 Bath Town on	
North East	7	60 Pamhco Riv.	45 480
Suſquehannah	9	69 Graves's Ferry on	
Gunpowder F	25	94 Neus River	38 532
Patapſco F	20	114 Whitocks Riv.	20 532
Annapolis	30	144 New Riv F.	30 562
[illegible] Anns F.	13	157 New Town on	
[illegible] Marlbro'	9	166 Cape F Riv	45 607
Port Tobacco	30	196 Lockwoods	25 622
Hor Ferry	10	206 Shallots Riv	8 630
Northern F.	30	236 Eaſtern End of	
Annods F.	36	272 Long Bay	22 654
Clarkſon's F.	22	294 Weſtern End of	
Peneaux	12	306 Long Bay	23 677
Williamsburg	16	322 George Town	30 707
Hog Iſland	7	329 Santee Fer.	12 719
The Iſle of Wight		John Callins	18 737
[illegible] Ho.	18	347 Charleſtown	30 767

ROADS NORTHWESTWARD

From Philadel.		Shrack's	2	26
to Robinhood	4	4 Widow Lloyds	6	30
St Davids	3	7 Peters	8	38
Plymouth meet	9	24 Derby	6	47
Barſdale's	4	28 The Compaſs	2	49
Perkiomine Cr.	24	Reading		

ROADS WESTWARD

From Philadel	To		
to Schuylkill	4	tal 2	
Black horſe	4	6	
Prince of Wales	4	10	
Buck	2	11	
Sorrel horſe	1	12	
Plough	1	13	
Unicorn	3	16	
Blue-ball	4	20	
Admiral Warren	3	23	
White horſe	3	26	
Downings	7	33	
The Ship	2	35	
Waggon	6	42	
Miſſers	6	47	
Douglaſes	3	50	
The Hat	4	54	
D of Cumber.	3	57	
Red Lion	3	60	
Conestogo Cr.	4	64	
Lancaſter C H	2	66	
Scott's	9	74	
Bayleys	2	80	
Hugh's	4	84	
Sample's	4	88	
Sweetarra	3	91	
Taylors	3	94	
Hardi's Fer.	8	102	
Hendricks	3	105	
Chalmers	11	116	
Carliſle	3	119	
Shippensburg	21	140	
B Chambers	21	161	
Fort Loudon	13	174	
Fort Littleton	28	202	
Juniata	19	221	
Bedford	14	235	
Foot of Allegh.	25	260	
Stoney Cr.	15	275	
E ſide Laurel Hr		281	
Fort Ligonier	9	290	
Pittſburg	54	340	

Roads from Philadelphia to Crown Point

From Philadelphia		to Schermerhorns	20
to New York	97	to Livingſtons M.	24
to Kingſbridge	15	to Cloverack	7
to Cockhins	22	to Kinderhook	14
to Crotons Riv.	12	to half way H	10
to Peekſkill	20	to Albany	30
to Rugers	9	to Saratoga	36
to Piſkill	11	to Fort Edward	20
to Poughkeepſie	14	to Lake George	14
to Staatsborough	11	to Ticonderoga	30
to Ryesbeck	6	to Crown Point	15

ROADS NORTHEASTWARD

From Philadel.	To		
to Frankfort	5	tal 5	
Shammeny Ferry	12	17	
Briſtol	3	20	
Trenton	10	30	
Maidenhead	6	36	
Princetown	6	42	
Kingſton	3	45	
Brunſwick	12	57	
Woodbridge	12	69	
Elizabeth T	10	79	
Eliz. T Point	2	81	
Staten Iſland Ferry		88	
New York	9	97	
Kingſbridge	16	113	
East Cheſter	6	119	
Rye	8	127	
Horſeneck	7	134	
Stamford	7	141	
Norwalk	10	151	
Fairfield	12	163	
Stratford	8	171	
Milford	4	175	
New Haven	10	185	
Branford	10	195	
Guilford	12	207	
Killingſworth	10	217	
Saybrook	10	227	

ROADS from Reading to Eaſton

To Pervins	6		6
D Levans	12		18
County Line	4		22
Traxlers	4		26

New London	18	143
Stonington	13	260
Pemberton	20	270
Darby	5	275
Providence	14	297
Providence	20	317
Worcester	15	332
Brookfield	10	342
Weſtminſter	7	349
Dedham	6	355
Boſton	10	365
Lyn	9	374
Salem	8	382
Ipſwich	14	396
Newberry	11	407
Hampton	9	416
Portſmouth	13	429
York	9	438
Wells	14	452
Kennebunk	6	458
Biddeford	14	472
Scarborough	7	479
Falmouth	13	492
Yarmouth	10	502
Brunſwick	15	517
Richmond	16	533
Taconic Falls	33	566
Norridgwock	11	597

Cedar Cr.	6	32
W B of Dela.	3	35
Bethlehem	5	40
Eaſton	10	50

Stage coach routes connecting Philadelphia in 1779.

nineteenth of June, and followed hard on the heels of the fleeing enemy, determined to force an issue before the latter could take to their ships.[1]

Washington's anxiety for prompt and reliable information as to the position of the British forces is plainly revealed in a letter written by him on the twenty-sixth of June, 1778, to Colonel Neilson. This remarkable communication[2] makes

Washington in reverie.

it fairly clear that although Washington had formed plans for aggressive action, their fulfilment was contingent upon the loyal and whole-hearted co-operation of his subordinates. On the following day—the twenty-seventh of June—the Reverend David Griffith approached General Washington—then nearing Monmouth—and emphatically warned him against General Charles Lee, who, he declared, was a traitor,

[1] Some generals advised against this step, but Washington was later proved right.
[2] See facsimile on page 600.

and would bear close watching in the next battle.[1] It was, in all probability, no news to Washington, who had seen a good deal of Lee since his release by the British; but he could not take action on a mere warning.

The battle of Monmouth was fought on the following day, the twenty-eighth of June—one of the hottest days of a

Head Quarters, Cranbury,
26th June 1779.

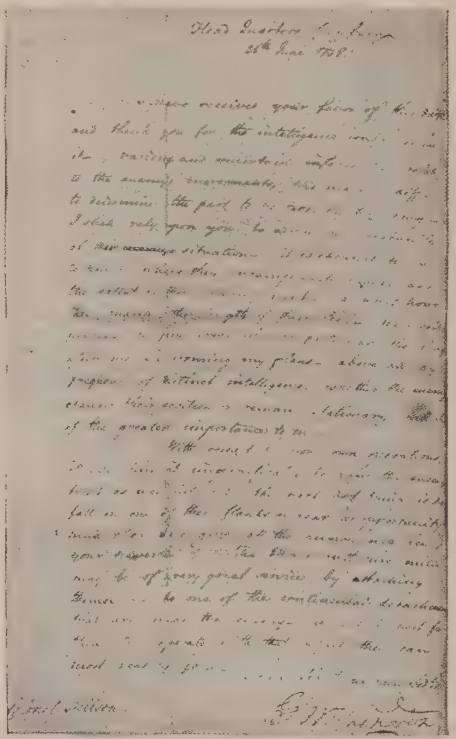
Sir:

I have received your favor of this date and thank you for the intelligence contained in it. Various and uncertain information relative to the enemy's movements has made it difficult to determine the part to be taken by this Army. I shall rely upon you to advise me constantly of their situation. It is essential for me to know where they encamp each night, and the extent of their encampment, at what hour they march, the length of their line, their halting places, in fine every minute particular that may assist me in forming my plans. Above all a frequency of distinct intelligence whether the enemy change their position or remain stationary will be of the greatest importance to me.

With respect to your operations, if you find it impracticable to gain the enemy's front, as was intended, the next best thing is to fall on one of their flanks or rear as opportunity may offer and give all the annoyance in your power. The Monmouthshire militia may be of very great service by attaching themselves to one of the Continental detachments that are near the enemy. It will be best for them to cooperate with that which they can most readily join.

I am, Sir, Yours most obed. etc.,
G. Washington

Colonel Neilson



Letter from Washington, asking Colonel Nielson for reliable information.
Courtesy of Rutgers (Queens) College.

torrid summer, the thermometer registering 96° in the shade. The troops were wearied with their long march, during which

[1] Years afterward, a letter dated March 29, 1777, written by Lee to General Howe, came into the possession of George H. Moore, LL.D., of New York City. In this letter Lee offered his services to the British command.

they had maintained a stiff pace; and they were parched with thirst.

General Charles Lee had been sent on with the vanguard of the army, and had a splendid opportunity for distinguishing himself had he been so minded. What he actually did is a matter of record. As Washington and his troops

Scene at Monmouth on that torrid June day.

neared Monmouth Court House, a little fifer boy ran toward them and cried,

"They are all coming this way, your Honor!"

"Who are coming, my little man?" asked General Knox.

"Why, our boys, your Honor—our boys, and the British right after them."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Washington—and galloped on at full speed. To his intense indignation, he found that the boy had spoken truth. Five thousand of his picked troops, officers and men, faced him in full retreat—with the enemy close in pursuit.

Flight of the British from Philadelphia toward Monmouth at 3 A.M.

Washington, on his charger,[1] repeated his daring Princeton exploit, riding along the line in the face of the enemy fire and rallying his men with the ringing command:

"Stand fast, my boys, and receive your enemy! The Southern troops are advancing to support you."

His "boys" responded valiantly to the charge. Under the magnetic eyes of their Commander, they turned and fought with a desperation that won the day.

In front of this old house, Washington reprimanded Charles Lee at Monmouth.

It was frequently a good day for the Continental Army when Washington lost his temper. He had lost it now. As a consequence, he gave the treacherous Lee the severe reprimand he so richly merited; but Lee was contumacious, and retaliated in insulting terms. In the midst of the controversy Hamilton leaped to the ground and drew his

[1] Whether Washington rode a white horse or a bay at Monmouth is a debatable question. Artists have depicted him as riding a white charger—and rumor has it that this was the only time he ever did ride a white horse. In any case it could not have been his favorite war horse, Nelson; for the horse at Monmouth sank in sand to his fetlocks and died under the saddle, while Nelson lived to a good old age. It is said that Nelson was one of the first docked horses in America.

sword; but Washington, who detested everything that savored of the spectacular, ordered him to remount.

It was a splendid victory, that at Monmouth, wrested from a humiliating defeat. The months of discipline under General von Steuben had transformed Washington's raw troops into an efficient fighting organization, enabling them

1. Mollie McCauley at Monmouth.

2. The Monmouth Monument.

to subdue a force that, in numbers and equipment, was far their superior, and to set out on a path of achievement that, in spite of occasional setbacks, was to end only with the enemy's capitulation at Yorktown. The result of that winter at Valley Forge lends emphasis to the famous war maxim evolved by Washington and adopted by Napoleon:

"The first qualification of a soldier is fortitude under fatigue and privation. Courage is only the

second. Hardship, poverty and actual want are the soldier's best schools."

There were valorous spirits at Monmouth on that scorching day in late June. Mollie McCauley—better known to posterity as Mollie Pitcher—was one of them. Her husband, a gunner, being mortally wounded, Mollie took his place with the gun crew and fearlessly substituted for him, while he lay dying at her feet.[1] There was little leisure for "woman's tears" in those stern and strenuous times. "The Heroine of Monmouth" served her country well, and her name remains for all time on America's Roll of Honor.[2]

Washington's report to Congress on the vital battle of Monmouth is a model of simplicity, modesty and conciseness:

"Fields near Monmouth Court House,
"29th June, 1778.

"Sir:

"I have the honor to inform you that about seven o'clock yesterday morning both armies advanced on each other. About twelve they met on the grounds near Monmouth Court House, when an action commenced. We forced the enemy from the field, and encamped on the ground.

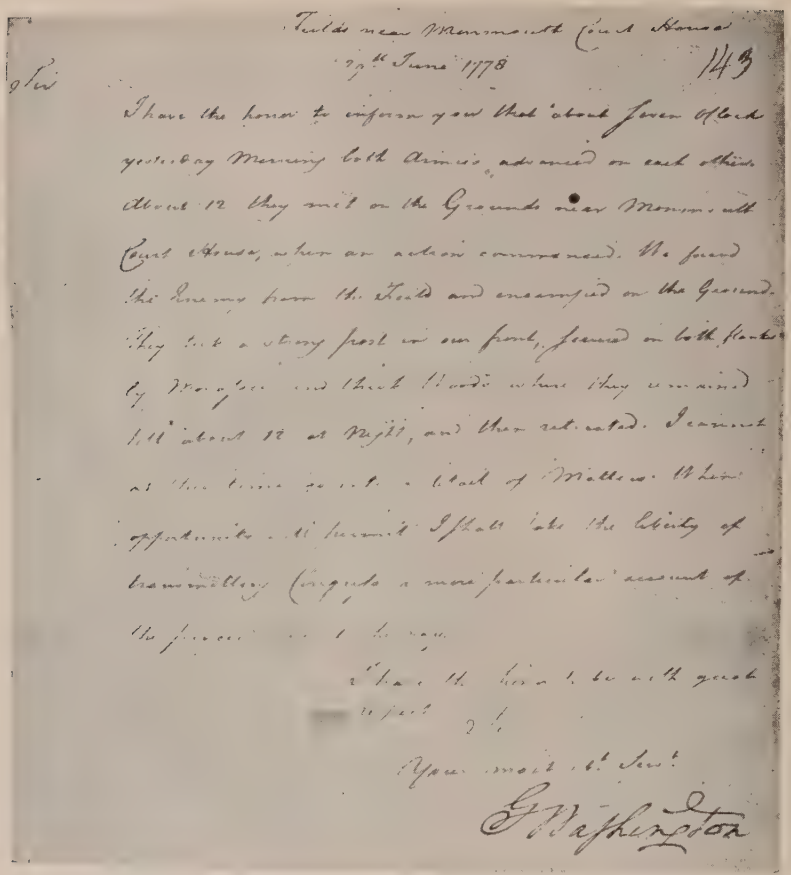
"They took a strong post in our front, secured on both flanks by morasses and thick woods, where they remained till about twelve at night, and then retreated.

"I cannot at this time go into a detail of matters.

[1] Six men were killed at this gun and superstition made it taboo, but Mollie put it into action again with dire result to the enemy.

[2] Not so well known to legendary lore, but accorded military recognition, nevertheless, is Margaret Corbin, the "Heroine of Fort Washington," who was one of the first women to fill the place of a soldier in the War for American Independence. She, too, was a gunner's wife, and—like Mollie of Monmouth—served his cannon after he fell; until she herself fell, severely wounded.

"Captain Molly" Corbin was pensioned by the United States Government, and, after her discharge from hospital, spent the remainder of her life in the vicinity of West Point. She died in 1800, at the age of forty-nine, and was buried with military honors. Her remains have recently been reinterred in the Post Cemetery at West Point—due to the praiseworthy efforts of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who plan to erect a monument over her grave.



In this letter Washington briefly reports to Congress the momentous battle of Monmouth.

When opportunity will permit, I shall take the liberty of transmitting Congress a more particular account of the proceedings of the day.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect,

"Sir,

"Your most obt servt,

"G. Washington."

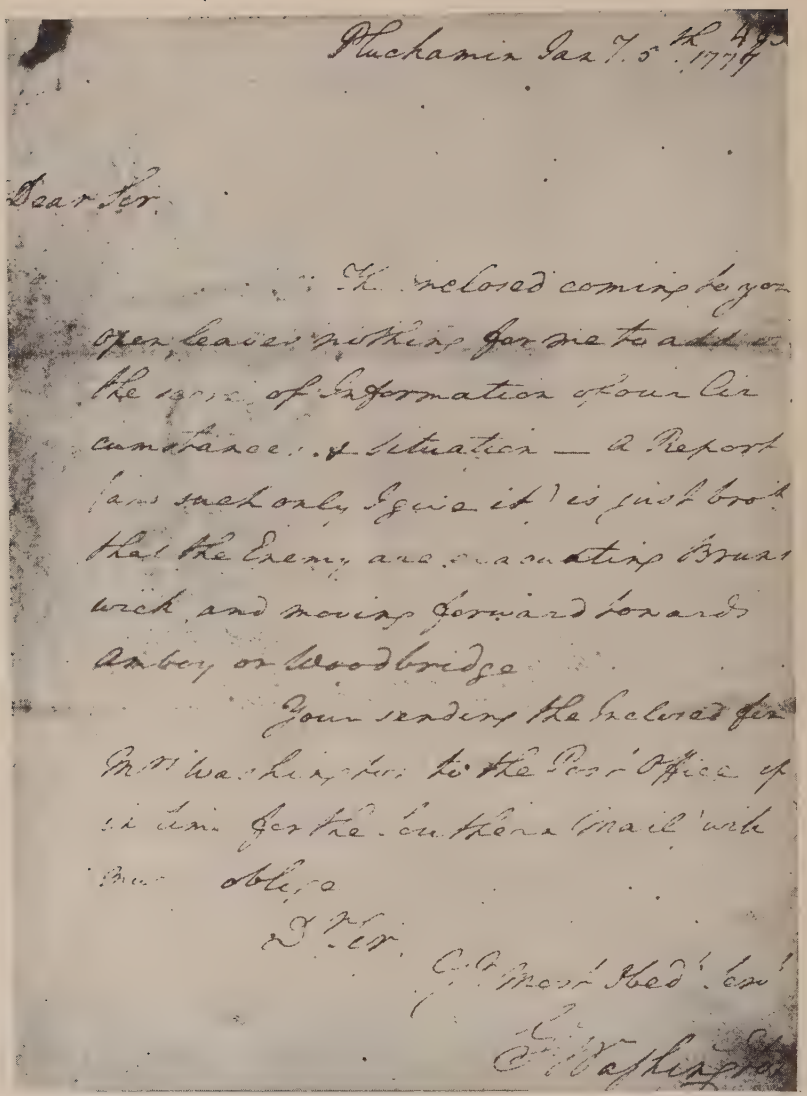
Henry Laurens, then president of Congress, wrote Washington a letter of warm congratulation:

> "Love and respect for your Excellency are impressed on the heart of every American, and your name will be revered by posterity."

The aftermath of Lee's disgraceful conduct on the field was worthy of the man. With unparallelled effrontery he dared to write to Washington demanding that he apologize for his language at Monmouth. The Commander-in-Chief replied to this astonishing request in a letter that could not be misunderstood:

> "Sir:
>
> "I received your letter, expressed, as I conceive, in terms highly improper.
>
> "I am not conscious of making use of any very singular expressions at the time of meeting you, as you intimate. What I recollect to have said was dictated by duty and warranted by the occasion. As soon as circumstances will permit, you will have an opportunity of justifying yourself to the Army, to Congress, to America, and to the world in general; or of convincing them that you were guilty of a breach of orders, of misbehavior before the enemy on the 28th instant in not attacking them as you had been directed, and in making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat."

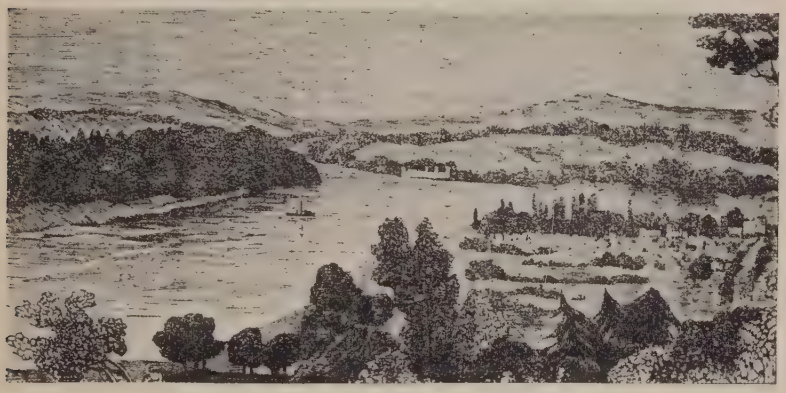
Lee's reply to this communication from his superior officer was of such a nature that Washington placed him under arrest. The court-martial which followed this action lasted more than a month. Lee was found guilty on all the charges preferred against him—of disobeying orders, of misbehavior before the enemy, and of making a shameful retreat—but was shown unmerited clemency; for, although richly deserving to be shot, he was let off with the compara-



Washington's letter describing the evacuation of New Brunswick, dated January 5, 1777.

tively mild sentence of dismissal from the army—going thence into dishonorable eclipse.[1]

One of the darkest blots on the British escutcheon in the Revolutionary War was the connivance of the Tories with the Indian tribes in planning murderous raids on inoffensive Americans. There were many such raids on the frontiers during the early years of the war; when men, women and children were cruelly massacred without a chance for their lives; when Nature's fairest retreats were blackened with the smoke of burning homesteads, and



The Wyoming and Cherry Valley region.

Indian scalping knives gleamed red with the blood of the innocents. That British and Canadian influences were behind these outrages there can be little doubt. That cowardly ruler, Lord Dunmore, who had well earned the hatred of all loyal Americans and fair-minded Englishmen, was one of those whose influence was directed toward inciting the Indians to blood-lust—chiefly by outrages perpetrated on their kinsfolk, subtly plotted and as subtly carried out to convey the impression that American patriots were re-

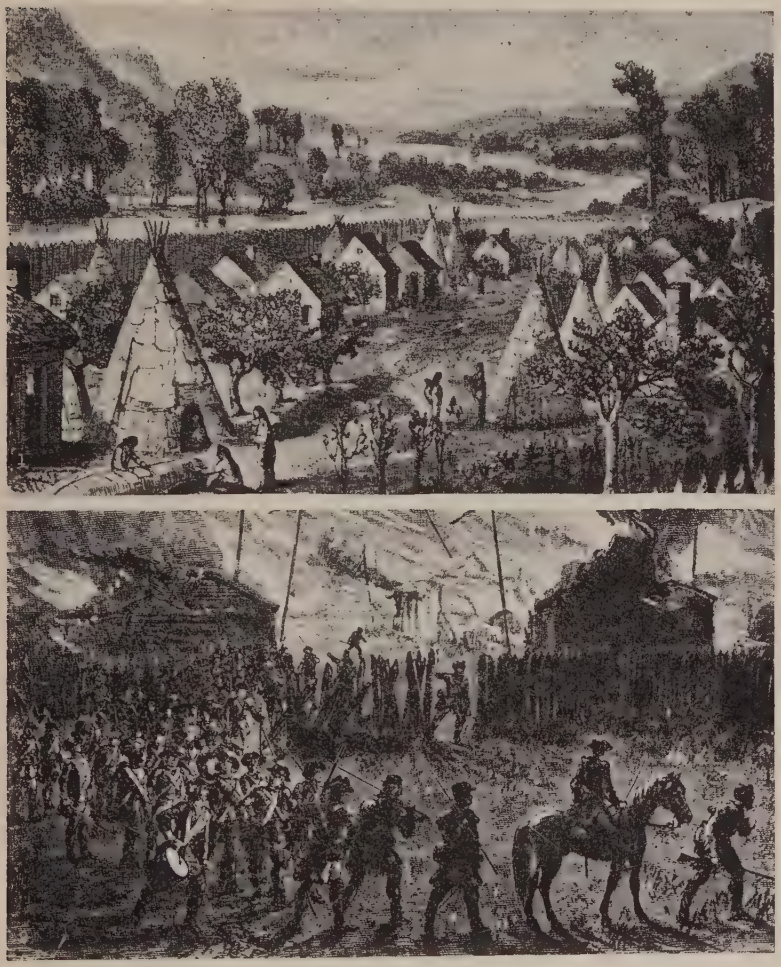
[1] This was one of the cases where Washington set justice aside; another was when he allowed the arch-traitor, Benjamin Church of Cambridge to be banished from the country instead of mounting the scaffold.

sponsible. To those noble-minded Americans who had devoted years to civilizing the Indian and implanting in his

A scene during the Wyoming Massacre. © *Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*

mind a belief in the honest purpose of his white neighbors, these developments were a source of the deepest concern.

In a few short weeks they saw the efforts of a lifetime brought to naught and the religion of the white man ridiculed.



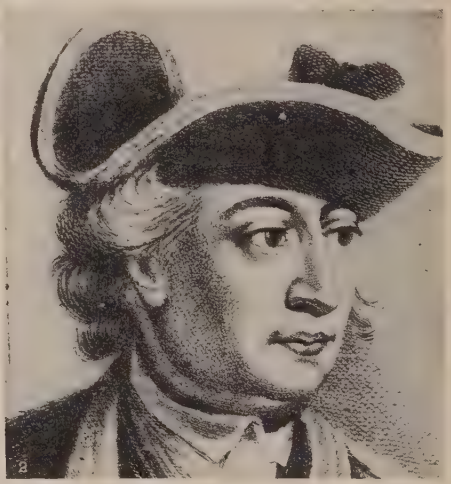
1–2. Indian villages before and after destruction by General Sullivan.
© *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The Wyoming Valley Massacre of July 4, 1778, was one of these Tory-instigated raids, John Butler and his son Walter

—both rabid Tories—joining forces with others of their own stripe and heading a band of Seneca Indians. Walter Butler and Old King, Chief of the Senecas, turned their hordes of Indian scalpers loose at Cherry Valley. Thence they swept through to the Wyoming, destroying many of the settlers in their path.

It was partially in reprisal for this abominable crime that Washington organized the Sullivan expedition a little

1. Joseph Brant, Mohawk chief, who led the Indians.



2. General John Sullivan.

less than a year later—in May, 1779—withdrawing necessary forces from his main army, and by keen strategy keeping the British commanders "guessing" and their troops inactive until the mission was successfully accomplished.[1] General John Sullivan, who commanded the ex-

[1] Autographed papers in the archives at Washington conclusively point to the Commander-in-Chief as the author of the Sullivan expedition, which forced the Senecas, Cayugas and Iroquois to realize they could no longer massacre the white race.

Congress, lacking both men and money, was unable to finance the building of forts and the maintaining of garrisons along the frontiers; and Washington therefore decided on a bold stroke—and struck with such devastating force as

pedition and carried it to a successful conclusion, was an experienced and fearless fighter and a trusted ally of his

1. Tecumseh.
2. Elkswatawa, "The Prophet," Tecumseh's brother.
3. British with their Indian Allies.
4. Massacre in Wyoming Valley.
5. Death of Jane McCrae.

to paralyze the Indian and Canadian-Tory Alliance. The scene of the massacre, with the country surrounding it, was known well to hunters and trappers, occasional missionaries, and the few captives who had miraculously escaped from or been returned by the Indians and several pioneer settlements; yet, not only did Sullivan, armed with General Washington's well-tabulated plans, plunge into the depths of that mysterious country to fight, destroy, and return victorious—with negligible losses—but the surveying corps which accompanied him, consisting of nine geographers and surveyors, brought their portfolios back filled with original maps that served as a basis for all later surveys, maps, atlases and school geographies. The Sullivan expedition proved, indeed, the most successfully surveyed, measured and mapped campaign of the whole eight years' war.

Chief; capable and resourceful, but not too opinionated to follow his superior's instructions. Forty Indian villages, each sheltering from two hundred to seven thousand Indians, were sacked in the Sullivan expedition, and all their lands laid waste.

When that Treaty with France—the first made by the new nation—was signed February 6, 1778, and read to the "ragged Continentals" at Valley Forge May 5, 1778, amid salvos of cheers and gunpowder, the turn of the tide began. Benjamin Franklin's nine years at Passy had been filled with service to America, beginning December, 1778. He wrote his daughter that his face was as well known to the French as the face of the moon, so frequently was it reproduced in engraving and bust. Abetted by the efforts of Lafayette and kindred souls, men, money, and munitions crossed the ocean to aid the struggling colonists. Twice did the brave d'Estaing reach our shores, and twice return to France, with little accomplished save the moral effect on the British navy caused by the presence of a large French fleet in American waters. D'Estaing's first visit was made directly after the signing of the Treaty. Sailing from Toulon February 6, 1778, with twelve ships of the line and four frigates, he dropped anchor off Narrangansett on the twenty-ninth of July, bringing four thousand French troops to the aid of the Americans. They had been expected earlier; but, being delayed by heavy seas, the crossing consumed ninety days, practically equalling the Mayflower time. Had they arrived at the expected date, while the British were still in Philadelphia, the whole course of events might have been changed; for a land attack by Washington's army, hardened by its Valley Forge experiences, with the French troops as an auxiliary force and the French frigates to

Count D'Estaing, Admiral of the French fleet.

bombard from the water, might conceivably have wrung a final capitulation from the British then and there.

But by the time the fleet reached American shores the British had evacuated Philadelphia, and the battle of Monmouth had been fought. The French commander realized that he could not safely meet the British fleet in New York harbor with so insignificant a force; and, claiming insufficient depth for his ships in those waters—in which claim several pilots sustained him—as an excuse for change of base, sailed on to Newport. Washington ordered General Sullivan to combine with d'Estaing in an attack on Rhode Island; but a heavy storm put a sea fight out of the question, and d'Estaing, instead of landing his troops and sending them to Sullivan's aid, set sail for Boston for repairs to his ships, and carried his troops in enforced idleness with him. Sullivan—fighting the battle of Rhode Island without the anticipated assistance of French reinforcements—was furious, and it required all the finesse of which Washington was capable to prevent an open rupture—a catastrophe to be avoided in view of the importance to America's future of the maintenance of amicable relations with the French. Washington's letter to d'Estaing is a diplomatic masterpiece:

> "It is in the trying circumstances to which your Excellency has been exposed that the virtues of a great mind are displayed in their brightest lustre, and that a general's character is better known than in a moment of victory. It was yours by every title that can give it, and the adverse elements that robbed you of your prize can never deprive you of the glory due you. Though your success has not been equal to your expectations, yet you have the satisfaction of reflecting that you have rendered essential service to the common cause."

Following the Rhode Island fiasco, d'Estaing sailed for the West Indies with his fleet and troops.

While d'Estaing's fleet was in Boston, the British commander had despatched a hundred ships or more to Newport. Washington's scouts having informed him of this move, he warned Sullivan by special courier. Sullivan's hairbreadth escape, with his command, to Tiverton angered General Sir Henry Clinton, commander of the British forces; and he swiftly took his revenge by ordering the devastation of New Bedford and Fairhaven. Sir Charles Grey, to whom he delegated this task, performed it with evident relish, and

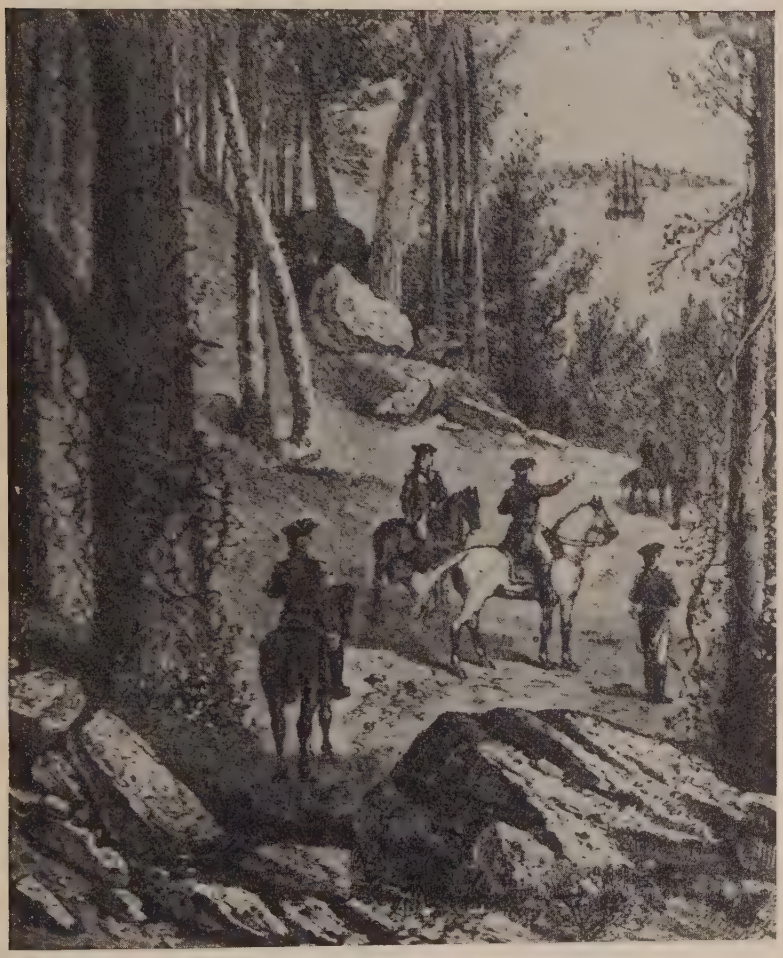
Washington's headquarters at Middlebrook.

included in it the destruction of the ships at Martha's Vineyard.

September 1, 1779, Admiral d'Estaing again reached America, this time with twenty-two ships of the line, eleven frigates, and four thousand troops, but the assault on Savannah October 9, 1779, was a failure, d'Estaing was wounded, Pulaski killed, Savannah saved to England, and back to France sailed this magnificent fleet under the brave d'Estaing, of whose attributes Washington writes in glowing terms.

Washington in the interim was building more and stronger fortifications from Long Island Sound to the

Delaware, providing vantage points from which to keep track of the enemy's movements.[1] He now crossed the Hud-



Washington viewing New York from the Palisades

son into Westchester, encamping at White Plains, but broke camp in the autumn, placed General Putnam in command

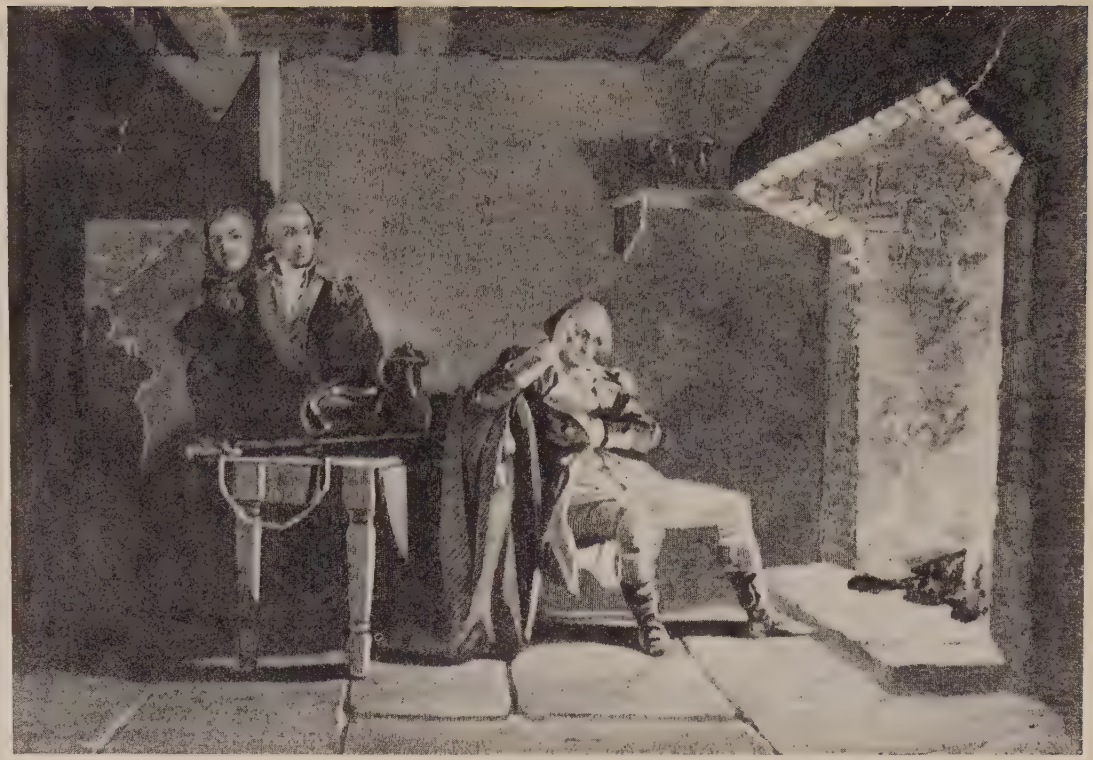
[1] At Stamford, Conn., he erected Fort Stamford, erroneously in later years called Fort Nonsense, another at Newcastle, another at White Plains.

at West Point to guard the North River and Highlands, and on December eleventh, 1778, went into winter quarters with his main army at Middlebrook, New Jersey, leaving just enough of his force about New York and in the Highlands to maintain a semblance of military activity.

It will have already been seen that the Palisades played an important part in General Washington's plans. Their woody heights, offering a magnificent survey of the river

Bold front of the Hudson River Palisades

approaches, while affording protection for the lookouts, were put to good use by Washington, who frequently mystified the British by repeated crossings of the Hudson River and marching and countermarching in full view of the enemy sentries. His control of the Hudson River banks, maintained throughout the greater part of the war, though only by the keenest strategy, contributed very considerably to his eventual brilliant victory over Cornwallis. Also, he had taught the British a salutary lesson at Monmouth!—that hardened soldiers were now in the field, who could come



Greene and Lafayette questioning whether to disturb Washington's reverie in a New Jersey farmhouse.
© *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

back and win, even after a temporary retreat. As a result, the major part of Clinton's army was kept safely in New York—under guns of the fleet—exactly where Washington wanted it to be. It was part of his policy to keep the enemy under heavy expense, with little accomplishment to show for it—thus wearing out the patience of the British government in England and of the British troops in America. With the small force at his command, this was—for a long time—his only safe course. Pitched battles would have meant not only loss of his army but his country's independence.

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